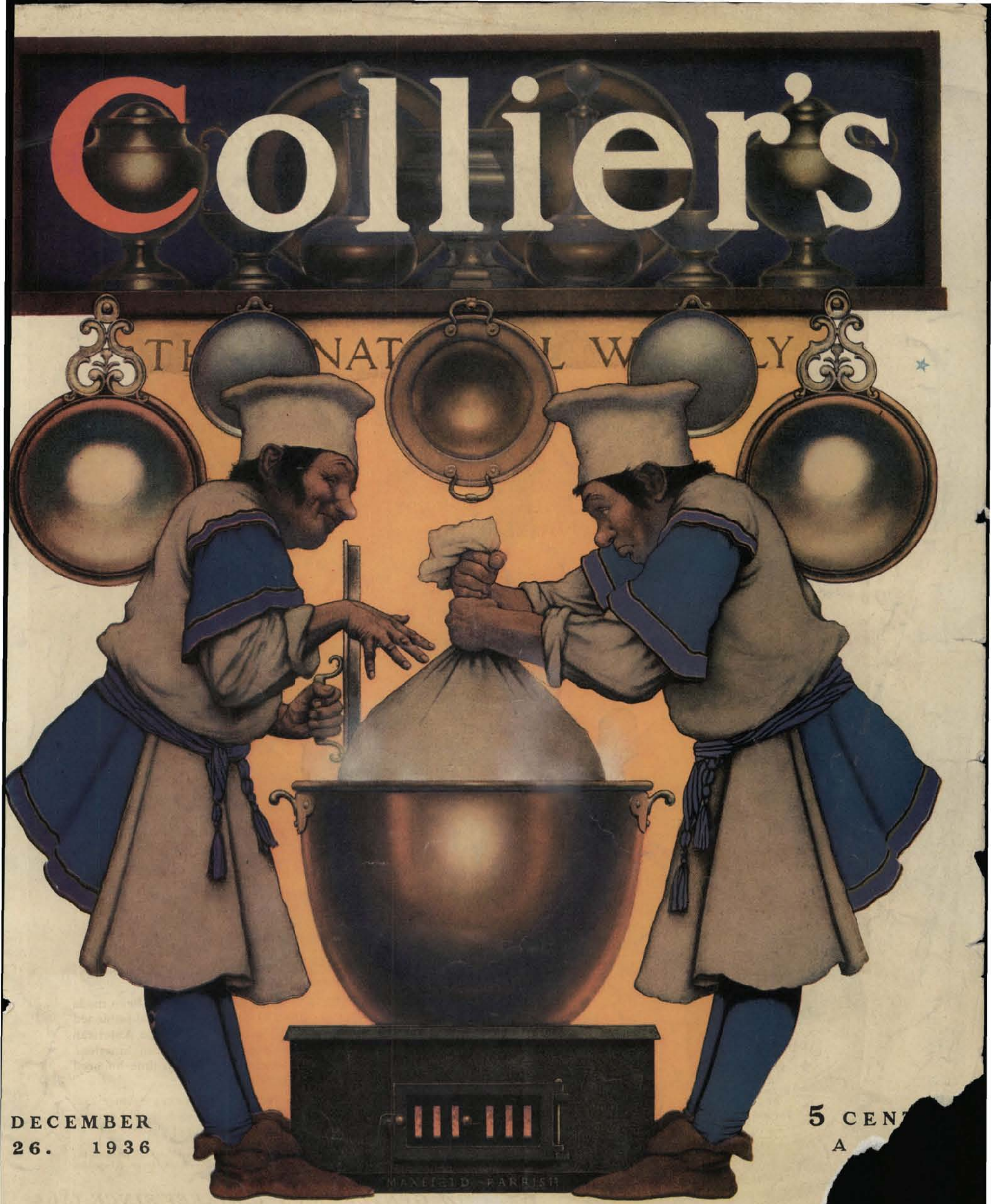
Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



DECEMBER
26. 1936

5 CENTS
A

ROOSEVELT'S PLANS AND PURP

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DEC 26 1936

PRIDE... in producing only the best whiskey

Paul Jones

A BLEND OF STRAIGHT WHISKIES – 92 PROOF

PAUL JONES, for over 70 years, has been made slowly . . . distilled in the costly, old-fashioned American way . . . with plump, golden-ripe American grain . . . with clear, sparkling American limestone water . . . and with steadfast fidelity to time-honored American whiskey traditions.

What's more, Paul Jones is *all* whiskey—American, every drop—and you'd search the wide world over to match its gloriously rich, hearty flavor!

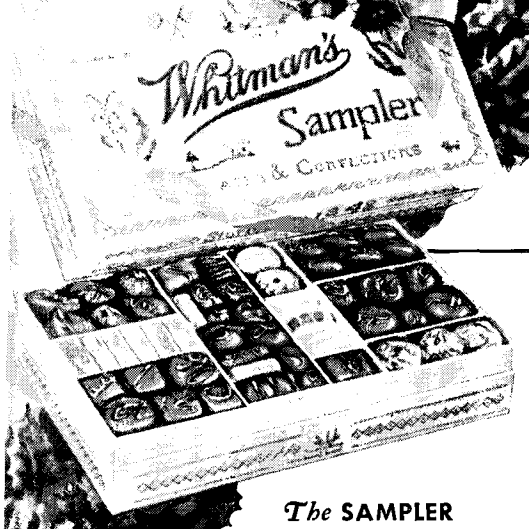
Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore, makers of Four Roses (94 proof), Old Oscar Pepper (90 proof), Mattingly & Moore (90 proof)—all blends of straight whiskies.

A GENTLEMAN'S WHISKEY SINCE 1865

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GIVE Whitman's CHOCOLATES

START your gift-list with Whitman's Chocolates. Your nearby Whitman's dealer has these favorite packages . . . sent to him direct from us . . . each one specially decorated for Christmas.



The SAMPLER

Here is the finest box of candy in America. Every piece a favorite—42 different kinds, 96 delightful pieces in the 17-oz. Sampler at $1.50. Also 2, 3, 5 lbs.

The GLO-WYN

Whitman's "Gold Box" with 4 removable trays (ideal for bridge) containing nut, fruit, fudge and other favorite chocolates. 1 lb., $1.50—also 2 lbs., $3.

The PRESTIGE

Strong, useful metal chest filled with small, expensive handmade Whitman's Chocolates. 1 lb., $2—also 2 and 3 lbs.

The FAIRHILL

America's outstanding box of candy at $1 a lb. Delightful assortment of favorite chocolates. In 25c, 50c, $1, $2, $3 and $5 sizes.

FRUITS *and* NUTS

Favorite nut and fruit centers, coated with Whitman's superb chocolate. 1 lb., $1—also 2 lbs., $2.

BON BONS *and* CHOCOLATES

The Blue Box, has favorite bon bons and selected chocolates. 1 lb...$1. 2 lbs...$2.

NUT *and* CHEWY CENTERS

This Red Box has a delightful variety of nut, fudge, caramel, nougat and crunchy center chocolates. 1 lb., $1.

PENN WYNNE

Whitman's delicious milk chocolates, including nuts, caramels, nougat, marshmallows and other favorites. 1 lb., $1—also 2 lbs., $2.

CLOISONNÉ

Assorted favorite confections . . . in a beautiful metal box. 3½ lbs., $5.

PLEASURE ISLAND

A pirate's treasure chest—filled with rare and luscious chocolates. 1 lb., $1.50—also 2 lbs., $3.

STOCKING FILLERS—for tree or stocking.

Wonder Pops, or *Chocolate Stars*, or *Neapolitans* (chocolate bricks).. 5c a package.

Wonderbox Assortment, or *Hard Candy* (airtight jars) or *Christmas Truck* filled with candy . . . 25c each.

The thing to do . . . give Whitman's CHOCOLATES

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor*
CHARLES COLEBAUGH, *Managing Editor*
THOMAS H. BECK, *Editorial Director*

WALTER DAVENPORT — *Politics*
AIMEE LARKIN — *Distaff*
GEORGE CREEL — *Washington*
W. B. COURTNEY — *Aviation*
KENNETH LITTAUER — *Fiction*
QUENTIN REYNOLDS — *Sports*
KYLE CRICHTON — *Screen and Theater*
WM. O. CHESSMAN — *Art*

DENVER LINDLEY — *Articles*
FRANK D. MORRIS — *Articles*
JAMES N. YOUNG — *Fiction*
IFOR THOMAS — *Photographs*
T. R. YBARRA — *Europe*
JIM MARSHALL — *The Orient*
OWEN P. WHITE *and* JOHN T. FLYNN — *Associate Editors*

Next Week

IT WAS a night just like any other in Faro Charley's place in Two Dance. The cattlemen were there from all the big outfits and also the taciturn and shifty Cash Gore, bracing himself against the suspicion of the others. Outside, Connie Dale waited with patient desperation for Clay Rand, who, flushed and angry, continued to sit inside, gambling—and losing.

There was only one overt occurrence that night—Jim Benbow fired a cow hand and hired another. It was a small thing, but it lighted the fuse that blew the Two Dance country into open warfare. Ernest Haycox begins a superb serial of love and adventure in the "Deep West."

WHAT hotelkeeper has sixty thousand guests a night? You don't believe there is one? Well, there is—the Pullman Company. For a time the number fell off. Busses and planes were cutting into the trade. But the railroad came back strong. It found an effective weapon to ward off competition—the new long, sleek car with its ideal climate, silence, privacy, economy and safety. Treated to a miniature hotel room on wheels, the delighted overnight traveler is returning to the railroad in droves. "Waking on the Railroad," by Charles F. A. Mann, shows you why.

KATE PRIOR was a nice person. Some said too nice. Anyhow, her men got away. One day Kate would be engaged, and the next some other girl would have her fiancé. Only Barnaby Jones understood the reason. He was a dramatist; it was his business to study motives. Under his expert direction Kate got "A Ring for Her Finger." The story is by Josephine Bentham.

THERE'S a rule in this country that the farther inland your home, the greater your authority in legislating about America's merchant marine. The result is that our shipping doesn't amount to much and is likely to amount to less in the near future. "Ship Ahoocy," by George Creel, shows you what's wrong.

ONCE Miss Moffet had been Eddy Hogan's teacher; she had been the law and the sun above it and the source of knowledge. And so, years later, when Miss Moffet said, "Eddy, give me that gun," Eddy obeyed. That was at the height of a very dramatic New Year party, as reported by Oliver Claxton.

T. R. YBARRA, Quentin Reynolds, Jim Marshall, James B. Connolly, Frank J. Taylor, Paul Jones, Faith Baldwin, Freling Foster and others help you start 1937 right.

This Week

December 26, 1936

Cover by Maxfield Parrish

GEORGE CREEL
Roosevelt's Plans and Purposes. **Program for the next four years.** **Page 7**

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Hard-Rock Man, **by Hugh MacNair Kahler.** **Page 10**

TERESA HYDE PHILLIPS
Shining Day. **A Christmas love story.** **Page 11**

JIM MARSHALL
Hong Kong. **Street scene.** **Page 14**

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
Canada Kicks Off. **Football to the north of us.** **Page 15**

EDWIN MULLER
Daredevil. **Mountain climber's romance.** **Page 16**

PETER B. KYNE
The Mysterious Pilgrim. **You can't fool a desert rat—much less two.** **Page 18**

KYLE CRICHTON
No Props. **Miss Sheila Barrett: one's a company.** **Page 20**

FRANK BUNCE
To Work at Nine. **A will to work.** **Page 21**

FAITH BALDWIN
The Heart Has Wings, Part VIII. **Speed loses ground.** **Page 22**

ALAN LeMAY
Dark Tropic Sea (Conclusion). **Happy solution.** **Page 25**

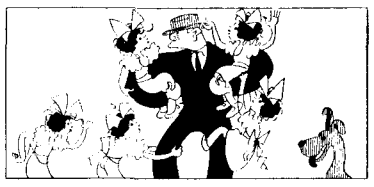
BETTY THORNLEY STUART
Make Room for Yourself. **A place to live.** **Page 26**

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. **Long shots.** **Page 43**

EDITORIAL
Time to Think. **Page 54**

Any Week

AS SOON as we've finished this, we're in for it. Detective O'Malley reluctantly consents to help. We have sent out calls for Mr. Hoover's G-Men, the Royal Canadian Mounted and Fu Manchu's espionage corps. And yet we don't feel sanguine. Mr. A. Wayne Holeman of Winamac, Indiana, is responsible. Writes he: "A number of years ago you published a short story which I am anxious to find. I do not recall the title, the issue of the magazine nor the author. I do recall that the story was short—very. It concerns a couple, just married, beginning their honeymoon. The story is tremendously humorous. It appeared within the past seven years."



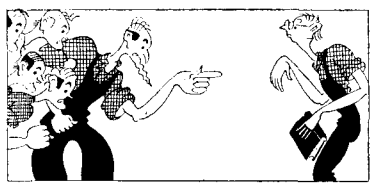
THAT done, we shall write to Mr. Norman H. Nownbee of Montreal, Canada, declining his offer to be photographed "surrounded by the Dionne quintuplets." Thus to become famous would cost us only a dollar. A dollar a picture. "Everyone," says Mr. Nownbee, "ought to want at least a dozen to send to his friends, particularly when they are important men like you." Those last eight words almost landed us. Furthermore, we would not have to visit the babies. All we'd have to do is to send our photograph and by a combining process known only to Mr. Nownbee, a composite picture would be forthcoming. We mentioned Mr. Nownbee's letter to the policeman who runs the block we live in and he said: "Well, a racket like that needs a lot of suckers like you."

THIS should leave us just about enough time to answer a letter from a "gentleman adventurer" in La Paz, Bolivia, who wants to tell "all about the laughable truth about the fight between Bolivia and Paraguay." Says he: "I have commanded troops on both sides, been shot by both sides and am now working for the Argentine Government in a secret capacity until January 1st, when, my men tell me, I'll be out of a job. What's happening in Spain is just a cheap preliminary bout to what I've been in. Just as a sample, I know a guy—unmarried—who killed his father, three brothers, an uncle and helped kill one of his sisters. He's been practically heartbroken ever since he started fighting. My story would be both dramatic and humorous."

WE'VE heard of fellows like that. Mr. Robert Thompson of St. Paul, Minnesota, told us about a friend of his who got into an argument on the edge of a steep and rocky bluff two hundred feet high. Mr. Thompson's friend and his adversary, locked in savage embrace, fell down those two hundred feet. "Was your friend injured?" we asked. "Only slightly," replied Mr. Thompson, "although he bit himself rather sharply."

ONE of Mr. Lewis' C. I. O. lads was telling us about the purchase by the United Miners of the University Club Building in Washington. "We are certainly going places," he said. "Why, I remember the days when the house committee wouldn't let you in to fix a leak in the sink unless you were a Republican, nonunion and had signed an affidavit that you had never voted the Democratic ticket."

MISS GERTRUDE McDONALD of Rockford, Illinois, knows a Missouri farmer, the father of seventeen sons, all voters, who has been shaking his head dolorously for several weeks. A visitor said that he supposed that all the sons voted Democratic. "So did I," replied the farmer, "but things is changing fast. All my boys voted Democratic except Jake, the youngest. And doggone if he, without saying anything to anybody, didn't go and learn to read and write last summer."



WE HAD some silly idea that relief and war were largely responsible for our somewhat imposing national indebtedness. But it goes much deeper than that. "This country has been going in debt," says Mr. Victor Leon of Kenosha, Wisconsin, "ever since them women folks started voting."

AGREEING with Mr. Leon up to a certain point is Mr. Edward L. Graw of Fenton, Iowa. However, Mr. Graw is a trifle surprised that women, particularly women members of Congress, haven't gone a bit farther. "I've been waiting to see one of those ladies introduce legislation making it compulsory for women to own fur coats—a new one every winter—with the government doing the buying for the unmarried ones."

JUST an oversight. Wait!

Vol. 98, No. 26. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's, The Country Home. Copyright, 1936, The Crowell Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. *Lee W. Maxwell, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President* and Treasurer; Gertrude B. Lane, Vice President; John S. Brehm, Vice President; Frank Braucher, Vice President; Charles J. Bevan, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts. Price, 5 cents a copy in the United States and Canada; $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions, also in Argentina, Balearic Islands, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Foreign subscriptions including postage: *$5.50 a year to all other countries.*
Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States Funds to The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. To avoid mistakes in delivery, subscribers should notify us of change of address five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Many Cancers are Curable

Medical experts state that many cancers can be cured if discovered and treated in time—but time is the all-important element.

Cancer in its early stages can often be destroyed by radium and X-rays, or removed by surgery. An increasing number of cases are being discovered early and the technique in successfully removing or destroying these cancers is steadily advancing. Full recoveries have been made in thousands of reported cases in which patients were on the alert and sought early, competent treatment.

Physicians warn against neglected conditions which are known to precede the onset of cancer — lumps, unusual discharges, wounds that will not heal, moles and warts that change in size and color, or other abnormal conditions. Continued irritation of any part of the body is often the beginning of trouble.

If your family doctor finds a suspicious condition he presumably will not pass judgment as to whether or not it is cancer until he can get complete scientific confirmation.

Many people who fear they have cancer are worrying without cause. A complete physical check up which shows there is nothing wrong is a very comforting assurance. Thorough and competent periodic physical examinations may help doctors to discover cases of cancer while there is still time for successful treatment. Should suspicious symptoms appear at any time, see your doctor at once.

The Metropolitan will gladly send you its free leaflet on cancer, "A Message of Hope." Address Booklet Dept. 137-C.

Keep Healthy—Be Examined Regularly

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, Chairman of the Board ~ ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y. ~ LEROY A. LINCOLN, President

Copyright, 1936, by Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Radio's Greatest Gift

Another Christmas! Once more families brought closer together by the spirit of the season gather around the Christmas tree. And what a gay and festive occasion it will be in the home where a thoughtful Santa Claus provides a Philco with Automatic Tuning! When choosing your present to the family . . . give radio's greatest gift . . . a Philco that tunes favorite American stations instantly, perfectly, *automatically!* Call letters of your "regular" stations appear on a dial like that of an automatic telephone. Twirl the dial once . . . click! . . . there's your station! Philcos* that tune American stations automatically . . . and Foreign stations by name . . . range from $125 to $375. Philcos* for both Foreign and American broadcasts as low as $37.50. Philcos for American reception only start at $20. See the classified telephone directory for your Philco dealer. He'll gladly demonstrate any Philco and tell you about his easy payment plan.

PHILCO 116X De Luxe*—*Illustrated below*—$195 (*Less Aerial*)

Call letters of your favorite American stations appear right on the Automatic Tuning Dial. One twirl tunes the station with unfailing precision and true High-Fidelity Tone. "Boom" is eliminated by Acoustic Clarifiers . . . and every note brought to ear level by the Philco Inclined Sounding Board. Five Spread-Band Tuning Ranges cover all that's interesting on the air . . . while the Philco Foreign Tuning System and High-Efficiency Aerial double the foreign stations you can get and enjoy. Buy, if you choose, on the Philco Commercial Credit Easy Payment Plan.

**Sold only with Philco High-Efficiency Aerial to insure greatest foreign reception.*

PHILCO REPLACEMENT TUBES IMPROVE THE PERFORMANCE OF ANY RADIO

PHILCO

A Musical Instrument of Quality

FIFTY-TWO MODELS $20 TO $600

THERE'S A PHILCO AUTO RADIO FOR YOUR CAR REGARDLESS OF MAKE, MODEL OR YEAR

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Roosevelt's Plans and Purposes

By George Creel

No man can write more authoritatively of the President than George Creel. The two worked side by side as members of Woodrow Wilson's official family. Twice previously Mr. Creel has been privileged to announce the policies which would determine the Administration's plans. His famous article of March 11, 1933, set forth exactly the broad outlines of the original New Deal laws. His article of September 7, 1936, prophesied correctly the policies written into the statute books during the past session of Congress. In this brilliant article Mr. Creel has had the opportunity to give comprehensive expression to the plans and purposes which animate President Roosevelt as he faces his second term in office

NOT the least cause for White House laughter in these post-election days is the growing whisper that the idea of a third term has taken fixed shape in the President's mind. Aside from the precedent established by George Washington, and the humiliation suffered by U. S. Grant when he sought to break that precedent, it happens to be the case that Franklin D. Roosevelt looks forward to private life with keenest expectation. More than any other chief executive, perhaps, he has loved the presidential years, his bold spirit rejoicing in the challenge of great problems, but the hour of his retirement will be shadowed by no regret. Only recently, in conversation with an intimate, he said, "On January 21, 1941, when a new President takes over, I will be in Hyde Park having the time of my life."

All that he has of strength in mind, body and soul will be given to his second term, and he faces these four years with a serenity of spirit that comes from definite purposes and determined objectives, and the approval of those purposes and objectives by a great popular referendum. Looking back on November 3d, in no sense does he regard it as a personal victory. It was the nation that spoke through the voice of an overwhelming majority, and he holds that what this voice declared and imposed was the national *will*.

It has been denied, to be sure, that the issues were clear cut, many charging that the President confined his speeches to generalities. This point of view is accepted even by friendly commentators, some going so far as to praise his adroitness in "getting by without a promise." While it may be true that he did not particularize with respect to method, there was never a speech in which he did not emphasize objectives, and at no time or place did he fail to set forth his social and political philosophy in painstaking detail. How

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

can it be disputed that a man's faith, the beliefs on which his life is builded, are infinitely more revealing than a blueprint of procedure that may be altered by changing circumstances and conditions?

As explicitly as the English language permits, the President has declared his conviction that what we witnessed in 1929 was no mere financial crash, but the end of an era, and that the ultimate purpose of the New Deal, its real purpose, is to establish a new and fairer order that will give every man, woman and child the right to stand erect in pride and self-respect, to see the stars and to share in the glory of the sun. For all to hear, he has insisted that mere recovery is not enough, and that even as he has stood like iron, so will he continue to stand in support of social and economic reforms that will build our national life on a rock against which the wind and rain and flood shall not prevail. Discarding mealy-mouthed words, he has not feared to say that a government that cannot care for its old, that cannot provide work for the strong and willing, that feeds its young into the hoppers of industry, and that lets the black shadow of insecurity rest on every home, is not a government that *can* endure or *should* endure.

Instead of destroying the capitalistic system, the President feels that he is saving it by correcting its abuses and curbing its excesses. He has never even hinted an advocacy of collectivism, but he makes no secret of his belief that private ownership must respect the general welfare. He stands and will stand for the profit motive, but only when submitted to ethical tests. Time and again he has said that private enterprise is the backbone of economic well-being in as such. New Deal laws were assailed, to be sure, but where shock troops were principally employed was in the attack on Franklin D. Roosevelt's *theory* of government. And what the people judged, according to the President, was not between two parties or two candidates but between two clashing philosophies. And with all the facts before them, they indorsed the Roosevelt philosophy.

Nor was it only the conservative theory that met rejection. Equally definite was the repudiation of Father Coughlin, Dr. Townsend, Gerald Smith, Lemke and their yeasty ferment that passed for economic thought. Epilepsy fared no better than catalepsy. For some time at least the President will not need to guard against the medievalisms of an extreme Right or the naïve maunderings of an extreme Left.

An equable man, taking most things in his stride, he found two things in the campaign that shook his usual tolerance. One was the savage eleventh-hour attack on the Social Security Act, and the other was the charge that he preached class consciousness, depending on the incitement of class hatreds for victory. Who and what was it that he cried out against? Not against *all* businessmen and not against *all* business, but only against the criminal businessmen and evil business conditions. The corrupt heads of corrupt investment trusts, pyramidal financiers, the devourers of widows' houses, factory owners eager to mint the sweat of little children, unscrupulous promoters masking their rapacities under the cloak of rugged individualism, get-rich-quick rascals, and so-called captains of industry whose dividends and bonuses represented the oppression of workers and the robbery of consumers. An appeal to class hatred *only* if honest, decent business, moved by some stupid stirring of group loyalty, makes the fight of cheats and exploiters its own fight. The very election returns furnish proof that there was no division of the electorate along class lines. Had the whole body of organized labor stayed away from the polls, and had no man or woman on relief cast a vote, the President would still have been re-elected.

Much, of course, was made, and is being made, of these sentences in Mr. Roosevelt's New York speech. "I should like to have it said of my first administration that in it the forces of selfishness and of lust for power met their match. I should like to have it said of my second administration that in it these forces met their master."

The President fails to see how even partisan prejudice can twist his words into an assertion of individual mastery, a threat of dictatorship. Any honest reading must show conclusively that what he meant was that *mastery of antisocial forces*, such as continue to be intractable and irreconcilable, by the hosts of an aroused democracy.

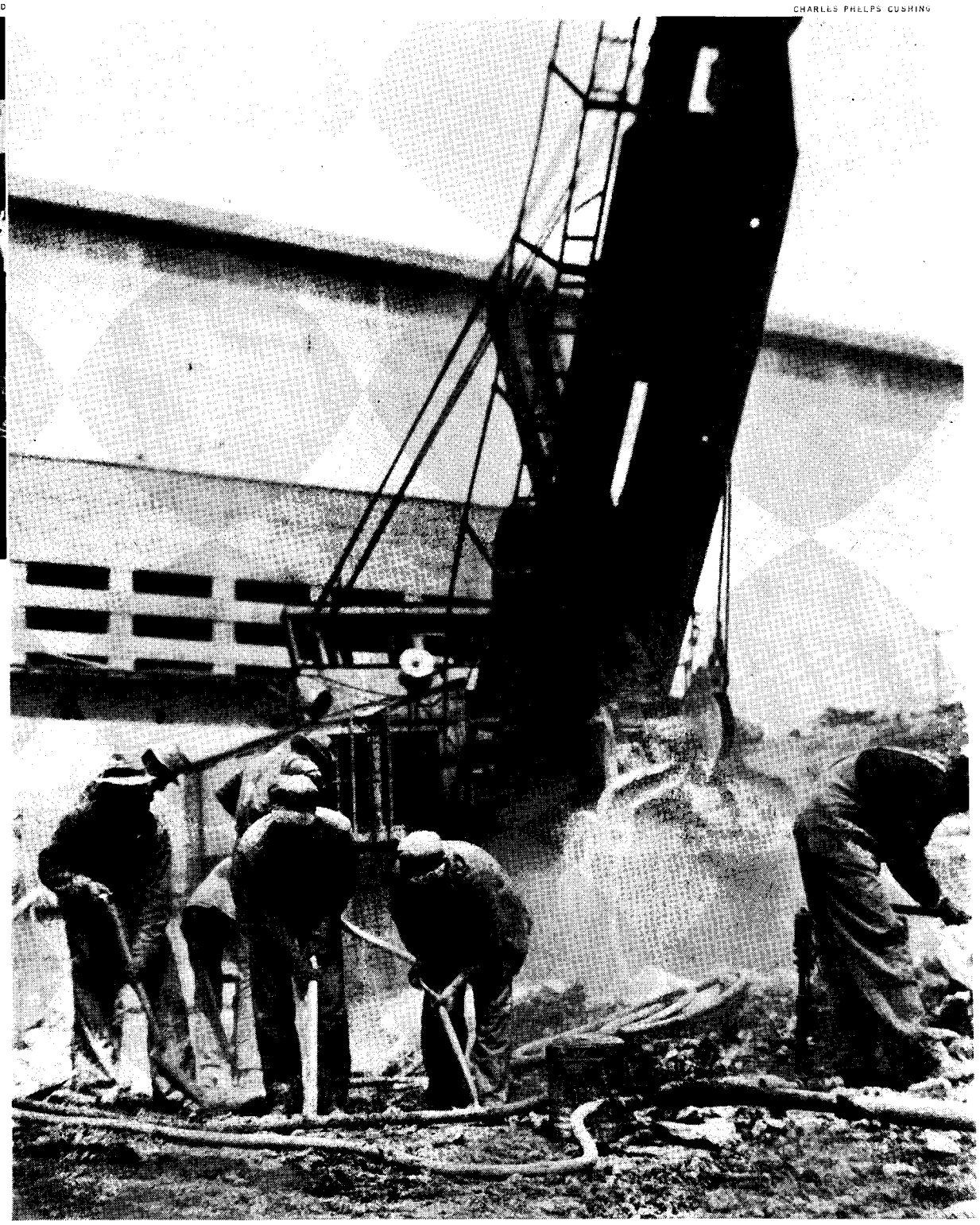
Today, however, he is without a single bitterness. A unified America is his hope, and a great American

As the President said in his Detroit speech, "There are a thousand things yet to be done." Great adventures in conservation and reclamation. Whole cities to be rebuilt

WIDE WORLD

Americans in Paris flocked to Harry's Bar to listen to radio reports of the election

CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING

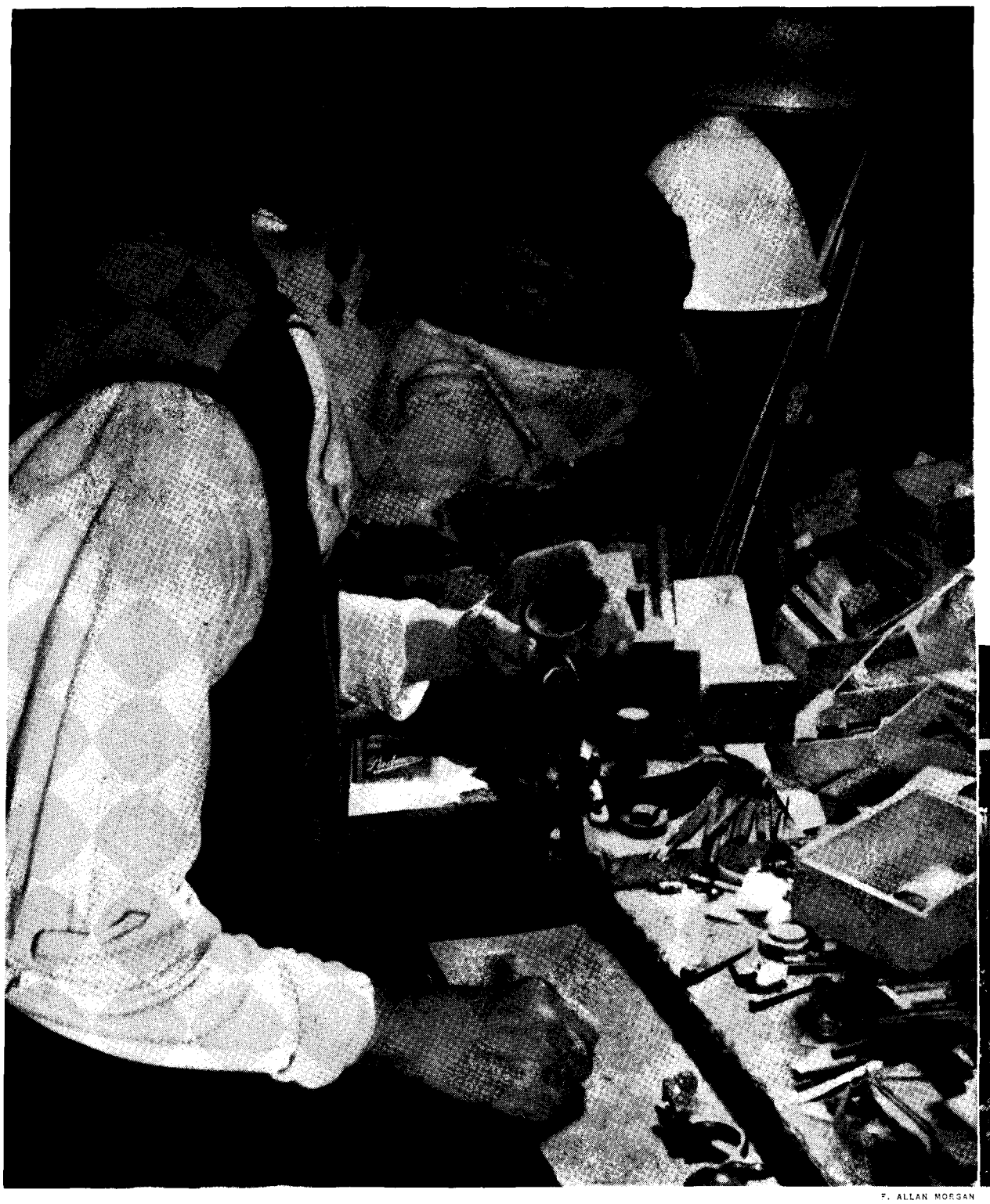


America, but that it must erect social standards and not pursue antisocial ends.

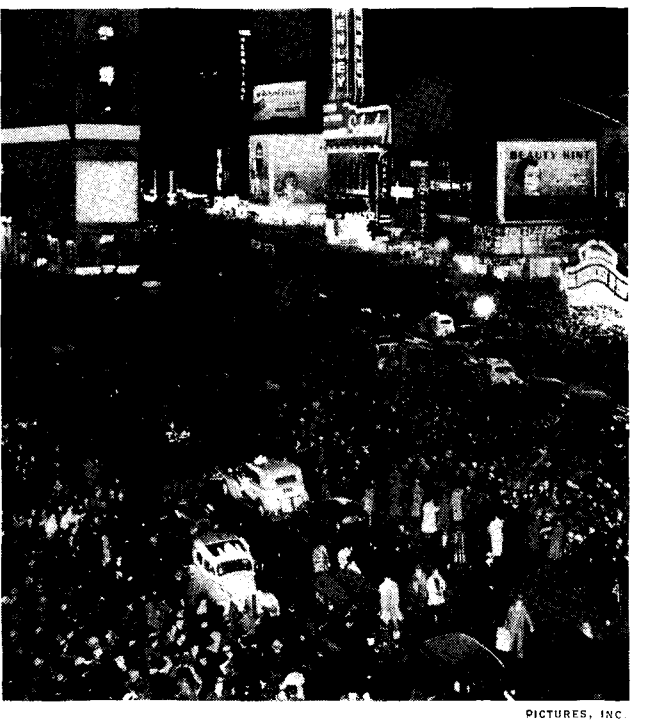
No man ever gave freer expression to his deepest faiths. The whole of his first term was an open rebellion against discredited dogmas and moldy formulas. With him the test of a thing is not its age but its use. At the very heart of his philosophy is the insistence that as institutions grow decrepit and outworn, new ones with fresh vigor and portent must be allowed to lift their promises into the light. He loathes the bland theory that poor people are poor through some fault of their own, holding that poverty proceeds largely from the evils and unbalances of our social order. He disputes the aristocratic assumption that the purpose of government is to insure the happiness of those deemed worthy of being happy, and to guarantee the misery of those accounted worthy to be miserable. He disavows the doctrine of *laissez faire*, the rule of might, and that ancient savagery about the survival of the fittest. With all the force of his being he believes that the welfare of the individual depends on the welfare of the whole; that prosperity begins at the bottom, not the top, and that the march of progress is measured by the last man in the procession, not the first.

The President feels that these explicit declarations constituted a complete disclosure of purposes and objectives, and that the opposition accepted them

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



F. ALLAN MORGAN



PICTURES, INC.

President Roosevelt envisions a new order that will lift the black shadows of insecurity from the homes of the land and assure opportunity to youth and comfort and dignity to old age

adventure in co-operation his most ardent desire. But while he is intent on a policy of conciliation, let no one make the mistake of thinking that there will be a departure from declared principles. Every honest point of view will be considered, the partnership of every honest man invited, but under no circumstances will the promotion of co-operative effort be permitted to halt the drive against privilege, exploitation, greed and unfairness.

More keenly than any other, by reason of his position, the President realizes the chasm in American life that divides idealism and practicality. Nothing is more the habit than to look on the idealist as a nut, and to stigmatize as a tool of Wall Street any man who does not accept every social panacea the second it is offered. All too often campaigns for social betterment are left to those more concerned with the dream than administration and execution, while those whose judgment, experience and training would be of inestimable value stand off at a distance, either attacking or deriding. It is this fatal division of America's forces that must be closed and not the least of the President's hopes is that his second term will see honest idealism joining hands with honest practicality in the working out of a sane, sound economic and social program.

As he sees it, the obstacles are two: when rascals in industry and finance are attacked, they have always been able to persuade their honest fellows that the attack is leveled against *every* industrialist and financier. The second reason is either the stupid failure or a stubborn unwillingness to recognize the vast changes that have taken place in American life. At the time the Constitution was written, the country did not have as many people as the present population of New York. There were few social problems and no economic problems, for when one did present itself the citizen would load his goods and his family in a covered wagon and move away from it. First, beyond the Alleghenies, following the warrior path of the Iroquois, then beyond the Mississippi, and then beyond the Rockies, a frontier was open to the needy, the dissatisfied and the ambitious.

It was an order based on a predominantly agricultural civilization, with the major part of the people winning their livelihood from the soil. Not many large cities, no such things as congestion, tenement districts and slums, and each small community self-sufficient and self-respecting. Every village had its cobbler, its tailor and its miller, all producing an article complete in itself and taking pride in their product.

Rugged individualism and unrestricted competition were the order of the day because there was no need of co-operation and very little opportunity for it. Even after the passing of the stagecoach, transportation facilities were not such as to induce frequent travel, and contacts were not intimate even between communities. States, therefore, were truly sovereign, jealous of their rights, and resenting any extension of federal powers as an invasion and usurpation.

The aged went to live with a married son or daughter where they were honored and loved guests. Illness was robbed of its terrors by neighborliness. Public utility corporations, with their holding companies, were unknown, for springs, wells and cisterns furnished the water and muscle the power. There were, in fact, no corporations of any kind until 1840 or thereabouts. Men did business under their own names, maintaining a direct relation with employees. With industry open to all eyes, greed and cruelty were held in check by a forceful and active public opinion.

But what is the situation today? A predominantly agricultural civilization has been transformed into an industrial civilization. Science and invention first disemployed thousands, then millions. Individual ownership has given way to corporate ownership, eliminating any close relation between labor and management.

The greater part of our population now lives in cities or highly congested industrial areas, with slums shaming every great center. Interdependence has succeeded independence. When industries are dislocated, or when wage and salaried workers meet with economic disaster, there are no vacant lands to which they can turn, no frontiers offering the prospect of a better life. They are dependent on industry and commerce, and as their incomes create the market for the product of the farms, adversity among industrial workers inevitably results in equal economic loss to the agriculturist.

At Times Square, New York, a wild crowd acclaimed the re-election of Franklin D. Roosevelt

Free and healthful competition has been replaced by wolfish competition. Ninety per cent of employers may agree on a code of honor and fairness, but a lawless, rapacious ten per cent have the power to destroy this code, forcing the decent ninety per cent to choose between lowered standards or bankruptcy. As a consequence, child labor, sweatshops and other industrial cancers rot the nation. No longer is the head of a family able to shelter his women and his old; no longer is there work for every willing pair of hands. Age has come to be a thing of terror, just as involuntary idleness is a thing of despair.

As the President sees it, the test of honesty today, the test of civic decency, is the recognition of these changes, and the will and courage to meet them with the necessary laws. How can any citizen, truly and intelligently American, deny the new truth that all modern business is vested with a public use, and that any business that cannot earn a decent profit except by unfair competition, dog's wages, long hours and child labor is not a business that America wants or can afford?

The task to which he invites the nation, regardless of party, is the establishment of a new social order that will retain every value of the old, but at the same time take courageous cognizance of vast changes

(Continued on page 39)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gavery jerked the telephone out of Paula's hand and slammed it down upon its stand

Hard-Rock Man

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY CLARK AGNEW

JIM GAVERY wasn't surprised when Paula gave him back the ring with the big square emerald. He'd known for quite a while that it was going to happen. He'd known, too, how much it was going to hurt him. And he'd seen that he mustn't act as if it hurt at all.

It was one of the things about Paula and her crowd that Jim Gavery hadn't been able to figure out—the way they pretended to like losing just as much as winning. He guessed that it was one of the reasons, maybe the main reason, why she was changing her mind again and deciding that Dev Raeburn, after all, was the right man for her.

Dev had certainly been a graceful loser when Jim Gavery took Paula away from him. Gavery had thought, then, that it wasn't much of a trick. Now, trying it, he found it the toughest job he'd ever tackled.

He managed to smile, the way Dev Raeburn had smiled, but behind his carefully relaxed lips his teeth were set. One of his hands hurt him and, glancing down, he saw that it had shut itself up into a fist, a big, lumpy fist, with battered knuckles showing through the stretched, leather-tough skin.

He saw it, suddenly, with Paula's eyes, and knew that it must be one of the reasons why she'd changed her mind about marrying him.

He had the wrong kind of hands.

The rest of him had changed a lot, but his hands hadn't changed at all since he'd used them for mucking away broken rock on that first tunnel job. They showed him up for just what he was, big, knotted, work-bitten hands, with thick, blunt fingers that wouldn't quite straighten out. The right hands for a hard-rock man, for a gang boss with a crew of red-necked hellions to hammer into line, but the wrong hands for a man who wanted Paula Verrill to believe that he belonged up here in her safe, leisured, gentle-mannered world.

He ought to have known better than to think it could last. Being engaged, even in the light, unsentimental fashion of Paula's world, was sure to show him up. All his pains, all his doggedly shrewd watchfulness hadn't been enough. Every day, instead of coming nearer to him, Paula had been a little farther away. He'd noticed, a good many times, that she looked at his hands, but he hadn't guessed till now that they were telling her, if she needed any telling, that he wasn't her kind, that he could never be.

"I'M SORRY," he said. He thought that he'd said it rather well, not too lightly, and not too seriously, either.

"But not very," Pauline said. "I was afraid—"

"Afraid I'd come unstuck? Afraid I'd go native and break the furniture? You needn't have worried. I'm really pretty civilized. Almost as civilized as if I'd been born that way."

He saw her lips tighten ever so little and knew he'd said the wrong thing. Part of being really civilized was to pretend that you weren't conscious of it.

The telephone at her elbow hummed softly. Gavery's throat tightened as he watched the slow, lovely movement of her arm.

"Yes, Dev?"

The brief trite formula, the carelessly friendly tone, meant more, somehow, than if the greeting had been eager or excited. Intolerably, that easy, accustomed informality seemed to close a door, with Dev and Paula on one side of it and Jim Gavery on the other. And under that little, last straw's-weight of strain Gavery's self-discipline went suddenly to pieces. Suddenly the old Jim Gavery came back to life under the thin overlay of new, nice manners.

That Gavery jerked the telephone out of Paula's hand and slammed it down upon its stand.

"So Dev's going to get you back, eh? And it's up to me to look pleasant while he does it, I suppose. This is a swell chance for me to show off my pretty manners and lose like a little gentleman, isn't it? I've just been telling you I'm civilized. Well, I'm not. They've taught me a lot of parlor tricks since I've crashed in, but there's one they'll never teach me. I haven't got the right kind of hands for it."

He laughed harshly as he held his hands up before her wide, startled eyes.

"Been taking notice of 'em, haven't you? They ought to have told you that I wouldn't be a pretty loser. They ought to have warned you that I wouldn't let Dev Raeburn take you away from me without a fight, and not a nice, polite gentlemanly little fight, either. Let go of you? Before they're dead? Look at 'em, Paula, and you'll see they aren't that kind of hands!"

THE sudden silence made it seem as if he had been shouting. Paula's glance rested on the two big fists he held before her.

"That's what I thought about them," she said at last. "I remember thinking, the first time I saw them, up at New London, that they didn't look as if they knew much about—about letting go of things. That was why I—but afterward you—you didn't live up to them. You made me think I'd been mistaken about them. About you.

"I'd loved you for being so different from—from the men I'd known, and then you weren't different at all. Some of them have wanted to marry me, but they can't want anything the way I've got to be wanted. I began to be afraid that you couldn't want me that way, either. And I had to know, Jim. And I couldn't think of any way of finding out except to break off the engagement and see just how willing you'd be to let me go."

Gavery's hands answered for him. They closed swiftly, savagely, on her arms. She laughed softly, low, in her throat.

"They don't seem to be the wrong hands," she said, "for this."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Shining Day

By Teresa Hyde Phillips

Concerning Paula Trainer, hospital nurse, who would not marry for love. A memorable Christmas story

PAULA hoped she would be off duty when the Guild arrived. She tried to arrange her ward work so that she could take her free time from three to five, leaving Miss Hansen, the second nurse, to handle the visitors. It was one of those times when she wished the hospital were run like an inverted prison, so that everyone could get out but that no one could get in, especially visitors, most especially the ladies of the Guild.

But the ward was heavy that day and the tide of the Guild caught her. They came in through the wide doors, gray crepe fluttering, black taffeta, exclaiming:

"Oh, Miss Trainer, how lovely your ward looks! It always does. And all these Christmas decorations! So cheerful and bright. I always say I'd like to be ill here myself—"

Mrs. Van Zand put her head on one side and radiated admiration and good will in one powerful upward beam at this beautiful nurse. They all smiled. They liked the vision of these crisp, pretty girls in whom they felt they had possessive rights. The head of *their* ward.

"It must be such a joy to be here with all these young mothers, especially at *this* time," Miss Archer said. "The Christ child—" her voice drifted away in her soft religious murmur. "So romantic," she added.

Paula gazed at them, keeping her set smile. Romantic! What nonsense *that* was. Where, in this stripped, painful place, was any suggestion of that sense of wonder which is romance? What did these comfortable women, who had got

They went up the white marble steps into the chromium hall. It was all blue and silver here

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

life in small doses until they had developed an immunity to its fear and anguish, know of the concentrated essence which was dealt out to the patients? To these poverty-stricken mothers who could not escape their motherhood?

She wanted to say something like that, to be rude. But her natural good manners, plus a sense of expediency—not always, in her, robust—triumphed over her weariness and her intense desire never, never to see one of these patients again.

"And look at all the work you accomplish, you and your juniors," they said, for certainly a word of encouragement to all the quiet industry going on about them seemed to be called for.

"It's just our job," said Paula. Still regarding them with her professional smile, she accompanied them on their rounds. The patients looked up at them, smiling thinly or looking away, dumb and inscrutable, while the Guild fluttered through the ward, making warmly receptive noises.

Paula was tired of them all, of the Guild, of patients, of illness. Of forever doing and accomplishing, it seemed to her, nothing. Always proceeding according to rules, to discipline. What was really moving her now was her dawning consciousness of her need to act as an independent creature along her own lines which should be cast in gay and pleasant places. What had ever made her a nurse anyhow? Disaster. And it had been contact with disaster ever since.

These visitors from another world saw the ward as a manger—*the* Manger. She couldn't tell them it was nothing of the sort; she couldn't hurt their pleased recognition of what they thought was beauty around them. They were such complacent ladies and so sure of all the things that the nurses knew were not so.

At last they were gone. And Paula could go, too. For a few hours into a world where illness was cut dead. Where one lived on the surface. Where one believed in goodness, in kind hearts, in loyalty and love. No, not believed but pretended they were so.

SHE spoke to Miss Hansen. "I am going now. Be careful," she said, "of Mary Smith."

"Yes," said Miss Hansen briefly. Of course she would be careful. Had they not all been careful, for two weeks, of Mary Smith?

Before she left, Paula went to Bed 10. Mary Smith. What a name. No one was called "Mary Smith." Mary Smith did not want to get well. She was not one of those who had smiled at the Guild, nor had she looked back, dumb and inscrutable. She had turned her head, her pretty auburn head, into the pillow like a small child when the Guild went by.

"How are you feeling, Mary?" Paula said, straightening the pillow.

"Very well, thank you."

"That's good. I'm going off duty now. I'll see you in the morning, Mary." She stood still, looking down. "Merry Christmas, Mary," she said gently.

Mary Smith looked back at her, great eyes in a small pale face. Heartbreak, thought Paula. But that was silly. No one could live with a broken heart. Paula was young but she knew that much. But what if it were not so? What if one went through life with a broken heart? No, no. That was an exaggeration, one of those things people said in the world outside. Hearts do not break. Not in these days. If ever.

She closed the door softly behind her, like closing her eyes on a dead self. She could not admit that it was not hardness that was impelling her, but pity. Pity for what was behind those closed doors. Pity for Mary Smith, mainly. Mary Smith, whose child had no name. But that was not modern. People did not care, in these days, for things like that. Why did Mary Smith care so much? Care so much that, time after time, she had tried to smother the baby? Paula flung up her head. She would forget it, for there was nothing to be done. One could care for their bodies, yes. But what was that? What did one do for their souls? Best not to think of it. That was what hospital routine was for, what a nursing manner was for, to carry you along past hopelessness, past grief—past the mothers who wanted to smother their babies.

SHE met the sound of music in the hall. The student nurses practicing their carols in the Nurses' Chapel. The faint, clear sounds floated up to her, and, because she knew the words, they too seemed to fill the corridor:

"O little town of Bethlehem!
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight. . . ."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

She met the sound of music in the hall. The student nurses practicing their carols in the Nurses' Chapel. The faint, clear sounds floated up to her and seemed to fill the corridor

She stood and listened and suddenly her heart froze. The vast amount of misery in the world and what did the world do about it? Sing songs!

She stood listening, heedless of any movement made toward her, heedless of the interne who came along the corridor on his rubber heels, in his white suit, his stethoscope dangling from his pocket.

He came up behind her, lean of back and thighs, looking at her with his darting swiftness of glance, and his look at her was one of clear pleasure. If his heart sang when he saw her, you would not know it, for the interne was not one to wear his heart on his sleeve. But he loved her, did the interne; and she did not know whether she loved him. Only yesterday she had thought perhaps she did. Only yesterday she had been sure she did.

But that was yesterday. And today all was different. She had been mad yesterday, she thought. Mad to suppose she could tie all the purposes of her life to this man who had fastened his to this life of horror from which she must at all costs, anyhow, somehow, escape.

"Paula," he said, "standing there like a beautiful statue. What is it? The music?"

He was not sure of her. He would ask nothing of her. He made no particular ceremony of anything, did the interne, not of his visits to the ward, not of his comings nor of his goings. He made no ceremony and yet—or, perhaps, so—it was always with a lightening of the heart that people—patients and nurses alike—saw him enter the ward. He was droll; he was interested; he chaffed the patients. His conversational touch was as light as a feather and yet there were times, one thought, if he had not been light he would have been almost grim. But he was not grim now, neither was he droll. She knew that if she, in her own way, said anything, her speech would twist under his comment until it became almost witty. If it was the sort of thing to be made witty. If not, if she was serious, he would swerve from his light casualness into a blaze of concentration.

SO SHE said nothing. There was nothing to say. Their lives were apart. In that moment before he had come she had known that she was through with the hospital, through with illness, with defeat. That she was going to marry someone far from this life—Dean Mather. The music had told her that. If that was how the world dealt with things, then so would she deal.

She was dining with Dean tonight. She would tell him. Her life would be arranged then, pleasantly, comfortably.

The interne said, "Off duty?"

"Until midnight. The night supervisor is off until tomorrow night at midnight. I told her I'd look out for things for her. Jane Libby is taking over until twelve tonight."

He said, "Have yourself a time. It's Christmas Eve."

She watched him go off, swinging his stethoscope. He had a nice silhouette; she liked the long line from his head down to the slightly wrinkled collar of his white coat. What had his grave, considering silence meant as he looked at her before he went off? Yesterday he had said, "If I had begun telling you when Aesculapius was but a lad and if I finished telling you when the last germ had died from the earth I would be able to tell you how much I love you."

EVEN in telling her that he loved her he had made a comedy of it. There was something special about him which made life seem more colorful, and full of zest. He always enjoyed himself. She sighed, looking after him. Why did he have to be a doctor? Why did life always play tricks like that? She couldn't—not possibly, she knew, had known from the second the Guild came into the ward—marry a doctor. She was through with it all—with strain, with illness, with grief. Even his comedy could not conceal the fact that his life dealt with death. Why the Guild had suddenly made her decide she did not know. But they seemed, that afternoon, to crystallize everything that she loathed about her work. . . . Well, she was through with it all.

She dressed and went down to meet Dean Mather. When she saw him waiting for her in the ugly little golden-oak reception room she knew what the Guild had brought her that day. Perspective. The ability to see her own life and other lives with detachment. And in that detachment she had perceived that Dean Mather was the man for her. It was all reasonable and sane.

He rose to his feet, grinning, when he saw her. He was a slightly stocky young man with a lot of money and the assurance which comes with money.

"Gosh, I'm glad you didn't keep me waiting!" he said. "I hate this place."

"I know." She was comfortable with him. He was part of her own world, the world she had left for a time and was going back to. "I hate it myself."

He gave her his gray glance as he helped her into his car.

"Then you'd better leave it," he said. "Isn't that what I've been trying to tell you for months?"

"I'm expecting to."

He looked at her, taking his eyes from traffic for a minute. "Are you breaking the bad news to me that you've decided to become Mrs. Dean Mather?"

"Just that. You took a chance once too often."

He drew up to the curb, and pulled her toward him. "Miss Trainer, I congratulate you. I congratulate you on your future husband."

After a time Paula pulled herself away. She really loathed kissing, she decided. "That traffic officer," she said, "is thinking of giving you a Christmas gift. You can't park here."

He grinned at her possessively. He had never for a moment doubted that she would accept him. The girl wasn't, after all, a fool. Not that he was such a world-beater, but he was her only road back to the position she'd had before the crash. And they'd been playmates since childhood. He had always understood, their families had understood, that they would sometime marry. He had hated her entering training, but he'd known she'd give it up eventually. She had character; she had stuck it out longer than he or anyone else had expected.

He said, "We'll celebrate till morning. Buckets of champagne."

"Till midnight," she said. "I have to go on duty."

He was disgusted. "For God's sake!"

"I'm sorry." She did feel ashamed of herself. "But I promised. The night supervisor had feelings about Christmas. She wanted to go home and some of us are helping her out."

Sulkily he pulled up before the Penguin Club. They went up the white marble steps into the chromium hall. Nothing so obvious here as the evergreen and holly wreaths of the hospital. It was all blue and silver, silver wreaths, a huge white tree with blue lights. Everything glass for a glass Christmas. She thought about their tree when she was a little girl; they had had real candles. Even after she was grown, they had had real candles. Her mother could not stand the artificial ones. She had had the tree treated with something noninflammable . . . and there was real evergreen strung over everything . . .

A WAVE of homesickness for those days, for her mother, for all the simple sweet things, flowed over her and passed. It all belonged to childhood, to the things which were not really true. Her mother had thought they were all true until the very day she died. But her mother was a simple person, a child really, believing in all the virtues, living up to standards of conduct. . . . A wonderful thing, really; it kept life from being bleak. Seeing things clearly *did*, there was no denying it, let you see things were bleak. Like this club tonight. Bleak gaiety.

But it wasn't bleak to Dean. He loved it all. This was his life. It was real to him. He was happiest in night clubs—or, at least, happier there than any place except Wall Street. That was his real delight—the Street. He was beaming now, forgetting his sulkiness.

He ordered the champagne and was furious again when she said she couldn't drink it—not tonight, she had to go on duty.

"All right," he said. "Only you'll leave that hospital at once!"

She promised. Why wasn't she happy about it? She hated the hospital. What was wrong with her? She didn't like her life as a nurse and now she could not find pleasure in the life she really knew.

"I must be tired," she said.

At the next table there was a group

(Continued on page 43)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ILLUSTRATED BY
HOWARD WILLARD

Hong Kong

By Jim Marshall

COLLIER'S STAFF WRITER IN THE ORIENT

We present Mr. Wing Tak, a person of no particular consequence—just a humble inhabitant of the city that England blasted out of a rock island in a Chinese river

THE years had scrawled their story across the brown face of Wing Tak. The *tai fu* and the pelting rain had furrowed it and the summer sun of Hong Kong had baked it into a grotesque mask, set with sad brown eyes, like dark velvet. He slept, huddled in his cotton coat and shapeless trousers, on the sidewalk, close against the rear of the row of little booths where the fortunetellers sat, along one side of the public square. It was three o'clock and the dim, hot light was beginning to spread out from the east, over the close-packed city and the gray, misted harbor waters. Kowloon was a blur on the opposite shore.

The sharp musical notes of wooden clogs on the stone sidewalk aroused Wing. A woman, with her baby asleep in the canvas *me dai* slung from her sturdy shoulders, went down the hill toward the Western Market, her quick steps sounding like two notes struck on a xylophone—so-la-so-la-so-la—dying away as the hubbub of Hong Kong's Chinese, slowly waking into another day, began to swell from a whisper into a murmur.

Wing Tak sat up and shrugged himself awake. He dug brown fingers into his pockets and brought forth a two-inch stub of cigarette he had retrieved from the gutter down on Pedder Street, outside the great stone hotel, the night before. He inserted it between dry lips and felt vainly for a match.

A foot from Wing's feet slept On Chun Hing, an aristocrat among the street people. On possessed a tattered bamboo mat six feet square. At night he spread this out on the pavement and lay down. The outer edge had strings tied to it, and these On brought up and tied to the grillwork of the building against which he had staked his night claim.

This made a sort of two-sided room, floor and one frail wall and inside On slept grandly until the merchant against whose store he spent the night hours took down his heavy shutters against the morning trade. But that, Wing knew, would not be for two hours yet. He sucked softly on his cold cigarette and, rising to his bare feet, set out at a dogtrot. He came around the little row of fortunetellers' booths, each with its miniature swinging doors, exactly like an old American barroom; crossed the stone-flagged public square, pausing to slosh cold water over his head and face from the stream pouring from an iron pipe; padded on across the open space and came out upon a narrow street along which cheap eating houses were squeezed together.

In the street itself were tiny stands where you could buy tea and boiled shellfish and sweet rice cakes for a cent or two in Hong Kong money—which is worth only one third of American money. One American cent would buy three rice cakes, or a dozen steaming shellfish, or tea enough to slake two men's thirst. Wing felt in his pockets and counted seven copper cents, together with four brass square-holed cash. Each cash was worth one thirtieth of an American cent and a financier would have rated Wing's fortune at two and a half cents, American. It was more than he usually had, but some tourists from a cruise ship had been scattering coppers from a hotel balcony into Queen's Road the night before, and Wing had fought for, and won, two of them.

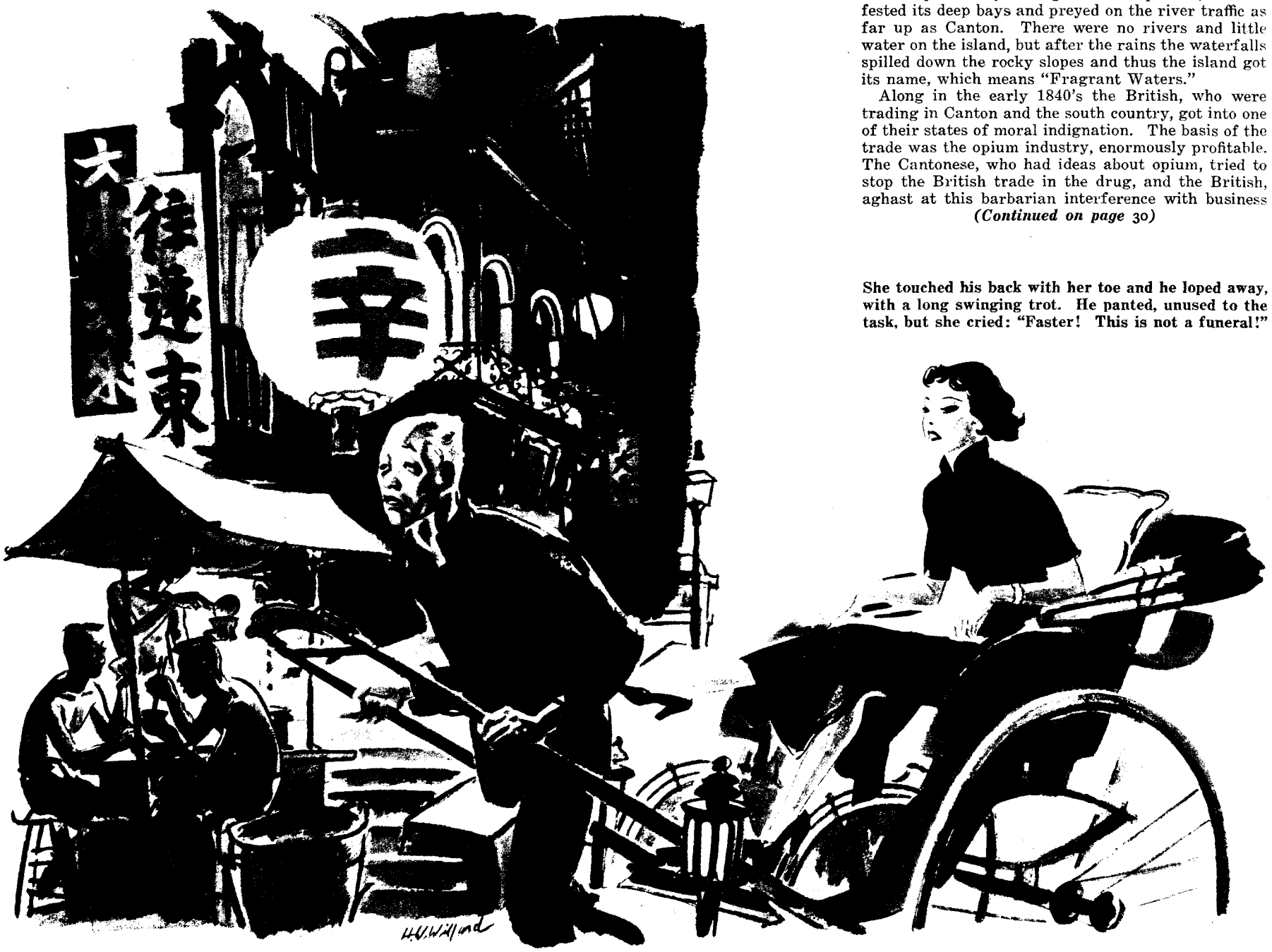
He bargained for a dish of shellfish, drank two cups of hot, clear tea, lit his cigarette at the charcoal brazier and jog-trotted down the curving narrow way in the hot dawn.

Britain's Foothold in China

A century ago there wasn't any Hong Kong—only a barren, rocky island in the Ladrone group, lying in the estuary of the great Pearl River that drained rich Kwantung province in South China. The island was about eleven miles long, from two to five wide, and was frequented by fishing folks and pirates, who infested its deep bays and preyed on the river traffic as far up as Canton. There were no rivers and little water on the island, but after the rains the waterfalls spilled down the rocky slopes and thus the island got its name, which means "Fragrant Waters."

Along in the early 1840's the British, who were trading in Canton and the south country, got into one of their states of moral indignation. The basis of the trade was the opium industry, enormously profitable. The Cantonese, who had ideas about opium, tried to stop the British trade in the drug, and the British, aghast at this barbarian interference with business

(Continued on page 30)

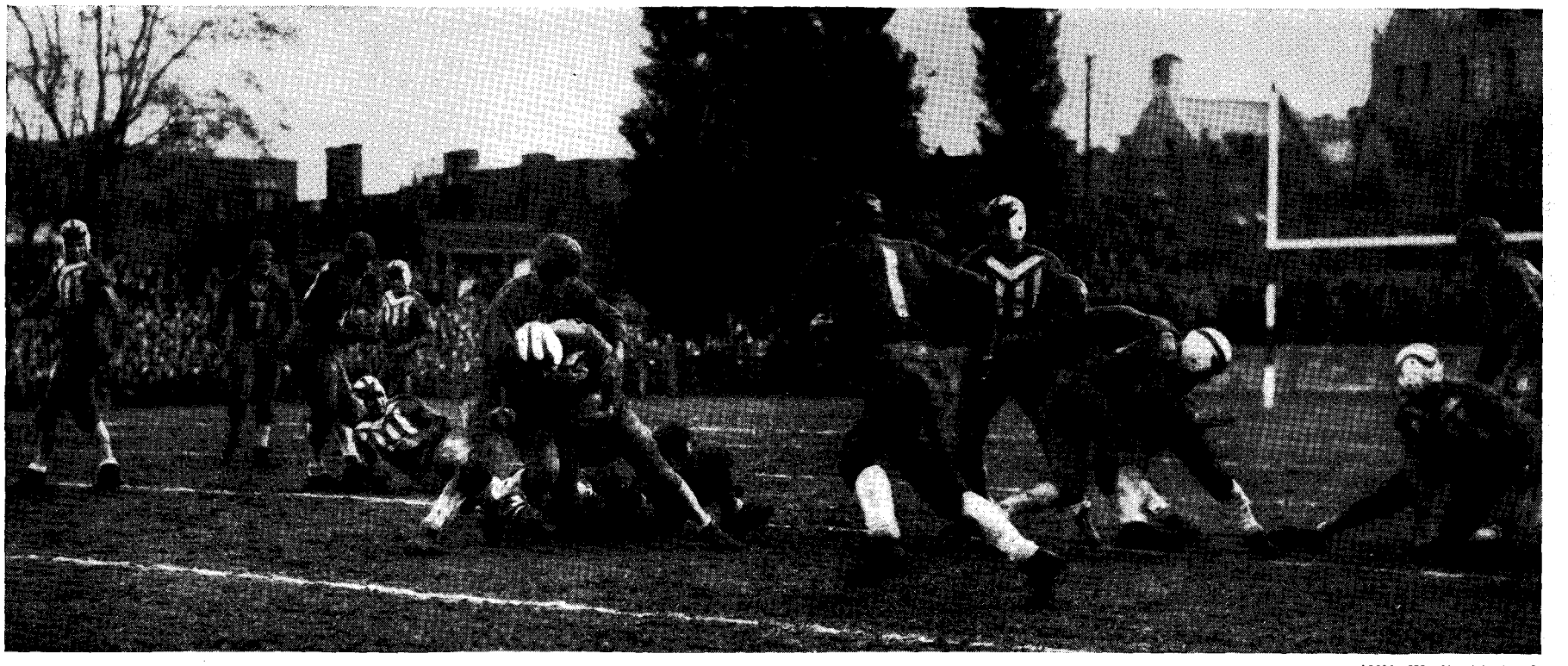


She touched his back with her toe and he loped away, with a long swinging trot. He panted, unused to the task, but she cried: "Faster! This is not a funeral!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Canada Kicks Off

By Quentin Reynolds



An early-season game this year between McGill and Toronto universities

ASSOCIATED SCREEN NEWS LTD.

Football teams from the North are going to invade us—any year now. The Canadian game is getting closer and closer to ours. And better and better. Look out for those laterals

AND at the end of the half of this Rose Bowl game the score stands 14 to 0 in favor of McGill University. The light, fast Canadian team has been bewildering Stanford with its speed and with the deception of its lateral passing attack. Never has such an exhibition of lateral passing been seen in the Rose Bowl. . . ."

It's ten or maybe fifteen years from now and you're listening in to the annual Pasadena classic which is to decide the football championship of North America. McGill wins easily and football coaches all over the United States admit that the Canadian style of play is definitely superior to theirs.

Lou Little is quoted as saying, "The Canadians began to throw laterals 'way back in 1915. Where we use the laterals behind our line of scrimmage and only occasionally toss them when we're beyond the line, the Canadians throw them no matter where they are. The triple lateral pass, a play ignored almost entirely by us American coaches, worked beautifully for McGill today."

Andy Kerr, the first American coach to use the lateral pass to any great extent, shook his head sadly when asked to comment. "They used to say that my teams were pretty good at that hipper-dipper stuff, but we are beginners compared to the Canadians. There is no use kidding ourselves. Today Canadian football is ten years ahead of our style."

Tiny Thornhill, coach of the hitherto invincible Indians, admitted that the better team won. "We couldn't match their speed at all and we weren't prepared for their use of the punt as an offensive weapon."

The unhappy Stanford undergraduates merely cried, "We wuz robbed."

Fantastic? Impossible? Not at all. It isn't fantastic if you have watched two good Canadian teams play this year under Canadian rules which differ only in details from the rules under which American colleges play. Each year Canadian football more closely approaches the game as we know it and coaches above the border are unanimous in declaring that it is only a matter of time when their game will correspond to ours in every detail. In some respects Canadian teams are now the equal or the superior of American college teams. Both their lateral passing and kicking are perhaps superior to these two aspects of the game as exemplified by our leading teams.

Let's take a look at a Canadian game. Suppose we watch two excellent amateur teams play and note the difference. It's the Argonaut Club of Toronto against the Montreal Indians. Both teams are composed of former Canadian and American college players and sand-lot players. That's one fine thing about Canadian football—you don't have to quit playing when you end your college career. In this country you either put away your cleats or you play professional football and only the superstars are good enough to play in the organized professional leagues. The Argos, as we call them up here in Canada, play other amateur teams in their league and then if they win they play the champions of the college league which is composed of Toronto, McGill, Queen's and Western universities.

Well, here we are now at Molson Stadium, the home grounds of McGill University. McGill is up in Toronto playing "Varsity" today and when McGill is away the college authorities allow the Montreal Indians to use the stadium. The Argonauts and the Indians are out there getting ready for the kickoff. They look like any two American college teams; they're dressed alike and their pre-game practice has been the same. All eyes have been on Abe Eliowitz, left-footed kicker of the Indians. A few years ago he was a great player with Michigan State.

Now the teams are ready for the kickoff; the whistle blows and Eliowitz gets off a beauty. It goes to little Bob Coulter, Argo quarterback. He streaks to the right but it seems as if the whole Montreal team is down the field. Ben Brooks, Montreal, gets him with a teeth-rattling tackle and it's the Argonauts' ball on their own twenty-yard line.

The Argonauts go into a huddle just as our American teams do. They come out in a conventional lock step and line up. Coulter calls a few numbers and the backs shift. But what's this? There are five men in the Argonaut backfield and seven men on the Argonaut line. Hey, referee, how about it? They're playing an extra man. We get a cold look from the man beside us in the press box and then he explains kindly enough that in Canadian football there are twelve men on each team.

Now Coulter takes the ball. He shoots around left end and a defensive end is blotted out by a nice bit of blocking by an Argo back. He's off. Now he's in the clear. Two Indians come charging at him. There are three Argonaut players with Coulter though, but why don't they knock those Montreal players down? They don't touch those defensive men who now slap Coulter to the ground with a resounding thud. What dreadful blocking! Lou Little and Jim Crowley would collapse if men on their teams played that way. Why, those Argo players never left their feet.

What's that? Oh, oh, we were all wrong. Our friend again explains something to us. No blocking, no interference of any kind is allowed beyond the line of scrimmage. To be exact, no attacking player may knock down a defensive player who is three yards beyond the line of scrimmage. In short, once the ball carrier gets through the opposing line or around the opposing defensive end, he is strictly on his own.

Now we're beginning to understand this Canadian game a bit better. Let's go back to our game. Coulter picked up six yards on that end run. This time he snakes through tackle and it looks like a first down. They bring the sticks out to measure it. No, he's missed it by a matter of inches. Well, it's third down and six inches to go. Ted Morris or Coulter ought to make that easily but what's this? The team is dropping back into kick formation. Why? Why not take a chance on making those few inches for a first down and then kicking on the fourth? Once more our friend helps out.

"In Canadian football there are but three downs allowed to make ten yards—not four downs," he tells us.

"That seems a silly rule," we grumble.

"On the contrary," we are told by one of the gentlemen from the Montreal Star, "that rule makes for more open play. That third down is pretty much kept as your fourth down is kept—for punting. Therefore we have only two

(Continued on page 47)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Daredevil

Explaining Glenn Phillips, lone climber in the Alps, and the girl who loved him. A fascinating story

By Edwin Muller

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HOWE

MARTA moved up to the last steep pitch.

Left foot on the tiny ledge, just big enough to give friction to three hobnails. Hands touching the rock at shoulder level with light balance holds. Now up with the right foot.

Where was that foothold? Where *was* it? Her boot scraped desperately over the granite. Couldn't see it now even if she looked down—body too close to the rock. Wouldn't look down anyway. Was there anybody else in the world who'd been three seasons in the Alps and still went weak at the knees with three thousand feet of sheer drop below? She'd never climb a mountain again.

She sent an appealing glance up the rope at Otto. She could see the pattern of the nails on his boot sole as he stood balanced unconcernedly on a little shelf twenty feet above. What did guides think about?

He beamed down at her placidly.

"A little higher the foot, *Fräulein*, and to the right."

There it was. Ah-h-h. Up you go. A minute later she was sprawled on the summit rock and Otto was lighting his pipe.

This was one of the moments you lived for—worth all the rest of living put together. Silly to have thought she'd never climb again.

After a while she sat up to look for her friends of last season. There they were—Mont Blanc humped up on the horizon fifty miles away, the far-off, glittering peaks of the Oberland, and, near at hand, thrusting up from the deep gulf, the black spear-point of the Matterhorn, silhouetted against the distant plains of Lombardy. Zermatt was a neat pattern of green meadows and toy houses, ten thousand feet below. The flat rock of the summit was a magic carpet.

She leaned out over the edge of the rock to study another side of the mountain she was on—the east face. That was the route she had wanted to take but Otto had said "No," emphatically.

"This year, *Fräulein*, the east face does not go. The cornice, it is too dangerous."

Now she could see why.

Just below the summit a climber would have to follow the top of a wall that stood between two abysses. Its sides were so steep that a stone falling from it would hardly have touched for a thousand feet. Crowning the wall of rock was another wall of frozen snow eight or nine feet high that tapered to a thin knife-edge. To traverse it would be like crossing a tightrope, a brittle tightrope that would crumble and slither away underfoot.

Marta looked down at it for a moment, then drew back quickly.

"Glad we came the other way," she said.

She turned back to the Matterhorn. Directly opposite, its north face rose in one mighty precipice, five thousand feet from glacier to summit. That was another climb that no man should ever have tried.

There was a startled exclamation at her side.

"*Herr Gott!*" Otto, his mouth open, was staring down over the edge. Marta followed his look.

A man had appeared on the rocks at the other end of the wall. He took a step out on the knife-edge of snow. Then another. He was going to cross.

At the very first there was nothing horrible about it to Marta. It was as if she were sitting in a box at the theater, looking down at a scene on the stage. It had no reality.

Then, as she watched, the sick feeling gripped at the pit of her stomach. She was going to see a man killed.

HIS motions were as slow as the dragging steps of a nightmare. He stood, balanced rigidly, one foot directly before the other. His ice ax cleared away the surface powder of snow and with delicate flicks chipped into the brittle stuff beneath. Then he advanced his foot slowly—slowly, and set it on the step. His weight shifted forward, inch by inch.

Marta was near enough to see his knees shake and the violent effort that he made to control them.

Otto stared, gripping the rocks with both hands and muttering to himself. Marta wanted him to be still, it seemed to her that if the man heard a sound or saw a motion he would be startled off his balance. A whisper of wind would topple him. She tried to keep her eyes away from those depths. But, when she looked at the man's face instead, that was worse.

Halfway across, the fragile crest curled over into a cornice, like the tip of a wave about to break. There the man had a little broader footing, but it was an illusion of safety. Marta saw him chip a little too hard at the surface in front of him. A section a foot square fell out, leaving a hole through which he could see down into the gulf. He tottered a little and, when he had regained his balance, minutes went by before he moved again.

After that Marta didn't look. She only knew when the man was across by hearing Otto explode into a low-voiced torrent of patois.

Her own reaction was just as violent. When she saw the man come scrambling over the last easy rocks to the summit

You stood there, frozen. You'd rather die than open your eyes or move a single muscle. Soon you'd let go

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

she had a sudden flare of anger toward him, as if he were someone she loved who had made her suffer.

She could see now that he was not much older than herself, not over twenty-one or -two. Of course—she might have guessed that. They were all boys, those climbers who went about the Alps deliberately gambling with death. Live dangerously—that was their motto. Crazy, like all the rest of Europe. How many of them were killed last year? Two hundred? And they were all exhibitionists. This one would be delighted to have had a gallery. Probably vain about his looks too—his broad shoulders and well-shaped head and the deep layer of bronze that comes from mountain sun and wind.

"WELL?" she snapped at him in a schoolmistress tone.

He looked up with the startled expression of the small boy caught in the jam pot.

She wasn't at all a pretty girl, but one that you'd look at twice and then begin to like immensely. Her short sandy hair that had apparently never known a wave made her thin face even browner than it was. She had a straightforward, direct look that would make you feel uncomfortable if you were hiding anything from her.

"Have you been here all the time?" he demanded.

Why—he was an American too. Somehow that made it seem worse.

"Didn't you want an audience?" she asked coolly. Much better to have ignored him. And yet she was glad to have made him angry.

He didn't answer, and as he climbed up beside her, his mouth was set in a straight line. Otto moved over to make room.

"Don't bother," said the other curtly. "I'm not staying." And, without waiting to rest, he started down the ridge that Marta and Otto had climbed.

She had a sudden pang of compunction. After all, he didn't look like those boys who swaggered along the village street in Zermatt.

"Look here," she called. "You'd better go down on our rope."

"No, thanks." He didn't even turn around.

MARTA watched him swinging down—body well away from the rock, moving smoothly from hold to hold. He was a climber, you could see that. But to go down the Gabelhorn alone!

"Otto, do you know that man?"

"*Ja*, I know him." The guide looked away. "Before September he will be dead."

"What do you mean?"

"He climbs alone—always alone. Peter Aufdenblatten has seen him on Teufelsgrat. Today you have seen. He will be dead and guides must go to bring back the body."

"But why does he do it?"

Otto shook his head slowly.

"I think—because he is afraid."

Marta watched his face, waiting for him to go on.

"It was only a little thing, *Fräulein*. Such as happens to many *Herren*. But this one—

"He comes to Zermatt last year with another like himself. It is their first time in the high mountains. They engage the young guide, Adolph Pollinger. Adolph takes them first on the Rothorn. I think that is wrong. This young man—*Herr* Phillips is his name, *Herr* Glenn Phillips—he is a good climber, but he has not stood above great heights. He has not the habit. So. They come to a place very near to the top. It is a place well known. Three steps you must take along a ledge only so broad as the foot. Below is empty—straight down—so far as the bottom of the mountain.

"Adolph goes across. He calls to *Herr* Phillips. The *Herr*, he takes one step—two steps. Then he stops. He puts his face against the wall—he shuts his eyes—with the hands he holds very tight."

Marta drew in a deep breath. How well she knew that feeling. Oh, God, how well she knew it. You stood there, frozen. You'd rather die than open your eyes or move a single muscle. Soon you'd let go—

"Adolph calls again but *Herr* Phillips does not move. So. The other young man starts to the ledge. He begins to make one step. He is dizzy. The rope hangs loose between them.

"Adolph sees that the second young man will fall. Adolph calls in a big voice to *Herr* Phillips to move. In one step he can come to a place where he can hold up the other with the rope. But *Herr* Phillips stands still.

"So. The other young man, he falls. *Herr* Phillips is pulled from the ledge—

"But no, *Fräulein*. It is not so bad a thing. The rope is good, and Adolph—any guide of Zermatt—can two young men hold up. Adolph fixes the rope, climbs down and soon they are brought to a safe place. But the second young man, he has broken his arm. It is a trouble for Adolph to bring him down safe to the bottom.

"And, when they are come down, Adolph, who does not like the trouble, he speaks in a rough voice to *Herr* Phillips: 'You—you will never a climber be. You will carry the ladies' shawls.'

"A young and foolish guide."

GOING down the ridge seemed even steeper than coming up. Every time that Marta started over a pitch it was as if she had swung herself over the parapet of a tall building. But Otto was above her and the rope that he belayed over projecting knobs of rock tightened reassuringly around her body.

What if she were that boy below, with no protecting rope? Every time that she halted to let Otto descend to her level she peered down the crags. At last she saw him. Far below the ridge flattened out in a broad slope of snow, the end of the dangerous part of the route. A black spot appeared on the white surface—began to move across it. Marta felt a tension in her brain relax.

After dinner she went out to walk in the main street. So, as usual, did the rest of the village, natives and visitors together.

As a rule, when, to her mother's dismay, she traipsed about Europe alone, she was content to be nothing but a spectator. But here she wished that she knew people. Indeed, she felt that she already knew them—better than the ones she had known all her life at home. There were the guides with their faces carved out of oak, the group of Alpine Club veterans gossiping in front of the Monte Rosa, the neophytes out for their first season listening from a respectful distance, the Germans in their *lederhosen*, lean-headed Englishmen, sun-baked mountaineers from all over the world. From time to time everybody stood aside while a jingling herd of goats was driven past, or a string of loaded mules on their way up to the huts passed by.

Marta saw Glenn in front of the English churchyard. He recognized her but at first she thought that he was going to pass without speaking. Then he stopped short and came over to her. He looked at her uncertainly as if he were afraid she would cut him.

"Have a good climb?" he asked. Like

(Continued on page 46)

With an ax anchored deep and his arm around her it was easy to bring her back—back across the snow bridge

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Mysterious Pilgrim

By Peter B. Kyne

All about the misfortunes of a prospector named Earle, who, in a moment of weakness, yielded to avarice. This Earle was lucky, at that

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

ALL of this happened a long time ago, in Big Smoky Valley, which is a sizable desert in Nevada. Here one may hope to find dry placer ground occasionally, which is why, when this story opens, we find Long Shorty Ferguson and his partner, Dan Packard, encamped at Weeping Water, a water hole in the heart of Big Smoky. Mr. Ferguson, known as Long Shorty, to distinguish him from another Nevada prospecting Ferguson known as Shorty but who lacked the height of Long Shorty, was on duty as cook; Mr. Packard, who would have to do the cooking next week, lay in his blankets and snored with a faint whistling sound. The sun, creeping up over the Toquina range, was reaching in under the weeping willows which some forgotten Samaritan had planted at the water hole in the long ago; presently the light would fall on Mr. Packard and awaken him.

Long Shorty, as he turned the strips of bacon, sang softly, "White wings, they never grow weary." He was in a contented mood because at dawn a dozen sage hens had flown over to Weeping Water for their matutinal drink and Mr. Ferguson had killed two of them with a muzzle-loading shotgun. Consequently he looked forward to an excellent supper. He was trying to decide whether he would fry the sage hens or have them fricasseed, with gravy and dumplings, when Sweet Marie, one of the six burros owned by Dan Packard and himself, came up to the fire, as was her wont, in the expectancy that Long Shorty Ferguson would present her with a flapjack, as was his wont. She stood across the fire from Mr. Ferguson, thrust out her head and eyed him expectantly; she muttered softly an appeal to Long Shorty's finer instincts.

"You danged old mendicant," Mr. Ferguson murmured, kindly as always, and lifted a flapjack off the pile he had recently cooked. In the act of reaching for it, Sweet Marie appeared to lose interest in the tidbit; instead, she raised her head and sniffed loudly; her long ears came forward and she gazed, with interest, out across Big Smoky. Presently she brayed.

MR. PACKARD sat up, like an ancient jack-in-the-box, and demanded fiercely and vulgarly of Mr. Ferguson that the latter explain his neglect to control the warblings of Sweet Marie. He said he was dead for sleep and to have a danged jackass wake him up—

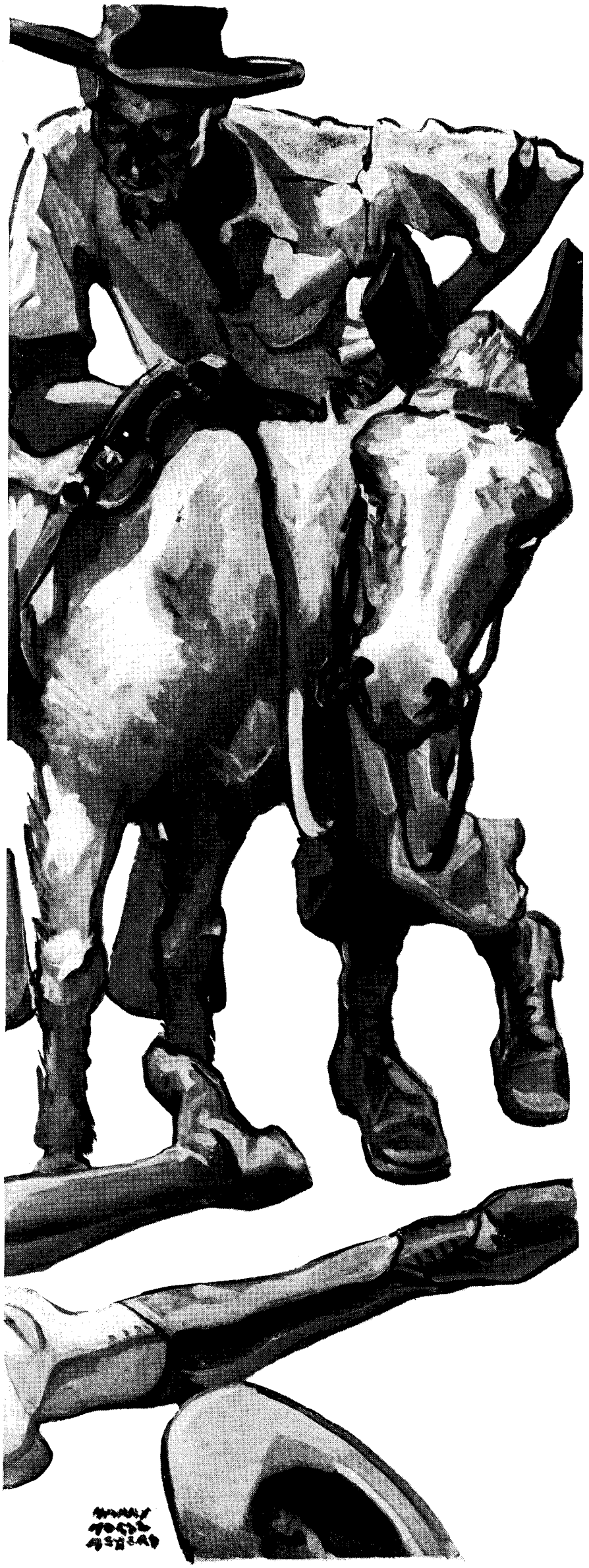
"You've slept ten hours, you vag," Long Shorty snarled. "Sweet Marie sees somethin'. Git up off'n your dead tail, take them binoculars an' see what's moving off yonder in the sage."

Mr. Packard emerged in his underclothes, yawned, went to a kyack and procured the binoculars. Then he climbed aboard Sweet Marie, stood up on her rump and scanned the wide, hot, misty vistas of Big Smoky.

"Pilgrim headed for Weepin' Water," he announced presently, "but he ain't agoin' to git here under his own power. He was staggerin' when I see him first an' now he's fallen an' don't seem to be in no hurry to git up. Thirsty man fixin' to die half a mile from water."

Long Shorty turned strips of bacon thoughtfully. About two o'clock that morning he and Dan had been awakened by the raucous and excited braying of burros out on the desert. Without commenting on this disturbance they knew it presaged the arrival of an outfit half mad with thirst, so they had gotten up, in the moonlight, and as four packed burros came staggering down to the water hole they had caught them, tied them to a weeping willow tree and watered them gradually out of a bucket, for it is dangerous for man or beast, deprived of water for a long time, to drink to repletion. Later they had unpacked the burros and turned them loose with their own stock to graze on the bunch grass that grew between the low desert sage. While lifting off the kyacks they had

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Long Shorty turned the young man over, lifted him to a sitting position and blasphemously commanded him to open his mouth

been interested to note that although two of them contained provisions six of them did not. For half-filled kyacks they were so heavy that Long Shorty and Dan could not forbear investigation; the kyacks contained gold, with just sufficient quartz to hold the gold together—the sort of treasure that is found in pockets and is known as "gold in place."

"LOOKS like a job for the public administrator," Long Shorty had opined.

"Don't pretend you're that honest," Dan had shrilled. "Come daylight we'll backtrack on the trail o' these jacks an' try to find the owner o' them an' this treasure. If he's livin' we hand his outfit back to him; if he's dead we bury him an' keep it."

"Don't pretend you're that honest," had been the reply. "You know danged well you'll lose the trail a-purpose an' convince yourself you didn't."

"Liar! Moon'll set inside the hour or we'd start now."

Now, upon receiving Dan's report of a thirsty man collapsed half a mile distant, Long Shorty sighed and murmured: "That settles it. We both got to be honest." He reached for the shotgun, which he had reloaded and leaned against the bole of a weeping willow tree and fired both barrels into the air, with a noticeable pause between shots. In about thirty seconds the two old prospectors heard the distant reports of two pistol shots out in the desert.

"We've talked," Long Shorty declared, "an' now, if the feller has any sense, he'll set quiet until we git there an' find him."

They breakfasted calmly and unhurriedly; and when they finished, Long Shorty saddled Sweet Marie, filled a canteen and hung it on the pommel. From his war bag Dan Packard produced a small flask of whisky, which he had been saving for the celebration of Long Shorty's sixty-first birthday. Leading Sweet Marie, they pushed out into Big Smoky.

THEY discovered the victim of the desert lying face down, with his head pillowed on his arms. Messrs Ferguson and Packard looked at him once, swiftly, and then exchanged glances. Thirty years of wandering together in the waste had given them a vast respect for silence; long since they had discovered that words were not always necessary for communication between them; telepathy had taken their place, except at dawn, when they spoke because they had nothing worth while to discuss and a new day always made them happy. Their glances now said very audibly:

"Mining engineer. Look at his nice flannel shirt! Look at his pigskin leggin's, an' his ridin' pants. Look at his hat like a forest ranger's. Look at his double-action revolver an' it a thirty-two! No wonder the fool got lost!"

Sadly each waggled his silvery head in condemnation; then Long Shorty turned the young man over, lifted him to a sitting position and blasphemously commanded him to open his mouth. The man obeyed, but did not open his eyes.

"Reminds me of a fledgling gapin' for a worm," Mr. Packard growled, thrust the muzzle of the canteen into that open mouth and poured. Next he withdrew the canteen to pour a gill of the cool water down the man's breast and another down his spine. Then, because the latter's mouth still hung open, Mr. Packard thrust the neck of his small whisky flask in and poured. Gasps and chokings rewarded him; he was, instantly, mellow and sympathetic.

"Good whisky claws all the way down, young feller," he declared.

His victim swept the flask aside. "I thought it was cyanide," he gasped. "Give me more water."

"In about five minutes, you danged ingrate."

Dan and Long Shorty lifted the man up into the saddle; Long Shorty then gave Sweet Marie a kick in the belly, which had the effect of heading the intelligent little animal back for the camp at Weeping Water. Messrs Ferguson and Packard walked beside her and held their victim on. Arrived at Weeping Water the pilgrim was given another drink of water and then a cup of strong black coffee with three fingers of Dan Packard's terrible whisky in it. While he drank, Long Shorty with a wet towel wiped the sand out of his rheumy, inflamed eyes; later they undressed him and threw buckets of water over him and in about an hour they gave him breakfast, after which he crawled onto Dan Packard's bed roll and fell asleep. The two desert rats looked down at him; they shook their heads in affirmation of the mutual realization that they were stuck at Weeping Water until their guest should be strong enough to travel again, and hence it would be smart of them to take things easy in the interim. Silently Mr. Ferguson gave Mr. Packard a blanket and took a quilt for himself. Each lay down; each lighted a pipe and smoked.

EVENTUALLY Mr. Packard murmured:

"Long Shorty, it beats hell, don't it?"

"It does," Mr. Ferguson replied, "but is that any reason why you got to be such a damned old chatterbox?"

"Some day," Mr. Packard promised darkly, "you'll go too far, Long Shorty."

"You pick on me with your dod-gasted promises," Mr. Ferguson complained. "You excite me with your confidence-man habit o' paintin' pictures with bright colors, until, agin my better jedgment, I foller you out here into the heart o' Tophet on a placer minin' expedition. I knew we'd have adventures—an' so we have. Here we are, stuck with another mouth to feed, with grub none too plentiful an' no money to buy more if we survive long enough to git to a place where they sell it."

"I don't particularly recall you makin' objections to the enterprise, Long Shorty." The mildness of the statement was infuriating—all the more so because it was true.

"If this talk keeps up, Dan'l," Mr. Ferguson warned solemnly, "I'm goin' to git myself a new pardner. You're noisier'n a parrot. I declare I don't know what's got into you today, Dan'l."

"Well, Long Shorty, when you head out lookin' for a new pardner, you leave them overalls you're wearin' behind you. I s'pose you figger I'm such a fool I fail to recognize my Sunday pants, eh? Jest because you ain't careful with your clothes an' wear 'em out in jig time ain't no reason why I got to stand for you walkin' off with my wardrobe."

"So you'd set me adrift in my shirttail, eh?"

"Shet up. You're on a mental par with a field mouse."

"An' if your brains, Dan'l, was solid, refined gold in one lump, a tarantula could tote 'em over the Sierra an' back without perspirin'. Dan'l, before it's too late, will you leave this sand an' sage

(Continued on page 34)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

No Props

By Kyle Crichton

The story of Miss Sheila Barrett, who troupes alone and doesn't like it—the joy of being a New York success

WHATEVER else it may be, the Rainbow Room in Rockefeller Center is the highest night club in the world. Also the toughest for a performer. The white-shirt-fronted customers who ascend to the 65th floor are likely to be out-of-town people as much interested in the view as in the floor show.

The lights dimmed, a garish spotlight picked out a point on the tiny dance floor near the piano of Ray Noble, and into it came an extremely tall girl with floppy black hair and a jacketed evening dress. This was Sheila Barrett.

She sang no songs, she did no dances, she had no props or assistants or stooges in the audience. She stood up before that group of people who would rather be drinking or eating or looking out over Manhattan, and made them pay attention. She did it with her imitations and sketches and interpretations of well-known characters.

"Some night I'm not going to hold them and they'll heave me off one of those ledges," she said, never having recovered from an inferiority complex which makes her think she is the world's worst artist and extraordinarily lucky to be alive.

Her life has been generously balled up with that inferiority complex. She worries because she is tall and because she isn't a raving beauty and because she isn't in a stage show instead of a night club.

"What's to become of me?" she asks desperately. "I'm not getting any younger. I'm twenty-eight."

She worries her head off and remains the highest price single in the night-club field. She got $1,000 a week from the Rainbow Room, and has made as high as $2,300 a week, getting $1,000 from the Clover Club in Hollywood, $800 from a simultaneous week in vaudeville and $500 for a radio broadcast. Her work is a bitterer version of what is done by Ruth Draper and Cornelia Otis Skinner. She writes her own material, attacks everything that seems to need attacking, and is not afraid to go into the foibles of her own audience, insulting them very briskly to their faces if the necessity arises. She has appeared frequently with Rudy Vallee on his radio hour and is a sucker for doing benefits for worthy causes.

Her character was definitely molded by her father, a wild Irishman named Thomas Francis Jackson Barrett, who had a good law practice in Washington, D. C., and a gambling nature which made him worth $25,000 on a Saturday night and broke on Tuesday. When Sheila was six years old she was sent to the Ursuline Convent in Pittsburgh and stayed there for eight years. By the end of that time she stood five feet eight inches in her stocking feet and had been bitten by the acting bug. When she was twelve years old she wrote a play which had only two parts, both played by herself.

"I was the father who was a drunken dope fiend and I was the virtuous daughter," she remembers. "I could work that by being the papa first and then running around behind a curtain and coming out as the young lady."

When she was fourteen she came back to Washington and entered Holton Arms, the fashionable finishing school. She stayed there four years. Sheila was head of the dramatic club there and had one fine experience in Shakespeare.

"I played the Melancholy Jacques . . . with beard," she says.

Never a Coming-Out Party

It was during this period that she went down to Annapolis on a house party.

"It was a blind date and of course the guy turned out to be a midget," says Miss Barrett. "I was a wallflower . . . never had a dance the whole time."

But worse was still to come. The Barrett family decided it was time for Sheila's coming-out party. Invitations were sent out, flowers were ordered, a caterer was engaged, Sheila spent days getting fitted for her gowns.

"It was all swell," she says, "except that the creditors got there ahead of the guests. Just one of Papa's low periods."

While still trying to recover from that she conceived the idea of approaching somebody important about her career. She sat down and wrote David Belasco an eight-page letter. He answered in a polite note, inviting her to come over to New York to see him. She was fifteen at the time.

"Too young," said the great man. "Far too young. Go back and work hard and let me see you again in three or four years."

He gave her an autographed picture and she went back and got a job at $10 a week doing bits with the National Theater stock company. In her first part she wanted to be helpful and was all over the stage getting in the way of the principals. The male

(Continued on page 42)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To Work at Nine

John Cleats entertains some unexpected guests. The entertainment is decidedly unexpected, too

By Frank Bunce

TWO of the three men were standing close to the near wall with guns in their hands when John Cleats opened the door to his apartment. The third man sat in a deep chair by the table. There was a whisky glass in one of his hands, a cigarette in the other, and, except for his hard, unwinking stare, he might have been any casual visitor. Yet it was he who startled John most; his stare that had more menace in it than either of the guns.

He spoke, quietly, without inflection. "Come on in, kid," he said.

John went in. He closed the door from habit, and then stood still, a bag of groceries under one arm, a milk bottle under another, uncertain what to do next. He didn't take it in. For at least three hundred days of each year, for seven years, he had come home to this apartment at about the same time each day; and every day of all those two thousand-odd days he had found it neat and lonely, just as he had left it. This departure from the normal, this invasion by men with guns and a man with a hard, unwinking stare, shocked him. He wasn't frightened. Somehow he had no thought of being frightened. He was only surprised, incredulous that such a thing could happen.

The man in the chair laughed.

"Don't worry, kid," he said. "Make yourself at home."

"Wait a minute, Tony," said one of the men behind John. He slid a hand up under John's right arm and ran it down his side, then slid the hand up under John's left arm and ran it down his left side.

"Don't fool around," said the man in the chair. "He ain't packing nothing. He's a good, respectable citizen, and good, respectable citizens can't pack rods."

The door opened, and another man came in. He wore a tight double-breasted suit that bulged at the left side, and a hat with a snap-down brim; he was dark-skinned, hard-mouthed, young. He was much like the other three.

"Who invited you in here, Rap?" the man called Tony asked him, from the chair.

"I just came in to see if this guy was making any trouble. There ain't nobody in a block. They don't know which way to look," the newcomer said.

"You keep on the job," Tony told him. "And don't get off it till you're told to."

"Okay," muttered the man called Rap. He went out resentfully, banging the door.

JOHN began to get it then. The groceryman up the street had told him something that he remembered now, though at the time he hadn't been much interested.

At five minutes to three that afternoon three men had entered the bank on the corner, next to the grocery store. Another stayed outside with a hand held in the side pocket of his tight, double-breasted suit, though no one had paid any attention to him at the time, and afterward only one person of all the people questioned remembered having seen him at all. It was a busy corner.

Two of the three men went to the two tellers' windows and pushed guns up close under the noses of the clerks working behind them. One of the clerks put his hands in the air as he had been told to do, but the other tried to press a large button set into the floor under the counter. It happened, however, that the man who held the gun on him saw him working his foot and shot him before he could touch the button.

The shot made surprisingly little sound; not enough to attract the attention of anyone in the street, including the bored traffic officer at the intersection; not even enough to attract the attention of everyone in the bank. It was only when the third man, who had approached the bank guard, produced a gun that there was any excitement. One of the stenographers close by saw the gun and screamed. Her scream, however, did no good. It did not reach to the street strongly enough to be heard above the traffic noise, and it was useless as a warning to the guard; he was looking the other way and was shot before he could get his gun out. This shot, though dim and flat like the preceding shot, did have the effect of discouraging any further attempts at resistance. The third man had no trouble in rounding up the bank employees and two patrons and locking them into one of the washrooms while his companions were entering the tellers' cages and scooping up all the cash in them into a strong Gladstone bag.

IT WAS a good haul, some eight thousand-odd dollars in all, but the two men did not neglect to strip the two clerks, including the dead one, of their wrist watches and pocketbooks.

These men were thorough, and they were in no hurry. They knew it would take quite a while for any of the bank employees to force a way out of the washroom, and they themselves hadn't far to go. Just down the street to Number 1016.

In front of 1016 they stopped to look around. Nobody seemed to be paying any attention to them, so they went in and climbed to the third floor, stopping before the rear apartment—John's apartment. One of the men, the man carrying the Gladstone bag, took out a key and unlocked the door coolly as if he owned the place and had been unlocking that door for years. He entered the apartment just as a police whistle shrilled from back on the corner, but that sound ruffled him not at all. He put the bag in a clothes closet by the door and rummaged until he found whisky and a glass. He poured himself a drink and, from under heavy black brows, glanced at the other three, still standing outside the door.

"Come in, you guys," he said. "Come in and make yourselves at home. All except you, Rap. You go to that window that sticks out at the end of the hall, and watch to see who comes up. If it's a cop, let me know."

(Continued on page 36)

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH EDMUND ENTWISTLE

He tipped the pan toward Tony and slammed a slice of bacon into it

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Heart Has Wings

By Faith Baldwin

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

The Story Thus Far:

GAIL WILLIAMS, noted girl flyer, and Peter Harris, who, like Gail's father, is a wealthy manufacturer of airplanes, are confronted with a serious problem: Having met, for the first time, at a party given by the Harrises (Peter and his wife, Hildreth) to announce the engagement of their daughter, Dolly, they have fallen in love; what's to be done about it?

Not the husband-stealing type, Gail loathes the idea of causing Hildreth Harris any unhappiness. She is nevertheless much relieved when Peter, who has been happy for many years with Hildreth, finally tells his wife the truth, asks for his freedom.

Hildreth faces the situation bravely. She still loves Peter, but she promises to divorce him; not, however, until Dolly, who is expecting the arrival of a baby, has undergone her ordeal. She explains that Dolly is in no condition to stand a shock of any sort.

Meanwhile, another man -Bill Jones- has fallen in love with Gail. Bill Jones is young, clever, attractive. Through Gail, he finds a backer for a remarkable device which he is perfecting an invention which will, Gail believes, bring millions to those putting it on the aviation market. That backer is not Gail's father; he is *-Peter Harris!*

Gail's father, recently married for the second time, returns to America after spending his honeymoon in Europe. He invites Gail to return to her home in the Middle West for a visit. Before she leaves New York, she experiences the thrill of seeing Peter Harris, a skillful pilot, test one of his experimental airplanes. Well aware that the plane may be dangerous Peter takes it up, makes a perfect flight, a perfect landing.

Among the spectators is Bill Jones. When the flight ends, he sees Peter Harris and Gail step into a car and drive away. Quite by chance, he overhears Gail say something which, misconstrued, leads him to believe that Gail regards him merely as a potential gold mine *for Peter Harris!*

Hurt, angered, he leaves the flying field, succeeds in getting a lift into New York, dashes to his little hotel and packs all of his belongings. After which, young Bill Jones does a very unusual thing; he applies himself diligently to the job of starting a beautiful bender!

VIII

WHEN at around ten o'clock that evening Gail and Peter, having long since returned the demonstrator's car and subsidized taxis, drew up in front of Gail's door, Bill was waiting for them.

He had been, for some time, sitting on the doorstep. Once a policeman had ambled by and being a gentleman who enjoyed reading and the movies, he poked Bill carelessly and inquired, "Little man, what now?" And Bill grinned up at him and spoke, choosing his words, and spacing them, with deceptive ease.

"Honest, Officer," he explained, "I am no Raffles. I'm not even in tails. Believe it or not, I am waiting for a lady." He waved his hand at the house. "She lives there. We have an appointment. She's a little late," added Bill confidentially, "but then you know how women are."

McCarty knew. He was married. He hesitated, pushing his cap back and scratching his round head, in doubt. "What did you say her name was?" he asked, at length.

"I didn't. Gentlemen," remarked Bill reproachfully, "never mention names. But if you insist . . . Williams," he confided, "Miss Gail Williams."

The policeman ran up the steps and by the aid of a small flashlight deciphered the neat names written on the cards which lurked behind glass. He came down again.

"Well," he said, "all right; but couldn't you take a walk around the block or something?" He stepped a little nearer Bill, sniffed once and added, decisively, "I'd say you'd be all the better for a walk around the block. You sure the lady wants to see you?" he inquired delicately.

"She's just crazy to see me," said Bill.

He walked around the block, several times. Young man out for a stroll on an April evening. Then he returned to the steps and sat down again. He cocked his hat more on one side, lighted a cigarette and smoked, thinking.

Probably he was a fool, but he didn't think so. A gesture, a word—that was all he had to go on. Not evidence, definitely not evidence. But pieces of a pattern fell into place. He remembered overhearing Gerry Downing and Peter Harris in a deep discussion, in the office next to his cubbyhole, the chief engineer's office, empty save for Harris and his secretary at the moment.

"You're making yourself pretty conspicuous," Gerry had said.

"So what?" Peter had asked.

"So almost anything . . . Peter, must you be an idiot all your life? I don't know what's hit you, this past year . . . that business with McKenzie . . . you don't think for a moment that he's doing anything but drinking up your money, do you—? And now, this girl—"

That was all Bill had heard, and he didn't want to hear any more. He had crashed around in the cubbyhole, noisily, the voices had ceased abruptly and then Peter had come in smiling, with some trivial question.

Oh, that piece fitted and a hundred others and the pattern which was forming was neither pretty nor pleasant to contemplate.

THE taxi drew up and Bill was there to meet it, coming down the steps, not too hastily. He said lightly, as Gail turned in surprise, as Peter paid off the cabman, "So there you are; I thought you'd never come."

His tone was absurd, notably social, a little on the maiden aunt side.

"Bill," said Gail, "what on earth are you doing here?"

His presence brought her back to all her immediate problems. Somehow they hadn't mattered very much this evening. She had been very happy. Peter had been as she first had known him, amusing, gay, in the highest spirits. He had been sweet too. . . . She was sure of herself and of him. There remained only the waiting.

"Waiting for you . . . and Harris," answered Bill.

At the door he turned. "I wish you both luck," he said. "You'll both need it. I'm not saying anything about happiness, because I don't think you'll get it—that way"

Peter put some change in his pocket. The cab drew away. Peter said, "Hey—Oh, it's you, Bill. What's it all about?"

"That's what I want to know," said Bill.

Gail drew back from him. She said, "Bill, you're drunk!"

"Not very," he told her, "hardly, in fact. I have been. It was an excellent idea. You get things straight. Perspective and all that."

Peter glanced at Gail. In the light of the street lamps she looked a little pale, even frightened. He raised an eyebrow at her, took Bill's arm, said soothingly:

"Come on, old man. . . . Let's get going. It's been quite a day, hasn't it? Gail's tired. I'm going to the club for the night; you come along with me."

"No, thank you," said Bill politely and added, "nursie," with a bitter inflection. "I want to talk to you—and Gail. . . ."

"There's tomorrow," suggested Peter patiently.

"I WON'T be here tomorrow," said Bill. Gail cried, "What do you mean?"

"I am sailing," Bill explained, "for China. Or is it Patagonia? Anyway, wherever they shoot big game. Famous authors do it. Younger sons of ancient English lineage do it. Lots of men do it, especially those whose best girls run around with married men."

Gail's breath caught in her throat. But Peter said calmly, "We can't stand here all night. . . . Come on, Bill, pull yourself together. I suggest a Turkish bath."

"Suggest and be damned!" said Bill.

Gail broke in desperately. "We can't stand here. . . . All right, Bill . . . we'll go up to my place." She turned to Peter. "You go on," she said, "I can handle this."

"No, he won't go on," Bill informed her. "He'll stay. He'll listen to what I have to say. And you'll handle it, will you? You're a very bright little girl. Got a string-pulling complex, haven't you? Puppet-show stuff. We'll see."

Peter said, low, "We'd better go on up, Gail."

She fished in her handbag, gave him her keys. He went ahead of them, opened the door in silence, and in silence they ascended and he unlocked the other door. Gail went in ahead of the men and snapped on the lights. It was Bill who slammed the door. For a moment they stood there regarding one another. Gail, flushed with anger and defiance, had never looked more lovely, and Bill, looking at her, heard something in his mind whimper, like a beaten dog.

"Well," said Peter, "here we are. Get it off your chest, Bill."

He said, standing there, not bothering to take off his hat, merely pushing it to the back of a head which seemed several sizes too large for it:

"I don't have to be ex-explicit. It's just that I've been a fool. You were smart, Gail, but not smart enough. You'd sell me out, for him, wouldn't you? Keep

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

me dangling, give me just enough encouragement—"

"I never encouraged you," she interrupted sharply.

He looked at her as a man who sees the death of something he loves greatly. He asked, "What did you call it, Gail?"

"Bill," she said despairingly, "I've told you over and over that I didn't—couldn't. . . . That I was fond of you . . . liked you so much. . . . I've never led you to expect anything more. . . ."

"No," he admitted, "that's right." He sighed, and looked young and bewildered and unhappy. "But you didn't try to stop my hoping, you kept me around, handily, an alibi . . . whistled when you wanted me, sent me away when you didn't. You were crazy about the beam, weren't you, because it would do so much for aviation, for me . . . make me famous . . . 'Peter Harris is your man,' you told me. You didn't tell me he was yours! You wanted the beam for him. You didn't care how you got it. You could shove me around like something on a chessboard. And when I asked you straight out . . . you lied to me. If you hadn't lied . . . Hell, Gail, you know how I would have felt if you'd told me the truth . . . but at least things would have been clean and straight between us. Perhaps I wouldn't have blamed you—much. I dunno. But keeping me hanging around, lying to me, giving me a special sort of smile now and then, letting me think that, perhaps—some day . . . I can't forgive that. I can't forgive you," he said, "or myself. I've been such a fool."

Peter asked, "Look here, haven't you said enough?"

He wanted to divert this from Gail, who stood there, her arms limp at her sides, the defiance dying in her, as the liquor was dying in Bill, her eyes stricken.

"No," Bill answered, "I haven't." He looked at Peter. He said quietly, "You're a lot bigger than I am. If I tackled you I'd get licked. There wouldn't be any use, anyway. That wouldn't get us places. I liked you a lot. I thought you were regular. I don't blame you for falling in love with Gail. Almost any man in his senses would fall in love with her. But you might have kept it to yourself, and you didn't have to use her for your damned business. Oh, you've got everything," he went on, quite without bitterness, "money, success, and a sort of phony glamor because you can take one of those things up in the air and make it fly. . . . You've got a swell little wife, and a grown daughter, and personally I think you're a heel."

PETER said, "I'd be delighted to hit you, Bill, but, as you remarked, that won't get us anywhere . . . You're drunk. You don't know what you're saying. Tomorrow you'll remember and apologize. You're making a lot of senseless accusations. So let's consider the apologies over and done with, shall we? Let's, for Gail's sake at least, forget all this. . . . And now suppose you and I clear out?"

Bill said, "Clever, aren't you? Old smoothie. Handler of men, like Gail. Tactful."

Gail cried, "Oh, what's the use of all this! Bill," she looked at him directly, ignoring Peter's hand on her arm, his murmured warning, "listen to me and get this straight. I have used you, yes. I wanted the beam for Peter. But from the angle of your ultimate success it wouldn't matter to you who had it. I've lied to you. Naturally, I've lied. I won't lie any longer. We love each other, Peter and I . . . Some day, when Hildreth gets her divorce, we're going to be married."

"That's all I want to know," Bill said.

He went to the door and they stared after him, not moving. At the door he turned and removed his hat.

"I wish you both luck," he said. "You'll need it. I'm not saying anything about happiness, because I don't think you'll get it—that way."

The door closed behind him and Gail groped for a chair and sat down and put her face in her hands and cried. The tears ran through her fingers.

Peter put his arm around her. He said, "I'm so terribly sorry, darling." And then, "But, Gail, was it wise . . . ? I mean he was tight, you could have managed . . . tomorrow he would have remembered just that he was tight and had said a lot of unpleasant things . . . and he would have been penitent and remorseful."

SHE shook her head, still crying. After a while she controlled herself and looked up at him.

"It wasn't any good," she said pitifully, "I couldn't lie any longer. I'm not even angry any more. Peter, did you see his eyes? As if I'd murdered him and he had to go on living."

"Oh, forget it," said Peter uneasily, "he's only a kid and he's crazy about you. . . . If I know anything about youngsters of his age, he'll come back, if not tomorrow, then soon enough, and ask you to forgive him . . . and to see the error of your ways . . . and send me about my business. . . ."

She said, "No, he won't. And he isn't a youngster. I thought I knew him. I didn't. I thought I could do pretty much as I wanted with him. I was mistaken." Suddenly she jumped to her feet and stared at Peter. The tears were damp stains on her face, smudging powder and even lipstick. Her lashes were thick with them. She cried, "Peter . . . the beam!"

"Oh," said Peter, "I'd forgotten it."

Gail looked at him. There he stood, smoking the inevitable cigar. I'm sure they're bad for him, she thought, distracted. And suddenly she found herself talking, pouring it all out

She said breathlessly, "He'll go to someone else."

Peter's face darkened with anger. He said, "He can't. He hasn't any right. . . . I've talked it over with him—made suggestions. . . ."

"Nothing that would stick," she said.

"He told you that?" asked Peter, nettled. "Well, my opinion and advice are worth something. He's had the run of the plant. He hasn't any moral right to pull out on me. . . ."

Gail shook her head.

"Yes, he has. He hasn't committed himself. Hasn't signed any agreement. I—I spoke to him once about it. He wasn't that far along, he said."

"But he is committed," said Peter stubbornly. "He came to me first. Legally, perhaps not. Morally, yes. That's how I see it."

She said, "No, I can't agree with you. He can go anywhere he pleases. . . . He isn't dishonest, Peter."

Peter asked slowly, "So you're on his side?"

She cried impatiently, "I am not. But we have to be fair to him. All he's done is talk over the possibilities of the beam with you. He hasn't worked it out yet. he hasn't taken any suggestion you've made him and incorporated it. He's had the run of the plant but I think he could have the run of any plant in the country if he wanted it. . . ."

Peter wasn't listening. He said slowly, "Look here . . . I've a half a mind to . . . I noticed he hadn't taken Janson or any of the other engineers

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

into his confidence. I spoke to Janson about it. . . . Seems Bill asked him a few questions . . . nothing more. . . . But I know the principles of the thing of course, I've gone over them often enough. What's to prevent my giving the idea to *Janson? There's* Ames, too. He's a radio expert. I could get him. . . ."

Gail was white to the lips. She said, with something very like horror and revulsion, "You wouldn t do that, Peter. You couldn't."

"Why not?" he asked.

She said, "It's Bill's . . . *Bill's* . . . you haven't any right You can't. It would be utterly despicable . . ."

He said, astonished, angry:

"What's come over you, Gail? There's no patent. . . . A dozen men start from the same point and reach perhaps eight different conclusions. Bill Jones isn't the only man in the United States working along these same lines. . . . It just looked for a while as if he'd be the first to perfect the idea. . . ."

"You mean, if you could work out something, patent it first?"

"Why not? Not myself, of course; I haven't the flair. But I know a good deal about it, I could get the men . . ."

She said, "I can't understand you."

"Is it so hard? All's fair in love and war," he said lightly.

"But it isn't love." she told him, and raised her eyes to his . . . "I love you. No one else. And it isn't war . . . or—is it?" she asked.

He said angrily, "If I didn't know you Gail, I'd think—"

"I don't care what you think," she interrupted, "Bill's a crazy hot-headed idiot. It wasn't very pleasant for me to stand here and take all he said. . . . But I did take it. I had to. He was right. I thought I could do with him just about as I pleased. Keep him hanging around, providing a front for me, an obstacle to gossip about you and me. Thought I could hand him and his beam over to you, just like that. Well I couldn't. I was mistaken in him. Seems that he has a mind of his own. That was my error and it's just too bad. But I warn you," she went on, "if you go ahead with this plan, this scheme, and get to the patent office first, having worked from what you know of Bill's plans, and he decides to make anything of it—I'll be a witness for him."

THE tears were perfectly dry and her eyes were as bright as the April stars and, it seemed, as cold and remote.

He asked, "Do you realize that we are quarreling?"

"I suppose so," Gail told him unhappily. . . . "Peter, you didn't mean . . . you couldn't."

"I didn't mean anything," he assured her. He put his arm about her, drew her close. He said, half laughing, "Blast that kid anyway!" He tilted her chin up roughly and kissed her. And added, "Testify against me would you . . . ? But by that time you couldn't."

"Why not?"

"Because we'll be married," he answered, and kissed her again.

After a moment she released herself from his clasp. She asked, "Hildreth hasn't said anything more . . . ?"

"No, not a word."

For a second Bill was forgotten. They stood there closely embraced and finally Gail pulled herself away.

"You must go," she said. She looked suddenly very tired. "I'm so sorry about—everything," she told him.

Tomorrow came, and the next day, and Bill did not return. There passed a succession of tomorrows and Gail heard nothing from him. He had not been near the plant, Peter told her when she phoned to him, down there, at the office. She went finally to Bill's lodgings and found he had gone bag and baggage the day after their encounter.

She called Peter again and asked him to meet her that it was urgent. They made an appointment for luncheon on the following day. When they had found a corner table and ordered, Gail said, "I'm worried sick about Bill. He isn't anywhere. He's just vanished into thin air."

Peter asked, "Why get so hot and bothered, Gail? He'll turn up."

"Just the same, I worry about him."

PETER said reproachfully, "Worry about me instead. I'm going away tomorrow."

"Peter!" She came back to him and their surroundings, with a start. "Where?"

"Canada. I have some business up there. An old friend of mine owns quite a tract of wild country . . . private game and fishing preserve and all that Miles of it and lake frontage. . . . Last year he cleared a place for an emergency landing. We're flying in. . . . He's thinking of making a fishing and hunting club out of it."

She said, "You've been away so much—"

"Sure, I know. But as far as the plant goes, it can run itself nowadays. I'm completely satisfied with the new ship."

"When will she have her test?"

"Any day now. Bedford's out of the hospital." Peter told her. "I wouldn't leave now except that I'm sure of her, and besides I may not get away later." He added. "Don't sit there and look so desolate Gail, I'll be back in a week . . . ten days at the most. . . . Why don't you go home for a little trip?"

She said, slowly, "Maybe I will . . ."

"Go see Dolly, won't you?" he urged. "She'll be tickled to death."

After he said it he wished he hadn't, somehow.

"I'll go see her," promised Gail, smiling at his eagerness. Then she sobered She said, hesitatingly, "Perhaps I'd better not . . ."

"Don't be absurd," he said shortly, "she—she doesn't know anything. That's the whole point, isn't it, that she's not to know—yet."

She parted from him in the full sunlight of the street. He took her hand, held it for a moment smiled into her eyes He said under his breath, "This isn't the way I want to say goodby . . ."

"Don't ever say it," she told him softly.

That night she telephoned her father.

"I'm thinking," she said gaily, "of packing a bag and coming out to see you . . ."

"Okay for sound," said Jim Williams. "When? Tomorrow? We'll be meeting you the morning after."

He met her, with Ellen and drove her home. The big house at Lake Forest was the same in essentials Ellen said, "I changed things a little. . . . I hope you don't mind. I had your suite done over . . . we made all the plans before we left. I do hope you like it, Gail. You do like it, don't you. . . ?"

Gail said, "I love it." She smiled at the girl who had been her friend. "You're sweet to think of me."

Ellen said, "You wouldn't want to come here and stay, would you Gail?"

Gail shook her head, "I'm afraid not."

Ellen said, after a minute, "About you and—Peter Harris. You wouldn't care to talk to me about him?"

"There's nothing to say," answered Gail a little coolly, "just that . . . when he's free . . . of course. . . ."

"Be awfully sure," warned Ellen.

At dinner that night Jim Williams spoke of Bill Jones.

"How's your young man with the invention?" he wanted to know.

"Now remember, this is to be served on the People of the State of New York, and nobody *but* the People of the State of New York"

GARDNER REA

Gail said, after a minute, "He's all right, I guess. That is, he's disappeared. Fourth dimension or something."

Later, when she was alone with him in his library her father questioned her.

"You didn't mean that, did you?" he asked. "Disappeared? It doesn't seem likely. If ever I saw a young man in love! He could have sat for a portrait."

Gail looked at him. There he stood, smoking the inevitable cigar. I'm sure they're bad for him, she thought, distracted, seeing him standing foursquare in the doorway, big, vital, dependable. And suddenly she found herself talking . . . pouring it all out, not caring if she betrayed a confidence or herself . . .

WILLIAMS listened, frowning. He said, "Too bad it had to happen that way. I'm afraid I see his point, but we won't go into that— What's this thing he's got, Gail?"

"I can't tell you." She hadn't, so far, touched on the beam save indirectly. "Except that if he works it out it will be valuable . . . to aviation."

"So you sent him to Harris?"

"Yes," she said without defiance.

Her father shook the ash from his cigar.

"I see. I don't blame you. We weren't on very good terms, were we? . . . and when new loyalties arrive . . . or shall we say, when the gods arrive, the half gods go—"

She murmured, shaken, "I know. It seemed the thing to do . . ." She tried to laugh . . . "a good idea . . . at the time."

He said practically, "I don't blame you either for not going into details. The point is this . . . if we find that young man maybe we can help him work things out and no strings attached."

Gail said, "That's generous of you. But he wouldn't want you to find him. After all, you're my father. . . . If I know anything about him . . . But then," she admitted, perplexed, "I've discovered I don't. Still, I'd think that he'd go to someone who had no connection with you . . . or me. . . ."

Her father said, "He'll probably show up. You'll get a letter. Something. When he does . . . send him to me. If he'll come. Meantime, I've bought me a little plant in Ohio—"

"What kind of a plant?"

"Oh, a privately owned concern. Doesn't do much business, but it's all right. Manufactures small, fast, all-metal ships. Owner, who designed 'em, has a heart condition and wants to retire. It's all settled. I had a bid in before I went away. He wanted more money. We've been in touch; and now he's split the difference. . . ." He grinned at his daughter and added, "Not that we needed the outfit. But it pays to keep your hand in. Besides, it meant something of a struggle with my Board. Haven't had a knockdown fight in a long time. Felt good."

ON HER second day at home Gail telephoned Dolly, who greeted her with shouts of joy.

"Not actually! Come on in town this instant minute! I'm not going out much. I'm supposed to be kept quiet . . . Gail, hurry, can't you. . . ? It's such ages. . . . I want to ask you a thousand things. Can't you spend the night with us . . . please?"

Gail went into Chicago the following morning, and to Dolly's apartment overlooking the Lake. Dolly's appearance frightened her. Not because she was altered and walked slowly and heavily, who had been so light and quick, but because her little face was drawn and her hair had lost its luster and her eyes were patient as an animal's and heavily shadowed.

Gail thought, her heart tightening, She's so young, she's just a baby herself, it isn't fair. She remembered the first time she had seen Dolly Harris standing with George in a laughing group of young people, looking, at the most, fifteen. She turned her thoughts away. For on that night she had seen Peter for the first time, as well.

She answered Dolly's questions. Florida was great fun, she said carefully. Yes, she'd seen Dolly's mother and father there, they'd come up from a fishing place. She added after a moment that she had not seen Hildreth since.

Dolly said, frowning, "Something's wrong. I can't put my finger on it. Wrong with her, I mean. She . . . she doesn't say anything. She laughed when I tried to get it out of her. But she isn't like herself, Gail . . . I wish Gerry Downing would come to Chicago."

"Why Gerry?" asked Gail, astonished and uncomfortable.

"Oh," replied Dolly carelessly, "he'd know . . . by intuition anyway. He's been in love with her for years, didn't you know that?" At the sight of Gail's amazed expression she laughed. "I'm not giving anything away, really," she said, "because Mother hasn't the slightest idea about it, she'd turn over and curl up at the mere thought. Speed

(Continued on page 48)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Dark Tropic Sea

By Alan LeMay

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

The Story Thus Far:

ON AN *island near his base island of* Malangai in the southwest Pacific, John Barrett, a planter, encounters a beautiful young woman—Tonai Merriam, wife of Neal Merriam, a coconut grower—who is wandering about in a daze. He takes her to his home. Within a few hours after her arrival, two murders throw Barrett's household into an uproar. The first victim is Henry Shane, a trusted employee, who is stabbed to death *in Tonai Merriam's room.* Victim No. 2 (similarly killed with a knife) is a houseboy, Gagahan, whose body is found by another servant, Nural Hakim, in the compound.

Summoned by wireless, Captain Norse of the Philippine constabulary arrives, interrogates everyone in the house including Barrett's guests of several weeks: Justin Lowry, the young planter's backer; Lowry's daughter, Marise, to whom Barrett is engaged; and Mrs. Holderness, Marise's chaperone. Aware that Mrs. Merriam's husband is missing, under mysterious circumstances, and skeptical of her version of Shane's death, the officer at once evolves a theory: Co-operating with some lover, Tonai Merriam (for reasons of her own) has brought about the death of Shane, Gagahan *and Neal Merriam!*

And the lover? Norse is not sure; he does, however, find four suspects: Lon Llewellyn, *one of* Barrett's assistants, who is in love with Mrs. Merriam; Jim ("Suva Jim") Cooper, a noted trader; John Barrett (who boldly endeavors to shield Tonai Merriam); and Charley Vaughn, skipper of Justin Lowry's yacht, who, according to Nural Hakim's testimony, greatly resembles a man *he had seen running away from the house after Shane's* death.

Barrett has faith in Tonai Merriam. Hoping to save her, he offers a thousand pesos to Nural Hakim for evidence which will clear up the mystery. A few hours later, Nural Hakim is murdered—*stabbed to death*—in Mrs. Holderness' room; and Mrs. Merriam disappears!

While searching for the missing woman, Barrett finds her—alone, in Suva Jim Cooper's house. He persuades her to return with him. Through the darkness (it is night), they walk swiftly up the beach. Presently, Barrett fancies he sees an object—a man—moving about at the tidemark. He stops. "Wait a minute," he whispers. *Then, drawing his gun, he advances upon the thing that* is crawling slowly toward him on the sand.

Conclusion

IT WAS a man. He had collapsed upon his face in the sand again, as I came up; and as I kneeled beside him, and turned him over, I recognized him at once. It was a Kanaka named Huali, whom I myself had once shipped on at Tahiti. And what was important here was that this man was supposed to be watchman aboard the Mindoro Maid.

He blinked at me in a dazed, stupid way, so that I thought at first he was drunk; but he was not.

"What's the matter? What's happened to you?"

"I don't know," he said thickly. "I don't know."

I helped him to sit up, and when he peered into my face he recognized me. The recognition seemed to clear his mind a little. "Mr. Barrett," he said in his decent English, "I think I fell overboard, maybe."

This seemed a silly answer. I could not see why he should have fallen overboard, nor why it should have damaged him in any way if he had. But now, examining his head, I found a dirty gash at the base of his skull—such a gash as can be made by the whistling swing of a club. The salt water seemed to have cleansed the wound and stopped the bleeding, but I could see that he might have lost considerable blood.

"I think maybe I hit my head," Huali said now. "Maybe I hit my head on the gun'l of the gig when I fell."

"Do you remember what made you fall?"

"No, Mr. Barrett. I think I was leaning on the rail, on deck, maybe; I'm not sure. All I know, I

(Continued on page 50)

Close to me I felt Tonai stiffen against the wall. No need to tell her the thing we feared was here, very close to us now

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Make Room for Yourself

By Betty Thornley Stuart

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY ROBERT YARNALL RITCHIE

THE latest development in house planning is the living room laid out for efficiency. Kitchens and bathrooms blueprinted by experts have been matters of course for a good many years. But, until very recently, the living room has always been looked upon as a strictly amateur job.

And, as a rule, doesn't the usual living room seem too small to contain all that furniture and all those colors? Doesn't it seem a bit crowded even for a family evening, let alone for a party? Isn't the lady of the house perpetually trying to switch it round—and blaming the non-success of her various arrangements on the architect, or hubby's favorite chair that just won't compose, or the lack of money to tear the whole business apart and begin over?

I'd heard about one woman who had moved from a fifteen-room house to a two-room apartment and fitted in all the appurtenances of a rather elaborate mode of life so that they dovetailed neatly. I'd been told that her living room seemed easily twice its actual size, owing to the clever tricks she'd used. So I went to see her—Dorothy Draper, the New York decorator who had previously been responsible for all sorts of big projects around town, including the ultrasmart River Club, but had finally proved her mettle on something much more practical for most of us. What suggestions would she have to pass on?

First, Mrs. Draper says, you should list on a big sheet of paper the activities that have to take place in your living room, leaving plenty of space between these headings. You rest, read, sew, listen to the radio, play bridge, perhaps dine here. In some cases, you also want sleeping arrangements.

Opposite these headings, you list the furniture and accessories each activity requires, as though this particular thing were all you did in that room. Then you go over the list for duplications.

If you need tables, let's say, but also storage space, you see if you can't get both in one piece of furniture by choosing a table with drawers, or a chest the top of which can also be a table, or a table hollow inside like a drum.

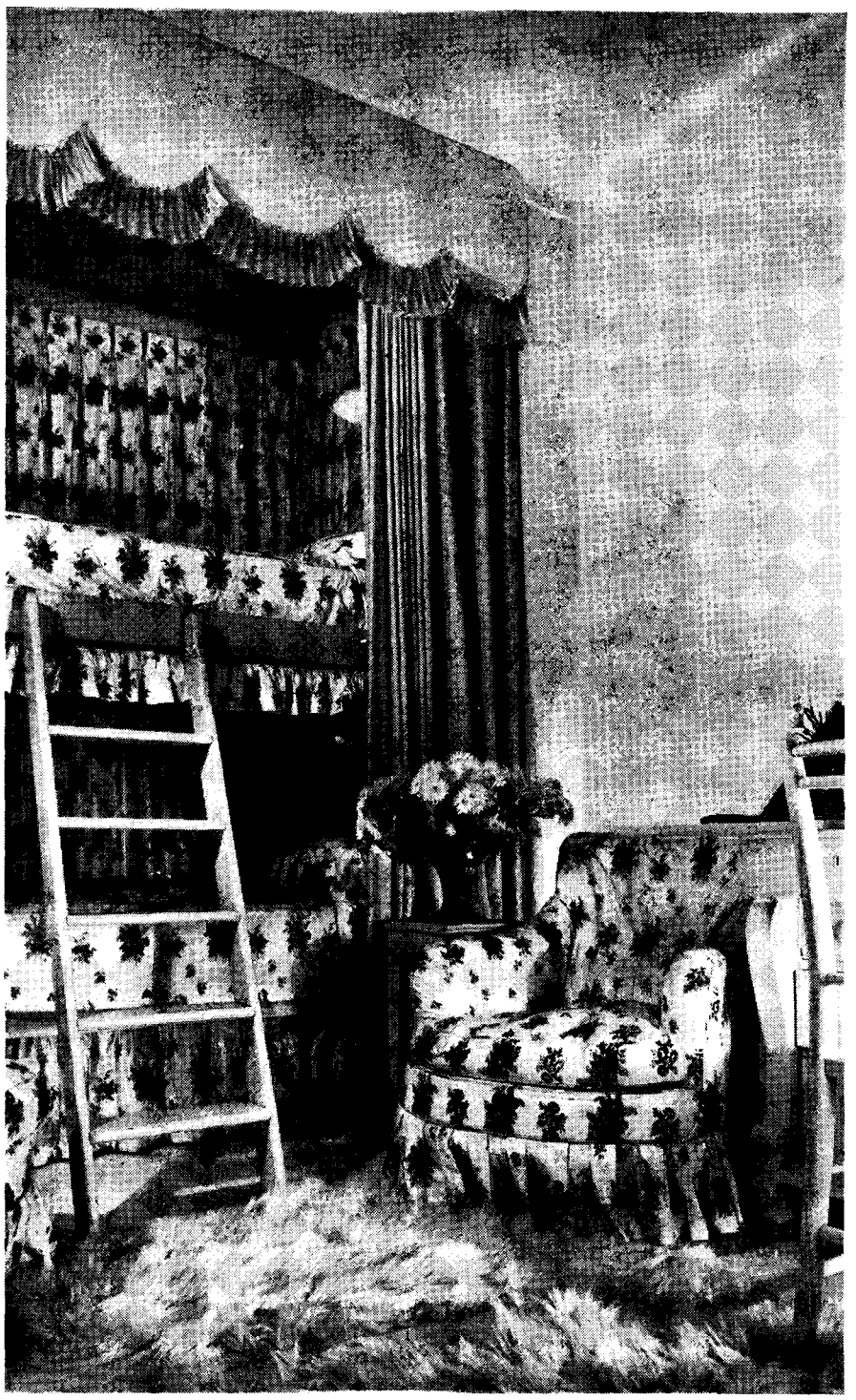
If you need much more table area at some times than you do at others, you think of nests of tables, perhaps with a set of trays cut to fit each table top.

If you need a sofa but also a bed, you get *something long enough, wide enough* and sufficiently comfortable to be both.

If you need space for books, magazines, newspapers and the radio—all entertainment features—you build your bookcases to include a compartment into which the radio fits exactly. Magazines and newspapers may also have shelves tailored to measure in the same unit, or you can hang a rack for them on one of the radiators as Mrs. Draper did.

When you get your list of units, even with all possible duplications cut out, you'll probably find you still have what looks like a lot to fit into one room. So here is where you start to play tricks to make the room seem bigger and the furniture smaller.

The first thing I'd noticed about Mrs. Draper's living room was that it had been planned around just one plain color *and just one patterned material. And* this, it turned out, was a piece of the cleverest strategy. The plain color happened to be blue—the exact shade of a spring sky. But the trick consisted in using this blue not only for walls but for ceiling, mantel, bookshelves, curtains and every single inch of exposed wood on the furniture!



Draw the curtain, and this bedroom is any other room

Wall color carried over the ceiling makes a low room seem higher and therefore larger—for the eye is fooled as to where the sides stop and the top fits on. Curtains of the same color cut up the wall much less than those of different color would do, and so seem to increase wall area. Furniture done from the same paintpot that covered the shell of the room seems to melt into the background and take much less space.

But *not all furniture has wood to* paint, and that's where Mrs. Draper's second recipe comes in handy—one pattern in fabric and one only. Her living-room chintz carries her spring-sky design a step farther, for it has a white ground with prim little bunches of early flowers. And this chintz covers every single bit of upholstered furniture except one big chair, done in blue like the curtains which match the walls. Here, again, unity is achieved and the eye is deceived into thinking there are fewer pieces present than is actually the case.

Another sleight-of-hand performance is worked with mirrors. Mrs. Draper has done this in lavish fashion, but any of us can have at least some mirrors—and every inch we install makes our *space seem just that much bigger.*

So now we ve got the shell of the room done in a single color, windows curtained to match and the wood of the furniture brought into line. We've upholstered or slip-covered the rest of our pieces in some patterned material that goes well with our main color. We've doubled the prospect wherever possible with mirrors. Let's start putting the units of our puzzle together.

Lots can be done with curtains besides making them wall color. If the window is too tall, we can seemingly cut its height by increasing its width, hanging our curtains out over the wall at each side. If it's too short, we can hang them from a valance that just touches the top of the window and gives it new height.

Main groups of furniture should be arranged after the modern manner, so that they "talk together." If this isn't done, people at a party will be just as stiff as the furniture. Each sofa or chair should have table space near it for cigarettes, drinks, and so on.

Accessory colors and accents for contrast should be as much under control as the main palette of your room. Mrs. Draper has all her accessories in crystal or silver—which also means chromium-*plating the old brass fireplace tools.*

Special problems solved in this room and the rest of the apartment are of great interest to those with whom space-saving is acute.

A very narrow kitchen has hinged shelves all down one side. These drop to eight-inch width when not functioning but are raised to hold the trays that top the twelve little tables used for informal dinner parties. These trays are set up and filled on the shelves, then carried into the living room. Between appearances, the tables nest in two sets out of sight or are used for cigarettes and so on, while the trays are filed away above the refrigerator, which also has slots between it and the wall into which bridge tables fit.

In the bedroom stands one of the prize exhibits, which any woman could duplicate if she had a pet carpenter on file. This is a double-decker bed, set in an alcove with windows on one side and a well-weighted curtain to draw across on the other. The upper berth is approached by a trim flight of white (removable) steps, rather like a glorified version of the porter's ladder on a Pullman. Each berth is equipped with a gooseneck lamp for reading, painted blue like the bed itself. The curtain, that shuts off this whole end of the room, is also blue, matching those in the living room, which in turn match the walls throughout the apartment. When the curtain is pulled across the alcove, you'd never guess that the party "card room" contained sleeping quarters at all!

Another prime space-saver is the patented door cupboard, which Mrs. Draper has used over and over again—six times in all, fastened on the wall or on a door. Closed, it projects only a few inches. Opened, one makes a bar in the tiny foyer, mirrored at the back behind the stationary shelves and with ample space for mixing drinks when the triangular shelf is let down. Another plays dressing table in the small bathroom. Still others are used for stowing much in little in various other places—one is fitted as a shoe cupboard, one with racks for cleaning tools, and so on. When closed, none of these door cupboards show up, since each is painted to match its own sky-blue wall.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Good-looking hair "belongs" on every festive occasion

THIS IS the time of the year for happy family reunions... for romance... for festive celebrations and glorious parties. It's the time of the year when pride in personal appearance hits a new high—and good grooming justifies a little extra attention.

Thanks to Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout," trim, good-looking hair is a holiday asset—a year 'round asset—that's easy to have.

This brisk massage takes the tonic effects of Vitalis right down to the very hair roots themselves. This quickly loosens the tight skin of your dry scalp... stimulates new circulation... restores the flow of scalp oils... and these necessary, hair-nourishing oils are replenished by the pure vegetable oils in Vitalis.

Your scalp responds with tingling vitality. Loose dandruff disappears, and with it goes one threat of falling hair. Yet there's no trace of objectionable "patent-leather" shine. For your hair gleams with a natural, good-looking lustre.

Use VITALIS and the "60-Second Workout"

1. 50 SECONDS to rub—hair-nourishing oils are replenished. Circulation quickens. Your hair takes on new life and lustre.

2. 10 SECONDS to comb and brush—your hair looks rich and lustrous, but with no objectionable "patent-leather" shine.

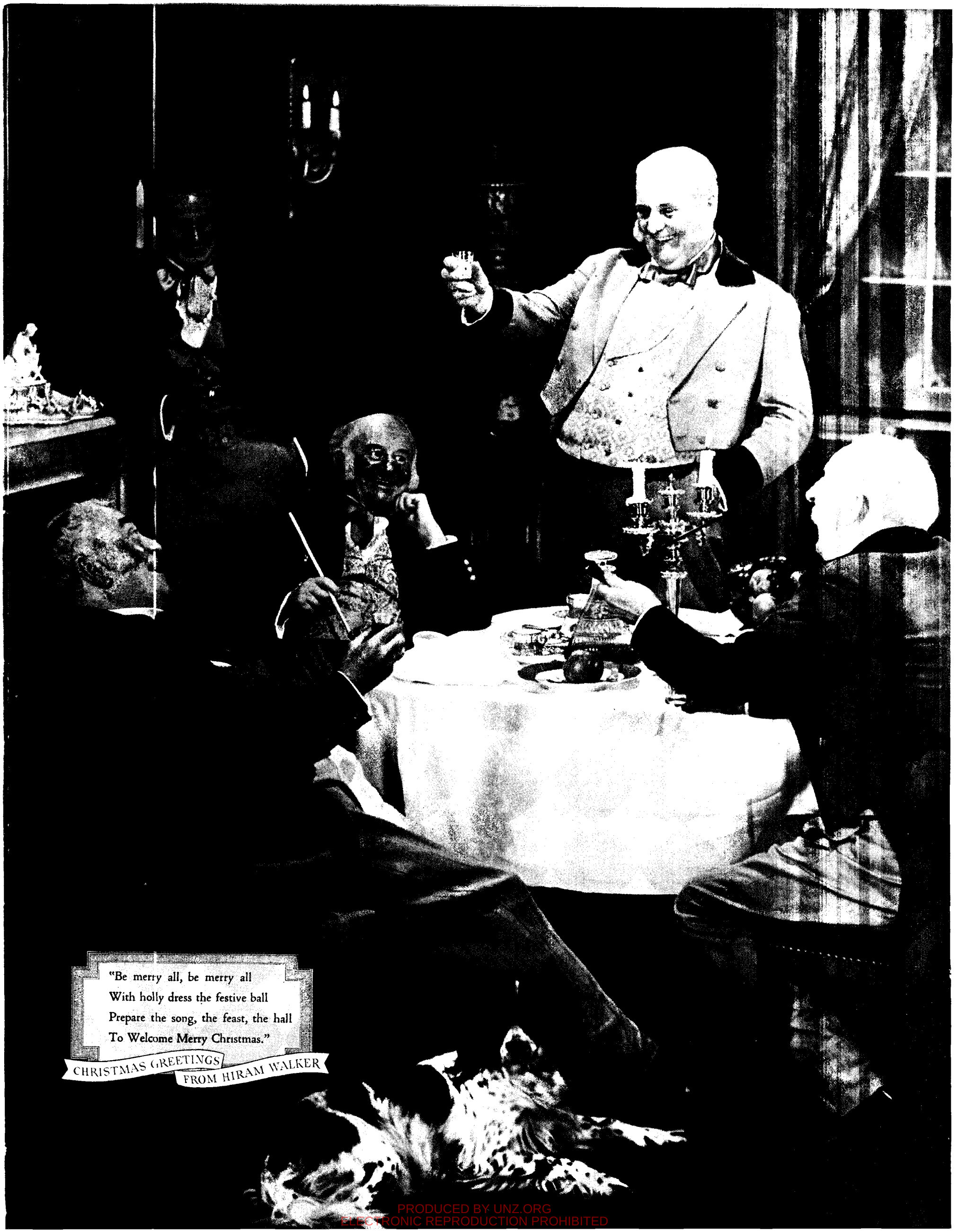
Think of your sweetheart, wife or mother. They like to see you looking your best. So give your hair the little attention it needs by starting your "60-Second Workouts" with Vitalis today.

ASK YOUR BARBER

He's an expert on the care of scalp and hair. All over the land he is recommending Vitalis—and he is asking his customers to try it in the new single application Sealtube, because it is the *most sanitary package* ever made.

VITALIS AND THE "60-SECOND WORKOUT" KEEPS SCALP HEALTHY—HAIR HANDSOME

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


"Be merry all, be merry all
With holly dress the festive ball
Prepare the song, the feast, the hall
To Welcome Merry Christmas."
CHRISTMAS GREETINGS
FROM HIRAM WALKER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Good Cheer

IN ANY LANGUAGE

Holly and mistletoe, plum pudding and fir tree—from Nome to Norway these are the indispensables of Christmas. But there is another Yuletide tradition, another holiday "must" just as important—to see to it that each gift, no matter how simple, be the finest of its kind. Perhaps that's why purchases of Hiram Walker liquors, outstanding the year 'round, ascend so sharply when Christmas costumes descend from the attic. For 78 years those two short words, "Hiram Walker," stamped on any bottle—whether rye or bourbon, bonded, blended or straight—have meant more than a thousand lines of description. Eloquently, convincingly, they convey your unspoken message, "I wanted you to have the best." Not only is there no friendlier way of saying "Merry Christmas," but on the Hiram Walker Roll of Honor you can find, at whatever price you prefer, a mellow liquor for each taste on your list.

Hiram Walker & Sons, Inc., Peoria, Ill. • Walkerville, Ont.

FROM THE TREASURED RESERVES OF

Hiram Walker

HIRAM WALKER'S TWIN SEAL RYE WHISKEY
The All-American rye that all America's buying. Fine bouquet, superb flavor, uniform body and bead, yet moderately priced.
100 Proof

STODART'S RARE OLD HIGHLAND BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKEY
A blend of 21 choice Scotch whiskies. This whiskey is 8 years old. Famous in Scotland for 101 years.
86 Proof

HIRAM WALKER'S TEN HIGH STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
Famous because it has "No Rough Edges." One of America's most popular brands around a dollar.
90 Proof

HIRAM WALKER'S DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN
Absolutely uniform in smoothness and in flavor. The only gin distilled from 100% American grain by the exclusive Controlled Condensation Process. 90 Proof

"CANADIAN CLUB"

Rare old Canadian whiskey. Favorite of 87 countries of the world! America's largest-selling quality whiskey. Aged in charred oak casks. 90.4 Proof. This whiskey is six years old.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hong Kong

Continued from page 14

and supported by the forces of righteousness, started one of their nonstop wars. It was a dingdong affair for months, with the British alternately fleeing and going back to Canton.

On one outbound trip a couple of British ships happened to run short of water and dropped their hooks in a cove off Hong Kong Island. One British captain—a peculiar fellow who liked water for drinking purposes, practically a unique figure in British colonial history—was so stuck on the place that when the Limeys finally won the war and upheld the sacred right of the British to sell opium to the Chinese, the Canton government of the day ceded the island to the crown. Today, it's just as much British territory as Wapping or Little Puddlefork on Avon.

In the hot, sticky air of the early morning, Wing Tak jog-trotted down the narrow ways toward the godowns on the water front. Sweating coolies padded along, carrying huge burdens slung from each end of a pole, balanced across shining brown shoulders. Ten years ago Wing had worked as a longshore coolie, but gradually his strength had failed; he had been able to earn less and less. . . . He sat down now on a bench on the Kowloon ferry pier and went back over the years.

Boy Meets Girl

His family name was Wing; his given name, Tak, meant Virtue. His parents had brought him to Hong Kong from a farm in Kwantung Province, outside of Canton, nearly forty years before. As he grew big and well-muscled and strong he had got a water-front job through a comprador and earned as much as seventeen cents a day, in American money, unloading ships from Japan and England and the United States and other world ports.

Those were great days, and for a cent or two a man could buy a good meal, with rice wine. He slept about anywhere, in doorways, along the sidewalks, putting a few cents a week into the savings bank. In three years he had saved nearly one hundred dollars in Hong Kong money—a little more than thirty dollars in gold. He was accounted a rising young man. The urge came upon him to marry.

As did thousands of young Chinese like him, Wing went to a *mui-yen-po*—a go-between—and said: "I wish a wife; I will give fifty dollars *lai se*." The go-between brought out pictures of a dozen girls, virgins and widows, and Wing chose the one he liked best. But the girl he liked, it appeared, also was surnamed Wing, and according to custom, he could not wed her. Finally, from the pictures, he chose a girl named Han Mau Dan—or Peony Han, as we would say. The go-between told the girl's parents of Wing's offer, and Wing and Mau Dan met in a tearoom.

The wedding was a simple affair and Mau Dan's father, after giving the go-between ten dollars and providing a feast and dressing his daughter in a gorgeous robe, had nothing of the dowry left. On the wedding day Mau Dan was carried to Wing's house in a sedan chair with four bearers. Joss sticks were burned and Mau Dan made obeisance and worshiped the household gods. There was great feasting and much wine drinking and the pair set up housekeeping in a tiny cubicle about six feet square which they rented for a few cents a week.

Wing went back to his work on the water front. Mau Dan kept house, buying her rice in seventy-pound sacks that lasted a month, coming home with salted fish, or potatoes and bamboo shoots that were grown in the farm lands around Kowloon. Ten cents provided them with tea for a month. Ten yards of Japanese or Russian cotton cost only thirty cents, American, and would make jacket and trousers for both of them, to last two or three years, with care.

Babies came: First, a tiny girl who died. Then a strapping boy. They dressed him as a girl and called him Chan Ngau, which means Cow, so that the gods would think they did not love him, and so would not think it worth while to kill him. A year later a girl baby came, and her they called Mui Kwai, which means Rose in the Cantonese dialect. . . .

But that was all years ago, Wing remembered, sitting there by the Kowloon ferry slip, watching the sun on the wind-driven water. They were all dead, now—Mau Dan, his wife, and the children—the gods had called them, though the white doctors called it tuberculosis. He also had been stricken but had recovered. Now he was an old man, more than forty, and could work little. A Sikh policeman glowered at him under bushy black eyebrows, and he rose and padded back across Connaught Road toward the city.

In the lounge of the Hong Kong hotel, amid the drifting throng of tourists, sat Lindy Lee. Her face was a creamy oval; her eyes brown velvet; her bobbed black hair rippled in the light. She wore a simple black frock that made her slim body seem to have been dipped in liquid silk. At the side, it was slit to the knee.

Woman of the World

Tourists who passed by, watching her rouge her lips, watching her slim fingers with their tinted nails raise her "Gimlet" and sip it, watching her light her cigarette with a jeweled lighter, nudged each other and whispered: "Eurasian!"

She was Wing Tak's half sister.

Wing Tak's father had died when the boy was only a few years old. His mother, still a comely woman, had been wooed and wedded by a young English clerk in one of the great companies—nothing unusual thirty years ago. From the marriage came a girl baby they named Lin, meaning Lotus. At the English school she was known as Lin Lee. Later, she called herself Lindy—and grew up, rather bitter at a world in which neither white nor yellow race quite accepted her. And, as do many Eurasians, she grew up lovely and slender, with a complexion of old ivory and a smooth, perfect face.

Sister Act

Lindy blew a cloud of smoke from her cigarette, in its jade holder, and watched the drift of tourists from a cruise ship across the lobby. She drained the last drops of her drink, scrawled her name across the chit and slid sinuously from her chair. A small Chinese page boy came by, bearing a miniature blackboard on a staff above his head. The staff carried a bicycle bell and this the boy rang steadily. On the blackboard, in precise English script, was inscribed: "Miss Lindy Lee."

Lindy smiled, dropped a silver coin into the page's gloved palm and floated down the wide staircase to the telephone booths.

Wing Tak walked toward Queen's Road, pausing for the strange automatic traffic signal, and so on up Pedder Street. Up on the hill where the great Lion Temple squatted he bought joss papers and, leaning them against the paws of the stone lion outside, watched them turn to black ash as he burned them. Thus fortified, he padded back to the white section of the city. Around the hotels he tried to beg a few pennies, but more expert panhandlers were at work and he got nothing.

The day wore on into night and, fingering the single cent and the four brass cash in his pocket, Wing made his way into an alley where his friend, On Yee, the ricksha coolie, sat huddled against his cart. They singsonged to each other for a minute. Then Wing, donning the thin gray trousers and coat the other offered, slung a towel about his neck and lifted the shafts. For two hours he would pull On's ricksha and On would get ten per cent of the intake. He had no license, but in the dark, crowded ways it would not be noticed. He swung the vehicle around, lunged forward to get it under way and took up his stand in Queen's Road.

Up in the cabaret, Lindy Lee had grown bored and wandered away from her young naval officer. She came down in the elevator, preening herself in the mirrors, and walked lithely to the great doors. She stood there for a moment, a silver exclamation mark under the blaze of the light. From across the street Wing saw her, and made his cry. She glanced at him, raised a white hand, beckoned. He swung the ricksha across the street, stopped in front of her and dropped the shafts to the ground. She stepped in and sank back, languidly, against the white linen cushion covers. It would be good to move around a little.

Wing took up the shafts, balancing her body in the seat. She touched his back with the toe of her sandal and he loped away, with a long swinging trot. The air flowed pleasantly past. She urged him faster, guiding him along the roads with light touches of her foot. He panted, unused to the task, but she cried: "Faster! This is not a funeral!" . . .

After thirty minutes they wheeled up to the hotel door. He dropped the shafts and she stepped out, throwing him a Hong Kong dollar bill. Her dress shimmered for a minute and was gone. Wing mopped his face with the towel, pocketed the bill and, breathing heavily, slowly took the ricksha back to its owner.

He shuffled slowly westward, his arms and legs aching. Out by the Western Market he bought rice wine and a bowl of soup and a piece of fish, drank and ate hungrily, listening to an aged phonograph in a tea house lament that: "They needed a songbird in heaven, so God took Caruso away."

Nocturne

He understood nothing of it, but the music had a strange, fascinating rhythm. . . . He tucked away the eight little silver pieces he had left from Lindy Lee's dollar and set out for a place of which he knew. He found it, presently, a dark, curtained store.

The gold sign over the doorway said: "Hong Kong Government. Opium Distributing Station." The government sold opium to those who would buy; it would be smuggled in, anyway. You could no more prohibit opium in China than liquor in America. . . . Wing pushed open the door and bought three small pills, wrapping them carefully in tissue paper. Then he padded away again, up the hill, to a dark alley along which lay the forms of many smokers, the lights glinting from their lamps.

He rented a dirty pipe and a smoky lamp from the keeper of the place, huddled himself down on half a bamboo mat and drew the other half over him, securing it to the bars across a window in the wall. Deftly he twirled the little pill in the flame, held it over the pipe bowl, and drew in the sweet smoke. Peace flowed through his tired body. He got out the second pill—and the third. . . .

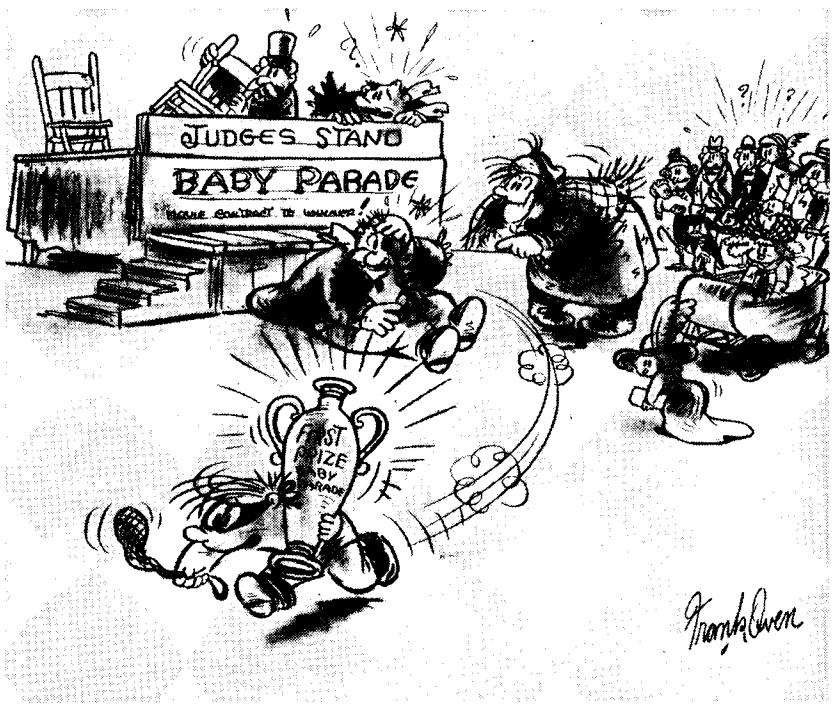
Down in the blazing cabaret, Lindy Lee's eyes were bright and she smiled at her naval escort across the tiny table.

"I just went out for a little breeze," she said, "but the coolie was old and slow. I like to go fast . . . I would like to dance, now. . . ."

In his narrow mat house in the dark alley, Wing Tak let the pipe slip from his fingers and floated away on pink clouds through a sea of lotus blossoms.

Philbert — By FRANK OWEN

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



"He wanted to make sure of first prize, that's why he chose that costume!"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fight a COLD the modern way

Take these two "first steps"—

Sal Hepatica does BOTH!

"A COLD is no small matter," caution modern physicians. Today they advise taking two "first steps" when you get a cold:

1. — Remove wastes from the intestinal tract.

2. — Help Nature combat the acidity that frequently accompanies a cold.

You can do both things at once by taking Sal Hepatica!

This bubbling mineral salt not only cleanses the intestinal tract quickly, gently, thoroughly—but Sal Hepatica helps Nature combat acidity, too. Sal Hepatica brings about an alkaline (anti-acid) reaction, helps your system swing back toward the alkaline reserve so necessary to health and well-being.

Ask your doctor — see if he doesn't stress the importance of taking both a laxative and an anti-acid in treating a cold.

What to do when a cold comes

So whenever a cold comes your way, take two teaspoonfuls of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. In addition, get plenty of rest and quiet — go to bed and call a doctor if your cold is severe. Watch your diet. Drink plenty of liquids. It pays to fight a cold the modern way. Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today.

• • •

TUNE IN: Fred Allen's "Town Hall Tonight" — Full hour of music, drama, amateurs, fun. Every Wednesday night — N. B. C. — coast to coast.

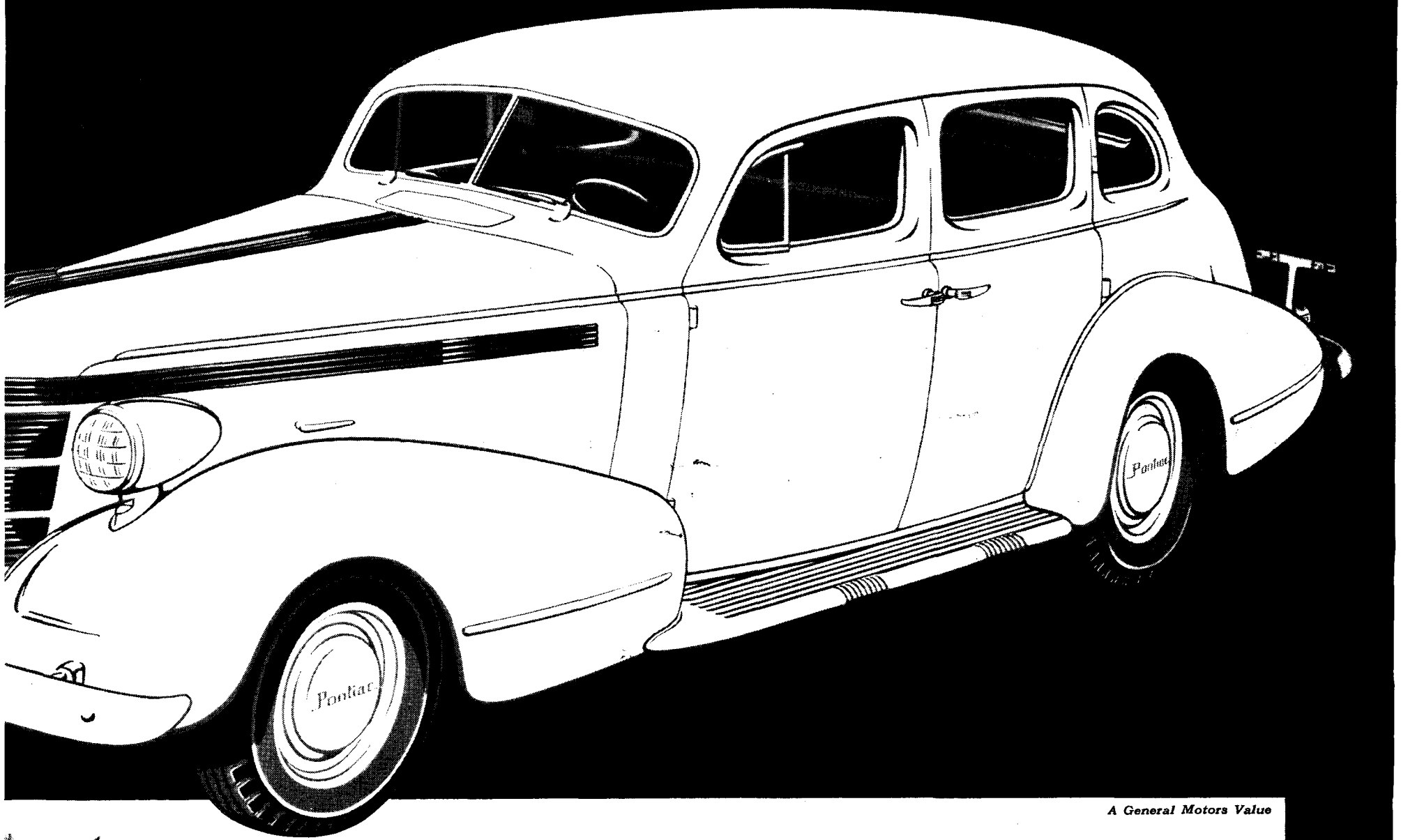
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Everything points to Pontiac

FOR 1937

PRODUCED BY HMC ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BIGGER CAR
BETTER VALUE
GREATER ECONOMY



A General Motors Value

AMERICA'S FINEST LOW-PRICED CAR

More of everything you want at the price you want to pay—that's the good news Pontiac brings you with the 1937 Silver Streak. Read this list of added values and let your own good judgment prove that *everything points to Pontiac for 1937!*

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION
GENERAL MOTORS SALES CORPORATION

NEW **MORE BEAUTIFUL SILVER STREAK STYLING**—A daring new use of chromium and longer, lower, smoother streamlines make Pontiac again the world's most distinctive car.

NEW **LARGER UNISTEEL BODIES BY FISHER**—The safest bodies ever built, with chair-high seats, adjustable, tilting 3-passenger front seat, lower unobstructed floors, bigger doors, and larger luggage and spare tire compartments. Trunks are 50 per cent bigger.

NEW **LONGER WHEELBASE**—Five more inches increases Pontiac's size to 117 inches for the six and 122 inches for the eight and adds proportionately to Pontiac's roominess and comfort.

NEW **IMPROVED KNEE-ACTION RIDE**—The same open type Knee-Action used on expensive cars, combined with new weight distribution and double-action shock absorbers.

NEW **PERFECTED CENTER-POINT STEERING**—To protect the driver from fatigue and to make control easier and surer, this feature is added to Pontiac's famous triple-sealed hydraulic brakes—the finest money can buy.

NEW **POWER AND ACCELERATION WITH EVEN GREATER ECONOMY**—The Scotch Mist manifold, plus other engine improvements, increases horsepower and get-away—yet adds 10% and more to Pontiac's famous thrift.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Mysterious Pilgrim

Continued from page 19

an' go over into the Toquinas, into them nice cool hills among the timber, where we stand a chance o' runnin' onto a big, wide ledge o' nice rich free-millin' ore that starts at the grass roots an' runs clear down to China? Me, I'm a hard-rock man. I never could work up a circulation over placer ground, unless it run twenty dollars a yard from surface to bedrock an' no fightin' over the water to sluice it."

For a moment Mr. Packard was tempted to continue the senseless quarrel, because quarreling was the only enjoyment he and Long Shorty ever had, except when they went to town to get drunk. However, he had talked himself out; he felt weak after so much language and he knew from experience that Long Shorty would welcome an armistice, so he went down to the water hole and sluiced water over himself. . . . Presently he heard Long Shorty singing White Wings.

The day had started auspiciously. Each combatant believed he had been victorious, and there would be no more talking until sunset tinged the waste again with glory, hiding its harshness in a soft amethyst loveliness; for the sunsets, like the dawns, always made Long Shorty and Dan Packard happy and inspired a word or two of personal abuse.

About an hour before sunset when the sage-hen fricassee with dumplings was ready, Long Shorty emitted a scream, because in no other way could he express his contentment with the world as at that moment constituted. The pilgrim sat up, blinking. "Who," he demanded, "is killing whom?"

"I'm killin' you, young feller," Mr. Packard promised, "if you don't wash the sleepers out o' them bloodshot orbs o' yourn an' tie into this here sage-hen stew my pardner's prepared."

THE pilgrim sat in the blankets and appraised the two old desert rats. "So it isn't a dream after all," he murmured. "Gentlemen, permit me to introduce myself. I'm Earle Jarlath Stinson."

"We knew it'd be either Earle or Percival," said Mr. Packard.

The young man stepped to the water hole, washed his face and ran his fingers through his hair. Long Shorty handed him a plate brimming with sage hen, dumplings and white gravy and Earle Jarlath Stinson sat down and ate in silence.

"This your first trip into the desert?" Long Shorty said.

"Yes."

"Thought so. Out on a prospectin' trip alone, eh?"

"Yes."

"You're an ee-diot. How come you lose your jacks?"

'A hungry she-panther took a fancy to them and, with her three last year's cubs, commenced stalking me. The jacks stampeded."

"Your main loss," Mr. Ferguson opined sympathetically, "was your pack-saddles an' tools."

"The canvas bags you hang on the sides of the jacks were valuable," Earle said sadly. The two desert rats thought: "Tenderfoot! He calls kyacks canvas bags." Earle resumed: "I'll pay you men well if you'll help me find those jacks, dead or alive."

Dan and Long Shorty nodded to each other like two aged squinch owls. "How much'll you pay?" Long Shorty demanded.

"A thousand dollars."

"We'll take bullion. That high-grade you got in your kyacks will run about sixteen dollars an ounce. Before you leave we'll weigh out a thousand dollars worth more or less. Much obliged. There's your packs yonder—an' your jacks are feedin' with ourn out in the sage."

The partners saw Earle's face blanch. "You needn't worry, young feller," Mr. Packard assured him. "Mostly me an' Long Shorty's honest."

"I'm certainly obliged to you gentlemen," Earle quavered.

DAN and Long Shorty noted with satisfaction that ten hours' sleep, plenty of good water, a little bad whisky and a square meal had gone far to restore Earle's vitality. It having been long since they had had social intercourse with a stranger they were looking forward to not less than half an hour's conversation with Earle, divided between them into about four-minute spells to avoid exhaustion, but Earle did something that outlawed him forever from the society of their kind. After eating with noticeable relish and finishing his ration before the partners had half finished theirs, he had interrupted Long Shorty's mastication to ask for more and had been forgiven this breach of etiquette, but when he went to one of his kyacks, got out a box of cigars, selected one, put the box back without offering his hosts cigars, and then sat with his back against a tree, blowing smoke rings into the darkening empyrean, while Long Shorty washed the dishes and Dan brought in extra fuel and buried the coffee grounds and sage-hen bones, both desert rats went into a frozen silence.

Throughout the following day Earle Jarlath Stinson smoked his cigars and kept his own counsel, while his hosts smoked their pipes and sat as silent and immovable as twin sphinxes, gazing out across the desert. After supper they rounded up their jacks and packed them, then rounded up Earle's four jacks and started to pack them also. And then, for the first time that day, Long Shorty spoke:

"Me an' Dan'l are leaving you, Earle. We notice you got your strength back an', of course, you'll be pushin' off, too. It's easier to travel in the cool o' the desert night—an' we'll have a full moon up an hour after sundown. So we figgered to pack you up an' set you on your way with our blessin'."

"You're mighty kind," said Earle.

"Earle," Dan Packard said, "every man has his own notion o' how to fasten a pack on a critter. What kind o' hitch do you use?"

"Oh, almost any kind."

"Ain't you got no preference?"

"No. Which do you consider the best?" Long Shorty struck in, "You can't beat the Moriarity over-an'-under, right hand, left hand an' fastened with square knots, Earle."

"I don't know that one," Earle admitted. "Use your own judgment."

Mr. Packard sorted out his old six-shooter with the ease of a magician and silently proffered their guest a free look down the barrel. At the same moment Long Shorty sidled up behind Earle Jarlath and removed the latter's belt containing the .32 caliber pistol and holster. "Which, if you annoy us with useless protests an' questions, Earle," he murmured soothingly, "I'll empty into you the contents o' this here ladylike gun."

He buckled the belt around his own person and helped Dan throw the diamond hitch on the packs. Then he mounted Sweet Marie and pushed off into the desert, headed northeast. All the burdened jacks immediately fell in.

Inasmuch as Mr. Packard had not threatened to kill him, Earle took heart of hope, presently dropped back a little and begged to be informed what they proposed doing with him.

"I don't know," Mr. Packard answered truthfully enough. "You're such a liar. You told us you'd been out prospectin' alone, which is something no wise prospector does. Why, even a sheep-herder don't do that. The law makes it two sheepherders to a band o' sheep or stay out o' the mountains an' deserts. It's on account two is better than one in case of accident. Well, we know you had a pardner an' we suspect he was a practical prospector. Even an old hand wouldn't go into the Toquinas alone."

"I'VE never been in the Toquinas. I don't know what they are or where they are."

"We suspect, also," Mr. Packard resumed patiently, "that your pardner's name was Hank Pitcher. Hank happens to be a friend o' ourn. I see his initials on the corner o' one of them blankets I packed for you. Also when them jacks come bargin' in to Weepin' Water we notice the packs have been lashed with the diamond hitch. We suspect you're too innercent to know how to throw the diamond hitch, because it takes practice to do as good a job as we see somebody done on your packs.

"You see, Earle, there's only two kinds of hitches—the diamond hitch an' the squaw hitch—an' you never heard of either o' 'em. To prove it, Long Shorty invented the Moriarity hitch an' you licked that one up. So we're backtrackin' on your trail into the Toquinas, where you an' Hank Pitcher made that big strike an' found about eighty thousand dollars' worth o' practically pure gold in place—what folks refer to as a pocket. We suspect you killed ol' Hank an' lit out with the gold; we suspect you're headed for Tonopah to record a mess o' location notices with the district recorder an' we suspect you robbed the monuments delimitin' the claims Hank staked for himself an' his friends, an' substitutin' therefor the names o' friends o' yourn you expect will give you a deed for the claims after you've done business with the district recorder."

"Ah, indeed," Stinson sneered. "Well, I'll tell *you* something. You're not following my trail."

"Sho, boy, we ain't that foolish. You traveled a lot in circles before we picked you up. We're backtrackin' the trail o' your jacks. Four jacks is easier to trail by moonlight than one man."

"You two are crazier than hoot owls, Packard. I tell you I never had any Hank Pitcher with me. I was out on my own."

Fell a silence. Long Shorty rode ahead; from time to time he dismounted and cast about in the sage, then mounted and proceeded confidently. When the moon set about three in the morning they made a dry camp, triced Earle up in a highly competent manner, turned in and slept. When they awakened about nine o'clock a violent sandstorm was blowing athwart their course between them and the fringe of the Toquinas. Earle looked at it, then gazed triumphantly at Dan Packard. "Bad for trailing," he suggested hopefully.

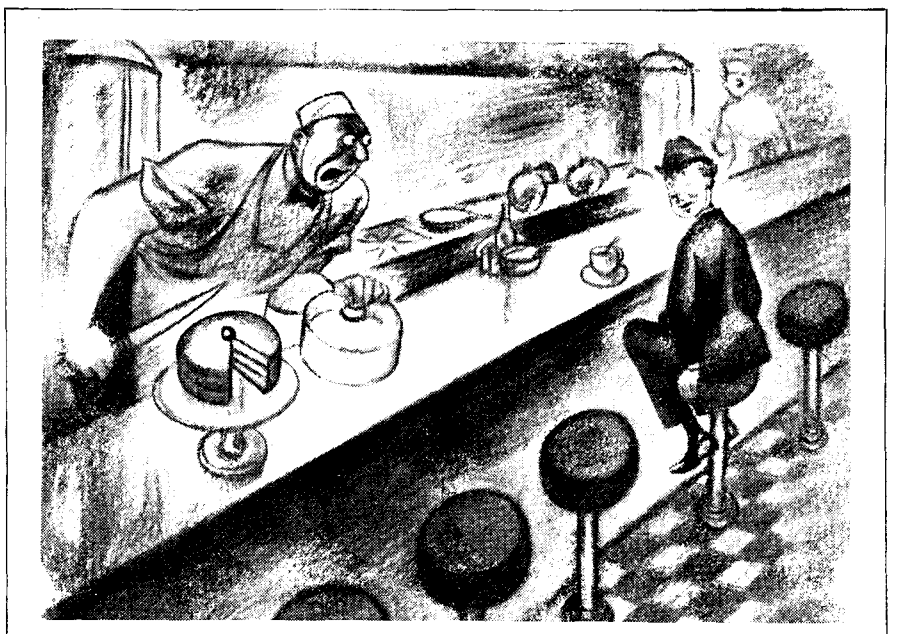
"That's right," Mr. Packard agreed. "From your point o' view that sandstorm certainly constitutes a right inspirin' sight. Sorter looks like we'll have to let you go for lack of evidence. However, we'll hope for the best."

ABOUT ten o'clock the wind subsided, the sand clouds no longer obscured the distant blue Toquinas and the party pushed on. But the trail was gone now. Nevertheless, Long Shorty led on in the same general direction he had pursued the preceding night. When they were about a mile from the western fringe of the Toquinas Mr. Packard let out a joyous whoop. "Buzzards a mile to the north."

"I see 'em," Long Shorty shouted back and headed toward this indubitable evidence of carrion. Dan caught Earle's curious glance and grinned a whiskery grin. "We knew you'd come down out of the Toquinas the second you told us about an ol' she-panther an' three yearlin' cubs trailin' you an' stampedin' your jacks," he explained. "Panthers don't use around in Big Smoky desert, but they do use around in the Toquinas, where there's water an' grass an' green timber an' deer. Wherever there's deer you'll find panther. However, for a consideration, a panther could be induced to leave the Toquinas an' prowl out into Big Smoky a mile or two. A prime consideration would be a nice plump little burro foal. Me an' Long Shorty noticed that jenny o' yourn was bulgin' with milk the mornin' them jacks found their way to Weepin' Water an' Long Shorty stripped her out to relieve her. Of course we knew she'd had a foal recent an' lost it. Your trail will show from where we pick up that carcass the buzzards so obligingly point out."

And it was even so. Earle Jarlath Stinson turned green around the jowls and appeared so weak Mr. Packard permitted him to ride his mount while the old prospector walked.

Straight for the nearest canyon opening out of the Toquina foothills into Big Smoky Long Shorty led them. The floor



"No! You can't have the cherry!" ABNER DEAN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of this canyon was a gravel-, sediment- and boulder-strewn wash, due to recurrent cloudbursts that had roared down it through the ages, and here the trail of four jacks and two men showed plainly —going in. Across the canyon a little later they found the trail of four jacks and one man—going out.

"Ain't no question about it," Mr. Packard announced cheerfully. "That jenny jack o' yourn toes out with her off front foot an' all o' your jacks is shod."

They followed that trail for five miles, turned up a side canyon and found lush green grass in a subirrigated area. "We'll be at where you an' Hank Pitcher camped inside half an hour," Dan Packard informed their prisoner. "The wise prospector camps near water an' green feed. Ah, I see a grove o' cottonwoods ahead. That's the place. Hank wouldn't park no place else."

A SIZABLE stream came chuckling down the hillside from a huge spring to spread out over the level land below. The outfit paused and slaked its thirst, then pushed on toward the cottonwood grove, from which a lusty voice hailed them.

"That you, Hank?" Long Shorty shouted.

"Part o' me, anyhow, Long Shorty," Mr. Pitcher shouted back. "Welcome to the site o' what's destined to be the greatest boom minin' camp the sovereign state o' Nevada has ever known. Howdy, Dan. An—jumpin' Jehoshaphat, don't tell me you got Earle with you. Don't tell me there's a balm in Gilead, that the Lord marks the sparrer's fall, that murder will out."

"Likewise," Mr. Packard shouted back "that the wicked flee when no man pursueth an', occasionally, stub their dog-gone toe an' fall into the mire."

Dan Packard stood in his stirrups and saw a man sitting with his back against a cottonwood tree. Across his lap he held a rifle. "Fan out, you desert rats," he commanded, "an' give me room to bust this Earle person wide open."

"Nothin' doin', Hank," Long Shorty piped. "We found Earle an' he's ourn. Earle, you come here—a-runnin'. It means pertection!"

All three crowded up on Hank Pitcher, who pointed to the remains of a deer hard by and said: "Take that away or take me away from that. It's gettin' too high for me. I been feedin' on it ever since Earle downed me, an' broiled venison without salt ain't my idea o' luxury."

Long Shorty made Earle drag the offending thing away. Nobody paid any attention to Earle now. They knew he might be tempted to depart from the scene of his recent villainy but they knew, also, that he would reconsider, for the Big Smoky, stretching between him and civilization, was a competent jailer. Dan and Long Shorty unpacked the burros and turned them loose to graze, and while Long Shorty started preparations for a dinner of bacon with white gravy, hot canned beans, a can of apricots, coffee and hot sour-dough bread, Hank Pitcher told his story.

"Which this worthless Earle engaged me as guide an' cook an' to look after the jacks," he began. "If we strike anything good we're in on it together, even Stephen. Earle must have a good nose for geology because we ain't out a month until we stumble onto a quartz ledge yonder, sixteen feet wide an' a mile long, with outcroppings so plentiful a fool could follow it. Down at the foot o' the hill yonder we find gold in place an' open up a shaft that develops ore so rich we know we're millionaires. So we stake it —a claim for each of us an' claims for our friends we know will give us deeds later on if we ask for them. Then we get out about four hundred pounds of almost pure high-grade. The jacks is packed and we're about to pull out for Tonopah to file our locations with the district recorder when I see a buck comin' down over the hill into the canyon about a quarter of a mile up from here.

"I take my rifle an' go up an' shoot Mr. Buck. I've cut his throat an' am guttin' him when a bullet lifts my hat off. Naturally, I don't waste time lookin' around, but grab my rifle an' jump for a rock—an' just as I reach it a bullet takes me high through the thigh an' I buckle an' fall on my face. Before I can git in behind the rock I'm creased on top o' my right shoulder. I take a quick look out an' there's this ornery Earle peekin' over an adjacent boulder at me. I take a shot at him an' miss, an' he goes dodgin' from rock to rock until I lose him. I realize on account of my numb right shoulder I can't do good snap shootin', so I don't waste my ammunition

"I know I can't walk out o' the Toquinas until my thigh heals an' meanwhile I'm goin' to need all my ammunition to kill deer comin' down to water. I got to do my best to survive until Earle gets back with the capital I know he'll try to interest in the strike, figgerin' I'd have died by that time o' loss o' blood or starvation. But I'm out to fool him if I can. So I drag my dead buck an' myself down here into the shade o' the cottonwoods where I can wash my wound an' have good pure water to drink an' fuel to broil my venison. Now, you two sing your song or tell your story."

Long Shorty related the tale until it seemed, after three minutes, that he must faint with the fatigue of the recital, whereupon Dan Packard pinch-hit for his partner.

"Ain't he the young skunk," Hank Pitcher decided. "Tomorrow, Dan, you set me on top o' a jack an' we'll go down the canyon a piece an' hang this murderin' Earle person proper."

"I suggest we don't do that," Long Shorty spoke up. "My idea is to let Earle live an' suffer all his life with vain regrets. Under minin' law he has thirty days, after stakin' a claim, to git it registered with the district recorder. Then he has sixty days more in which to do one hundred dollars' worth of assessment work. If he don't do that his rights is forfeit an' his claim can be staked by the first feller that happens along after the default."

"THAT'S a first-class, A-No.-1 idea," Dan Packard agreed. "Earle, your sins is forgiven. In the words o' Holy Writ, you been washed in the blood o' the Lamb. You're whiter than the driven snow, even if, like the snow, you've drifted some. But don't do that no more. Let this be a lesson to you. You're free to go, now, Earle—an' you ought to have plenty o' time to git across them eighty miles o' hell known as Big Smoky an' do business with the district recorder. I don't suppose you're figgerin' on puttin' some cans o' beans an' salt corned beef in your pockets an' carryin' some water in empty bean cans to last you on your journey out to Tonopah? . . . No, of course not. You're learnin' fast."

"In that event his filin's will lapse, so I reckon me an' you, Dan'l, will relocate the claims in our names an' those o' reliable friends." Long Shorty sighed. "Well, that business is tended to. Earle, your education in outdoor livin' starts now. Blow your nose, wipe your eyes an' scatter around an' drag in about a cord o' dead cottonwood an' piñon limbs for fuel."

He turned to his cookery and presently he screamed like an old mare. He had to, for in no other way could he express the quiet joy that enveloped him.

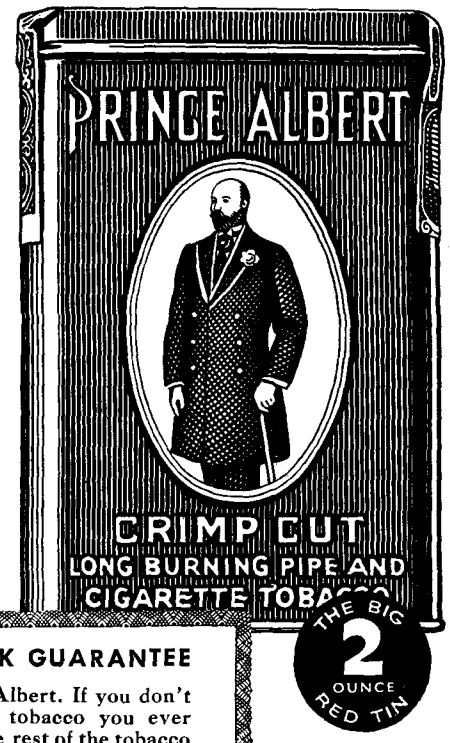
Hank Pitcher opined that his wound was healing nicely because it had commenced to itch. He was of the opinion, too, that they might have a slight summer shower before morning.

OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
PORCELAIN PIPES
YES INDEED, CHUBBINS, YOUR DAD CERTAINLY HAS SOME PIPE COLLECTION. HEY—ISN'T THAT NAPOLEON IN THE GLASS CASE?
NONE OTHER THAN THE LITTLE CORPORAL HIMSELF—IN PORCELAIN
PORCELAIN, EH? SA-A-AY, THAT'S PRETTY NEAT
IT'S THE PRIZE PIECE OF DAD'S FRENCH COLLECTION
THIS IS A SOUVENIR PIPE. THE GENTLEMEN OBVIOUSLY DID NOT BELIEVE IN RAZORS DURING THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR
NO GUESSING ABOUT THIS, EITHER. A TROOPER WITH HIS BUGLE FORMING THE PIPE-BOWL
HE'S MY FAVORITE OF ALL THE PIPES IN DAD'S WHOLE COLLECTION
JUDGE, I BET YOU COULD GO FOR A YEAR WITHOUT SMOKING THE SAME PIPE TWICE
JUST ABOUT—BUT EVERY ONE WOULD BE PACKED WITH PRINCE ALBERT
THAT'S MY SENTIMENT, TOO. SMOKING P.A. I CAN GO FROM ONE END OF THE YEAR TO THE OTHER GETTING FULL ENJOYMENT OUT OF MY PIPE AND NEVER HAVING IT BITE MY TONGUE
THERE'S NO OTHER TOBACCO LIKE IT

Copyright, 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

365 DAYS OF SMOKING JOY EVERY YEAR

• Prince Albert has what it takes to make pipe smoking a year-in-and-year-out pleasure. In the big red P. A. tin there are 50 pipefuls of prize tobaccos in prime condition. You find a tobacco that smokes exceptionally cool too. P.A.'s scientific "crimp cut" insures that. And to top it all, Prince Albert does not bite the tongue. A special process *takes out the "bite."* Discover for yourself how much extra smoking satisfaction you get with Prince Albert. You don't risk a penny. The offer below states the case clearly. Of course, Prince Albert is swell "makin's" too.



PRINCE ALBERT MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

To Work at Nine

Continued from page 21

"Okay," said Rap, and went on down the hall. The other two came in.

John looked at the man in the chair now, thinking he seemed familiar, somehow, thinking he ought to know him.

Tony's mouth, a hard, thin line, always slanted a little upward from left to right, lifted at both corners sardonically.

"Yeah," he said, "you've seen me before. Remember?"

"Yes, I remember now," John said.

A couple of days before, on Tuesday night, this man had called on him. He had said he was an insurance agent, though he hadn't talked a lot about insurance. He had seemed more interested in other things, such as where John worked, and how long he had lived here, and whether all the rest of the house was occupied. He had seemed pleased, if anything, to learn that neither of the other two apartments on that floor had tenants, and especially pleased that the front apartment on the bottom floor was vacant. Now John could understand why.

"You get it?" Tony said. "I ain't no insurance man. I was casing the neighborhood, see, and your joint turned out to be just what I was looking for. No neighbors, no snoopy landlady, nobody even to get nosey when I came back up here to take an impression of the lock. And the best thing was, it had you for a front. You're just what the doctor ordered." He turned to the other two. "He works steady, he's lived here a long time and can prove it; he ain't got no record."

"Just the same, I don't like this. I don't like it at all," one of the men said.

He was striking a cigarette lighter as he spoke, but he never got the flame to his cigarette. Tony jumped from the chair, his gun coming up with him and reversing in his hand. He brought the butt of it down on the man's snap-brim hat, denting it; the cigarette shot out of the man's mouth, as his lungs flattened with a whoosh like steam escaping, and he fell. He lay quiet, twisted over on his side under the edge of the table.

"I'll teach him to talk like that," Tony said.

OUTSIDE, the street had quieted. The wail of three police cars that had converged on the district, of the ambulance that had come to take away the two slain bank employees, had died, and the noisy crowd that had collected around the bank had dwindled away. There were still policemen on all the corners in sight, and there was a police car cruising lazily up and down the street, and policemen and broad men in plain clothes going into houses, but they weren't making any noise. The bank had quieted, too. Inspector Henty, down from headquarters, had finished asking questions of people. He seemed to have given his mind over completely to paring his fingernails.

That annoyed Warbuck, of the insurance company that underwrote the bank.

"Look here, Henty," he said fretfully. "We've got to do something, and do it quick. They'll be a hundred miles away—out of the city and the state—if we don't get them before long."

"I don't think so," Henty said, without interrupting the paring job. "They didn't have a car. We got two witnesses that they walked down Oak Street, going south, and disappeared someplace. They couldn't have got far walking."

"Well, why don't you have these houses around here searched?" Warbuck demanded. "That should have been the first thing you did; assign men to shake down every house for five blocks around, from roof to cellar."

"I have men doing that now," Henty said gently. "But it takes time. Crooks don't wear badges, you know."

"The man that engineered this job was smart. Darned smart," he said. "This job, in its way, is kind of a criminal masterpiece. But there's something he overlooked. I don't know what, but something. They never figure everything."

ONE of the men in John's apartment was thinking the same thing. Not the man Tony had slugged. He was sitting up, but he wasn't able to think much yet. The other one.

"Listen, Tony," he was saying. "This hideout is okay for a while, but have you thought about the getaway? They'll be watching this neighborhood for days."

"I got that doped out," Tony said. He was confident, kingly; he was young, hard, sure that the world was his oyster and that he knew how to open it. "I'll tell you when the time comes."

John was relieved, hearing that. These men made him uneasy, and he was glad they were going to be able to get away.

"No, the kind I mean are made of cardboard, and when you press the trigger, candy kisses pop out!" J. M. ANTHONY

The man called Tony interested himself in the contents of John's grocery bag. "Eggs and bacon—bread and milk—well, that's okay, kid," he said. "That'll do for tonight. Go on and cook us something."

John went out into the kitchen and put two frying pans over the gas burners, one for the bacon, one for eggs. He had only half a dozen eggs, and he fried all of them, but he saved for breakfast in the morning one of the two half-pound packages of bacon he had brought home. He could get along, for one morning, with just bacon for breakfast.

Tony had followed him, and stood in the doorway, close to the gas range. He stood so close that when John dropped a strip of bacon into the hot frying pan, a spot of grease flew up into his eye. He howled, obscenely. One hand went to his eye, the other into the bulging side pocket of his tight, double-breasted coat.

"I'm sorry," John said. Sincerely, as he would have said it to anybody. He didn't get the meaning of that swift swoop of Tony's hand, at first. He had never been slugged or shot, and he didn't understand until he looked into Tony's face. It was murderous.

Tony's hand stayed in his pocket while he took a breath, deliberate, audible. Then he withdrew it, empty, and said in a strained, soft voice:

"Okay. That's okay, kid. But don't let it happen again."

John finished frying the bacon and eggs and took them off the stove. He got down dishes for five, and would have taken them into the front room, but Tony stopped him.

"Put those all back up but one set," he commanded. "One plate, one cup, one saucer. What would the cops say if they came up here and saw five sets of dishes on the table?"

"Gee, Tony, I wouldn't never have thought of that," said one of the other men admiringly.

"I think of everything," Tony said.

He saw John hesitating, at a loss as to how to divide the food, and he took charge peremptorily. He laid out eight slices of bread. He put one egg and one slice of bacon on four of the slices of bread, and put the other four slices of bread on top, then dumped the two eggs and the five slices of bacon left onto the plate. He put down the plate and a cup of coffee on the table in the front room, and sat down to it.

"Go ahead and grab yourselves a sandwich, you guys," he said. "You can have your coffee after me, in this cup."

"HOW about Rap?" asked one of the men.

"To hell with Rap," Tony said.

The door opened sharply, and Rap came in. He was breathing hard.

"The cops are coming in downstairs," he said. "One harness bull, one big guy that must be a dick."

Two of the men dropped their sandwiches and put their hands in their pockets. Tony kept on eating.

"No use to get excited. No use to get in a lather," he said. "They'll look through the basement and the lower floors first. Rap, you been smoking, ain't you?"

"Yeah," Rap said.

"Well, go pick up your butts. Butts in that window seat would be a dead giveaway to a smart dick."

Rap went out, but sullenly, with an injured glance at Tony's bacon and eggs.

"Say, I wouldn't never have thought of those cigarette butts," one of the men said admiringly.

"I think of everything," Tony said.

He finished eating and stood up. He went to John and hooked a hand into the front of his coat, twisting it.

"Listen," he said. "These guys and Rap are going back in the kitchen, see. And I'm going in there." He jerked a thumb toward the clothes closet, near the hall door. "You're going to answer the door when those cops come up, and you're going to talk to them nice and polite, and tell them you ain't seen nobody that looks like us. Get it?"

"Yes," John said.

Rap returned with a handful of cigarette butts. He and the other two men went back into the kitchenette. Tony released John and went into the clothes closet, leaving a crack in the door. Through the crack his gun showed dimly.

"This gun is going to be right here, looking at you," he said through the crack. "So don't try any funny stuff. Turn on the radio."

John turned on the radio. The noise it made was a relief to him. It kept him from hearing the suspensive, slow approach of the cops. The first hint he had of their coming was a knock on the door.

HE SAT still in the chair before the radio, not knowing quite what to do, looking toward the crack in the closet door. Through it Tony's revolver gestured commandingly, and John got up and opened the door. One of the cops stood there: a young patrolman.

"We're looking for some men," he said. "They robbed the bank on the corner, and we figure they're maybe hiding out around here someplace. You haven't seen them, have you?"

"No," John said. He was surprised that he could speak naturally, without a tremor; that he could be so calm.

Another, bigger man in plain clothes came up behind the patrolman.

"Anybody live in those apartments?" he asked, pointing down the hall.

"No," John said. "Nobody lives in the front apartment downstairs, either. The landlord is two doors up."

The two men walked away. John closed the door and went back to his chair before the radio, feeling suddenly weak and limp.

"The guy that planned this thing is smart. Plenty smart," Inspector Henty said, from the rear seat of the police car lazily patrolling the street. "He's smart enough to practically tell us practically where he went and then defy us to find him."

"You still think they're hid out around here?" asked Captain Reeves, from the precinct station, beside him. "Remember, we not only didn't find them, but we couldn't find anybody that had seen them."

"They're still here," Henty said. "I don't know where, but it's not far. They couldn't have gotten far, walking. But they'll slip up some way, sometime. Nobody's so smart he figures everything."

"Don't get excited. Don't get all lathered up," Tony was saying to the other three men, in John's apartment. "Sure I got the getaway figured, and it can't miss. I figure everything. Come on, let's have some poker."

(Continued on page 38)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For a Merrier Christmas this Year and in 1956 too...

Shop early, avoid the rush, guard your nerves. Watch what you eat... And, if you drink, choose a whiskey that AGREES with you—choose Seagram's Crowns,

"A MOST WHOLESOME FORM OF WHISKEY."

Try This Seagram-Tested Delicious Holiday Egg Nog That Your Guests Will Enjoy

FOR 10 PEOPLE

1. Separate the yolks and whites of 6 eggs. Beat whites stiff and add gradually 1 cup sugar while beating.
2. Add the thickly beaten yolks to the whites, beating well together.
3. Stir in very gradually ¼ cup Jamaica rum and 1 pint of your favorite Seagram Crown Whiskey (or 1½ pts. if extra strength is desired); slowly add 1 pint milk.
4. Last, stir in 1 pint heavy cream, and serve from punch bowl in egg nog or punch glasses.

Say Seagram's and be Sure

IF YOU LIKE A LIGHTER WHISKEY, CHOOSE SEAGRAM'S FIVE CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY. The straight whiskies in this product are **5** years or more old, 25% straight whiskey, and 75% neutral spirits distilled from American grains.

IF YOU LIKE A RICHER WHISKEY, CHOOSE SEAGRAM'S SEVEN CROWN BLENDED WHISKEY. The straight whiskies in this product are **5** years or more old, 37½% straight whiskies, and 62½% neutral spirits distilled from American grains.

90 PROOF

Seagram-Distillers Corporation—Executive Offices, New York

Seagram-sponsored research has conclusively proved that Seagram's Crowns are the form of whiskey most likely to agree with most men. It pays to follow this guide to whiskey-kindness.

Seagram's Crown

BLENDED WHISKIES

A MOST WHOLESOME FORM OF WHISKEY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Continued from page 36)

John found a poker deck for them and watched them play until he grew drowsy and slept, with his head on the table.

Much later Tony woke him up. "Sit in," he invited. "Rap won't play any more. Rap's losing, and he can't take it."

"I'm hungry. I'm so hungry I can't think," Rap said.

"Go on and cook something. Cook something for me, too," Tony said.

"To hell with that," Rap said, and lay down on the day bed.

Tony had John put up all the money on him. Twenty-one dollars. He won it away in three hands. He had John put up his wrist watch and a table lighter and a cigarette case, and he won them, too, along with the last of the money the other two men had on them. Then he sat back, looking them over with hard, challenging eyes.

"That seems to wind you guys up," he said. "Anybody sore? You sore, kid?"

"No, I'm not sore," John said, and meant it. He didn't mind losing, but he was uneasy, because he could see by the wrist watch on the table in front of Tony that it was half past six, nearly the time that he usually got up and began getting ready to go to work. He wondered when these men were going to get away.

One of the other men was thinking of that, too; the only other man besides him and Tony who was not asleep. "Say, Tony, it's broad daylight," he said. "When do you figure on getting out of here?"

TONY had his feet upon the table, his head back in the chair. "Just as soon as the laundry wagon comes for us," he said.

"Laundry wagon?" the other asked.

"Yeah. Look. I got Splint waiting down at Iggy's garage with an old delivery truck I picked up from the Eighth Avenue Wet Wash. 'Long about ten, he's going to drive up, carry us out, and load us in. We'll all be doubled up and wrapped in sheets, like bundles of wet wash. There could be all the cops in town right there, and they'd never get wise."

"But, listen," John argued desperately. "I've got to get to work—"

"Not this morning," Tony said.

John said nothing more, immediately. But a slow warmth grew up in him. After a time, he tried argument once more. "Listen," he said to Tony. "I've got to get to work. I've never been late one day in nine years. I'm supposed to be there—"

"I'm getting sick of hearing you say that," Tony said softly, with his hand going into his pocket.

John silenced and sat quivering, but not from fear. He was mad, now. He was mad in the way of his curious racial mixture, the fair-skinned snow peoples, who could fight and who could kill, if they had some cause or ideal to fight and kill for. It was not the wild, volcanic rage of Tony's kind; it was a cool, thinking rage, not nearly so spectacular.

He watched the hands of the wrist watch move around; to seven, to seven thirty, to seven forty-five. And with each movement of the hands his rage grew; the cold, reasoned rage that bided and estimated possibilities, that waited for an opening before it struck.

Rap awoke presently, and sat up on the day bed, stiff, querulous.

"I got to have some food," he said.

"Me, too," Tony said from the chair. He looked at John. "Go get us something to eat. Fry up that bacon you got left."

"All right," John said, and went into the kitchen. Tony followed him.

John lit the gas jets. He filled a percolator and put it over, and then a frying pan. He put lard into the pan. A lot of lard.

"Say, are you screwy?" Tony asked from the doorway. "Putting lard in to fry bacon!"

"That's right," John said. "I forgot what I was doing, I guess." The lard was melted, now, and sizzling angrily, darkening the top of the range; with his right hand he tipped the pan toward Tony, and with his left slammed down a slice of bacon into it.

A vicious spray of grease shot outward, sidewise from the pan. Tony howled in agony and swayed back, one hand clutching his face, one hand clawing into the side pocket of his coat. The hand came up gripping a gun, but the gun exploded into the floor and dropped, as John swung the heavy pan, inside down, upon his head. He fell and lay twitching, white burn-spots mottling his dark face, looking grotesquely shrunken like a dead man in his stiff, tight, double-breasted suit.

Beyond the doorway, one of the other men, the man called Rap, sprang into view. He had a gun out and he fired several times before John could get the kitchen door shut and bolted; but he missed.

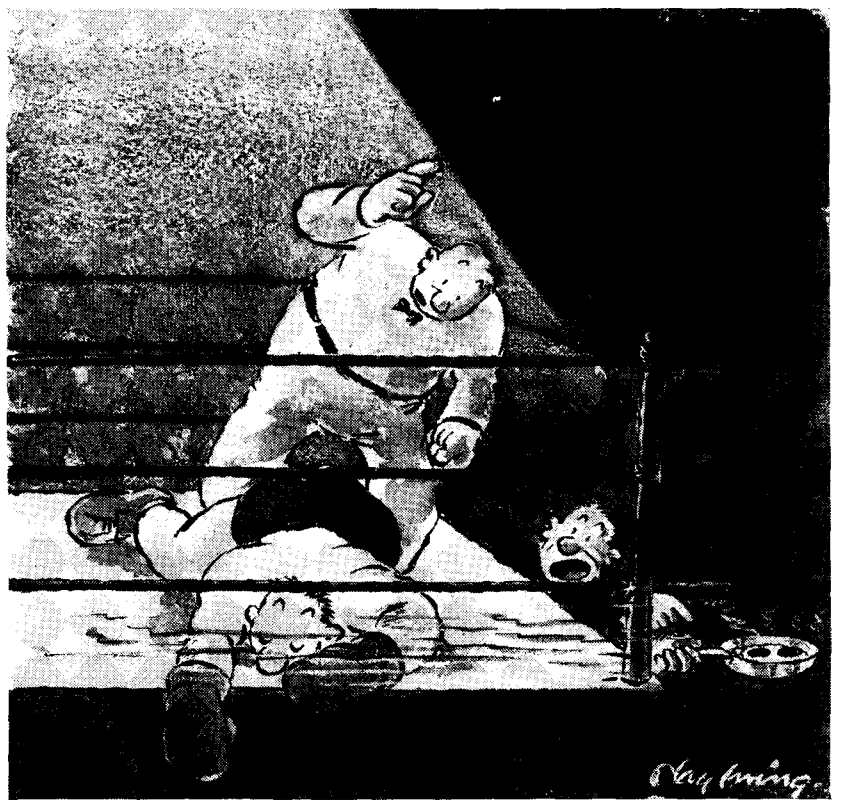
Tony's gun was on the floor under John's feet; he had been kicking it around while he was trying to get the door shut. He picked it up and fired through the door, awkwardly, wildly, emptying it in one burst; then jumped back as bullets began to come back through the door, tearing long splinters from it. Against the wall immediately behind the door was a metal kitchen cabinet; John pushed that over, bracing the door. He forced up a narrow window of frosted glass by the gas range and looked out. The landing of an ancient fire escape was just below the sill.

He wriggled out onto the fire escape, and started downward.

INSPECTOR HENTY, staying on with Captain Reeves in the car, even though the shift had changed, had heard some of those shots. He spoke sharply to the driver, who made an abrupt U-turn and doubled back, siren screeching, to the house from which the noise was coming.

From the first stair landing Henty heard an immense crash; another flight up, he threw open the door to John's apartment and saw that the crash had been the collision of the day bed with the kitchen door, now nothing but a ragged strip swinging from one hinge, a pile of splinters on the floor. He guessed what that meant, and raced into the kitchen, leaping over the day bed and the kitchen cabinet.

TWO men were in the kitchen, and another was sprawled across the window sill by the gas range, wriggling out to the fire escape. One lifted a gun and pressed the trigger, but no bullet came from the gun and no sound except a sharp click. His gun was empty—the guns of all three men were empty—but Henty didn't realize that in time and he shot the man. The man slumped down and sat there moaning, clutching his middle; the man by him let a gun drop and raised his hands with a frightened squeak, while the one in the window suddenly stopped wriggling, then meekly returned into the room as Captain Reeves jabbed the nose of his service revolver into the middle of his back.



"Eddie! Get up! Eddie! Eddie! Wake up! Eddie, look! Bacon and eggs!" JAY IRVING

Two patrolmen who had come in off the corners when the patrol car started to screech were clearing the cabinet and some wreckage of the door off Tony, who was still unconscious.

"That all of you?" Henty snapped at the three men.

They consulted each other with their eyes and decided to say nothing until they had a lawyer.

"Okay. You don't need to talk." Henty went to the window and looked out. "We got everybody, I guess. Red-handed." He looked around the apartment. "Bachelor place. One man. I wonder where he is?"

"Gone for help, probably. Out that window," Reeves said.

"Maybe," Henty said. But he sounded puzzled. To one of the patrolmen, he said: "Go hunt up the landlord, Duffy, get the dope on the guy that has this place."

Sirens screeched in the street. More patrolmen and detectives came up, and two ambulance men with a stretcher. Shortly thereafter came reporters and cameramen. They interviewed and photographed the inspector, the captain, the prisoners; and they were very anxious to interview and photograph the John Cleats who had slugged the city's leading gunman with a frying pan and escaped three others of his mob. Inspector Henty was anxious to see him, too. But no John Cleats returned to the apartment.

Duffy returned. "This guy looks all right, Inspector. He's lived here seven years, never been in any trouble that anyone knows of. Works right along."

Henty remained puzzled. "Go find out where he works."

"I got that," the patrolman said. He took out his notebook. "The Becker Company. Fulton Street. Correspondence clerk."

Henty slid into the front seat of a patrol car, motioned Reeves to the wheel. "Let's go down to Fulton Street," he said.

They found John Cleats working at one of some fifty identical desks in a big top-floor office.

He seemed surprised to see Henty and the captain; but he wasn't exactly surprised; he was disturbed by their interruption of his routine.

"Don't get excited," Henty reassured him. "We're not going to hold you up long. Though I guess there'll be people along soon that will. Some of our men, and reporters." He held out a paper he had picked up at the cigar stand downstairs. "You seen this?"

The paper carried an account of the bandits' capture, under a flaring headline. Prominently displayed was a picture of John which some enterprising reporter had filched from his apartment. John gaped.

"We won't hold you up long," Henty repeated gently. "I just wanted to make sure you were here. And ask you something. As I get it, these guys came to your place directly from the bank. They were there when you got home; and they were there when our men came up, shaking down the building." John nodded; he went on: "Looks to me like that would have been the time to make a break. Yet you let our men get away, and you didn't try anything until this morning, when you took a long, desperate chance all by yourself. Now tell me why."

"Well—I didn't know until this morning that they weren't going until after my time to go to work. And I had to be here at nine," John said.

CAPTAIN REEVES' eyes bulged, but Henty nodded, as if he had anticipated that answer. "I get it. You took that long, almost hopeless chance—knocked out one gunman, traded shots with three more; risked death—just to get on the job in time."

"That's it," John said. "I've never been late a day or off a day since I came here, so I had to do it. I just made it, too. The eight thirty-seven car was just starting away when I got to the corner. If I'd missed that there wouldn't have been another for twelve minutes, and I would have been late. The thing that bothered me was I had to leave my coat. I felt naked without a coat."

Henty grinned quietly; he took Reeves' arm and drew him away.

"I told you," he said, in the elevator. "This was a smart guy that planned this job. He figured how to rob a bank on a busy corner and hide out right under our noses; and from what Ackley says, he had a getaway that couldn't miss. But he didn't figure one thing."

"What's that?" Reeves asked.

"It's the one thing he never could have figured, no matter how smart he was; that no criminal could. He couldn't figure that the meek little woolly lamb he was using for a front would turn into a roaring lion when he found he wasn't going to be allowed to go to work on time. . . . It's like I told you. They never figure everything."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Roosevelt's Plans and Purposes

Continued from page 9

and imperative needs evolved by these changes. A new order that will lift the black shadow of insecurity from the homes of the land; an order that will assure opportunity to youth and comfort and dignity to old age; an order outlawing the brutalities of greed; an order that will give life, beauty, happiness, generosity; an order that will permit expression of the best in man, not the basest, and under which wolfish hates will not be a necessary part of the struggle for existence.

Visionary? Utopian? Impractical? What, then, was so very practical about the system that broke down in 1929? Was it practical to carry over a theory of pioneer individualism into a time when the greater part of the population lived in cities and highly industrialized areas?

Was it practical to let production run mad with never a thought to the purchasing power essential to consumption? Or to attempt to drag production down to a diminished consumption instead of trying to lift consumption up to the level of our highest possible production? Was it practical to let industry rest on the bent, aching backs of women and children, dooming them to early death or else letting them live to spawn unfits and misfits, filling almshouses, penitentiaries and homes for the feeble-minded, a crushing tax burden in itself, and with the added horror that poison was poured into the life stream of the race?

Was it practical to let slums multiply, where dull, unhappy wretches breed hates because they have never been permitted to realize the bright promise of a democracy? Was it practical to make business a dog-eat-dog affair in which the lowest and the meanest, even though a minority, were able to drag down the standards and make a mock of ethics?

As governor of New York during the depression years, Franklin Roosevelt viewed many an idle factory, and in all of them he saw machinery packed in grease and covered with tarpaulins. Watchmen patrolled the buildings to guard against fire, and thousands of dollars were being spent to make sure that the machines would be as good as new when operations were resumed. Outside of those factories, however, at the gates, huddled and miserable, he saw a crowd of homeless, jobless men, and not one single cent was being spent to see that they were being kept as good as new against the day when they would be needed again.

Was it practical to count human flesh and blood less important in the scheme of things than pieces of metal?

Permanent Progress

Used honestly, practicality is one of the finest words in the language. Dishonestly used, it is one of the meanest. Franklin D. Roosevelt stands for the honest definition, and holds fast to the great truth that nothing is practical that does not lead to a *permanent* value.

Undoubtedly a major effort during the first part of the second term will be the consolidation of gains. The greatest of these, in the President's opinion, are the Social Security Act; the holding company legislation that puts an end to pyramidal financing; the Wagner Labor Act, with its guarantee of collective bargaining and such organization as the workers may choose without interference, coercion or restraint by employers; the tax on the undistributed net income of corporations; soil conservation; the TVA; the banking act that has returned the control of money and credit to the federal government, and the Securities and Exchange Act.

Amendments may be necessary, and as far as possible all will be cured of defects that interfere with legitimate activities, but no note of retreat will be sounded in connection with a single one. The President feels that all are not only demanded by justice, but have proved their worth. The Securities and Exchange Act, so bitterly assailed in the beginning, is now accepted enthusiastically by honest investment bankers, and as a consequence of the tax on undistributed corporation income, wage increases already announced amount to $130,000,000, and in one week, in early November, extra dividends totaling $160,000,000 were declared. It may well be that the question of a "safe reserve" needs further thought, but the principle is here to stay.

The Yardstick Stands

Nothing is closer to his heart than the TVA, that vast testing ground to determine how the natural resources of water and land and power can best be developed, conserved and used for the benefit of the people rather than the profits of a privileged few. It was his intent, and still is his intent, to make TVA findings available to other unified regions of the United States. Electric rates can and must be brought down within the reach of the ordinary home. As far as humanly possible, private investment will be safeguarded, and co-operation and co-ordination invited, but it is the public interest that must and will be considered primarily.

The President has not budged, and will not budge, from his faith that taxes should be levied in proportion to the ability to pay and in proportion to benefits received, holding nothing more probable than that, while personal ability plays a large part in the accumulation of wealth, every huge fortune represents mass co-operation in large degree. It is to be doubted if any multi-millionaire would ask people to believe that his vast wealth is solely due to his own thrift and frugality. And as people watch the antics of adenoidal heirs to great fortunes, how can any sane person dispute the wisdom and justice of inheritance taxes?

Not even in the remotest degree has the President changed in his deep conviction that the best and quickest way to balance the American budget is to balance the budget of the American citizen. Recovery, here now and steadily gaining, will permit curtailments in relief expenditures, but the budget-balancing so confidently expected in the near future will be attained largely by increased revenues coming from an increased national income.

Looking ahead, housing is one of the President's major interests. Slums must go. Secretary Wallace's crop insurance plan and "ever normal granary" idea has the approval of the Administration; likewise a farm-tenancy bill providing federal aid for farm purchases; a simplification of the federal tax structure is under consideration; the Guffey coal bill is accepted as the one hope for a sick and disorganized industry; civil service stands as a guiding principle, although there is no disposition to give civil service status to workers in emergency agencies that have no suggestion of permanence; and a drastic reorganization of governmental departments for the promotion of both efficiency and economy is already in process of study.

(Continued on page 40)

Should auld acquaintance be forgot?
THE best of friends must part . . . but separation need not mean the end of friendship. At this holiday time especially, let your telephone bridge the miles between. It's quick, convenient and, above all, personal. It's inexpensive too. Rates on station-to-station and person-to-person calls to most points are reduced after seven o'clock every evening and all day Sunday.
BELL SYSTEM

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Continued from page 39)

Never at any time has the President shut his eyes to the defects of the NRA as developed after a noble beginning. Code craziness, price-fixing and monopoly find no apologist in him. Even so, he holds to his faith in NRA fundamentals; and the abolition of child labor and sweatshops, together with the establishment of standards for minimum wages and maximum hours are still Roosevelt objectives.

Foreign affairs are bound to figure largely in the President's second term, for a world hovers hysterically on the brink of chaos. A strong navy is commanded by common sense, but even as we have built battleships, so has the Administration sought to make clear America's peaceful intentions and passion for world peace. Drastic neutrality legislation has outlawed war profits and voluntarily surrendered long-asserted neutral rights that were an invitation to war. Our agreement with France and Great Britain has paved the way for international monetary stabilization, and now that his reciprocal tariff policy has been specifically approved, the President will push forward the work of the Trade Agreements Section still more vigorously, not only to recapture our foreign commerce, but to strike a leveling blow at the artificial barriers that make for international irritation.

In no sense is the President a Little American or an isolationist, but, although too much of a realist to believe in the League of Nations as constituted today, he still holds to a belief in international concert as the one sure way to disarmament and international peace. His decision to attend the conference in Buenos Aires was not out of desire for a joy ride or even a vacation, but proceeded entirely from his dream of a united New World, with the twenty-one republics of the Western Hemisphere standing shoulder to shoulder in fraternal union, proof to the peoples of the earth that international accord is not an impossibility.

Work at Home

It is, however, the domestic program that will engross him. As he said in his Detroit speech, "There are a thousand things yet to be done." Great adventures in conservation and reclamation, not only with respect to land, but equally the conservation and reclamation of our human resources. Whole cities to be rebuilt; security and happiness for all, and a flood of sunshine into those dark corners where helpless, hopeless thousands now crouch in the shadow; an end to greed, cruelty, privilege and uncontrolled lusts for power; a real education for youth; music and art for the enrichment of life, and the endowment of leisure with beauty and dignity. A dream perhaps, but a dream held in the hearts of Christian people for a full two thousand years. Believing this, and with the belief confirmed by the election results, the President is of the opinion that the barriers to progress are largely artificial.

Always frank, he has been particularly frank in the statement of his belief that there is no place in the United States for the twilight zone that now stretches between the government and the states, a dreary, tragic No Man's Land exempted by judicial interpretation from control either by federal law or state statute. Today, as in the past, he insists that there are needed standards in many social and economic areas that *must* be national. Unless great unitary national systems, such as mining, milling, manufacture and agriculture, are brought under one central policy control, instead of being left to the whim or prejudice of forty-eight different states, how can anarchy be avoided?

From every part of the country is coming a demand for a constitutional amendment that will give the federal government the right to exercise control over this twilight zone, this No Man's Land. Not an encroachment on states' rights, but the assertion of federal authority over vast domains into which the states do not and cannot reach. For weeks the loudest noise in the land has been the scratching of pens as senators and representatives framed amendments designed to meet every known and anticipated need. The President's attitude toward this agitation remains to be seen. One objection known to have been presented to him is the time element. Granted that a constitutional amendment could be agreed on by Congress for submission to the states, it would probably be June before this agreement could be reached. About 37 state legislatures will meet in January, 1937, not assembling again until 1939. Even if the governors called special sessions, the whole question would carry over into 1938, a by-election year.

There is still another point that may have bearing on the White House attitude. When a law is declared unconstitutional, it is much the habit to view the clash of power as being between the Supreme Court and the President. This is far from the fact. What the Supreme Court vetoes is not an executive order but a law enacted by the Congress of the United States. A President may urge a law, and support it with all of his power, but the enactment of that law is peculiarly the business of Congress. The controversy, therefore, would seem to be *not* between the Supreme Court and the President, but between the Supreme Court and Congress.

All of which opens up new avenues for thought. Is a constitutional amendment necessary, after all, for the attainment of New Deal objectives?

Every true American reveres the Constitution, but, regrettably, very few have ever read it. The President accompanies his reverence by full knowledge, for he can come close to repeating the great document. What impresses him, as it must impress every other student, is the very evident effort of the fathers of the republic to deal with the needs of their times as those needs arose. The Articles of Confederation were drawn and signed to end the wastes, incompetencies and inefficiencies of the Continental Congress, and the Constitution was framed to end the chaos precipitated by the Articles of Confederation. Past failures having made them conscious of the fact that old needs passed and new needs rose, the framers were explicit when and wherever possible, and broadly general in other cases.

The General Welfare

Take the Preamble, for instance. As a general thing, people regard it as a mere rhetorical flourish and yet it is as integral a part of the Constitution as any article. "We, the People of the United States, in Order to form a more perfect Union, establish Justice, insure domestic Tranquillity, provide for the common defense, *promote the general welfare* and secure the Blessings of Liberty to ourselves and our Posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America." What is that if not a plain statement of purpose?

Article I, Section 1, provides that "All legislative Powers herein granted shall be vested in a Congress of the United States," and Section 8, after setting forth that "The Congress shall have Power to lay and collect Taxes, Duties, Imposts and Excises, to pay the Debts and *provide for the Common Defense and general Welfare of the United States*," goes on to list other powers, such as the borrowing and coining of money, the regulation of commerce, the punishment of counterfeiters and pirates, the establishment of Post Offices and post roads, etc.

In fact, the framers would seem to have racked their brains to set down every national need, and then, out of the consciousness that other needs were bound to arise, added this paragraph: "To make all Laws which shall be necessary and proper for carrying into Execution the foregoing Powers, and *all other Powers* vested by this Constitution in the Government of the United States, or in any Department or Officer thereof." What plainer than that "all other powers vested by this Constitution" carries with it explicit authorization to enact laws to "promote the general welfare," so specifically mentioned in the Preamble and again in Article I, Section 1?

Article III, Section 1, states simply that "The judicial Power of the United States shall be vested in one Supreme Court, and in such inferior Courts as the Congress may from time to time ordain and establish." Not one word that gives the Supreme Court any power to override the legislative branch.

Is Congress, therefore, as powerless as has been assumed? Many important decisions yet remain to be handed down by the Supreme Court, notably with reference to the Social Security Act and the Wagner Labor Act. What, for instance, if these and other New Deal laws are held unconstitutional, thereby affirming the right of the judicial branch to override the legislative branch, could Congress do?

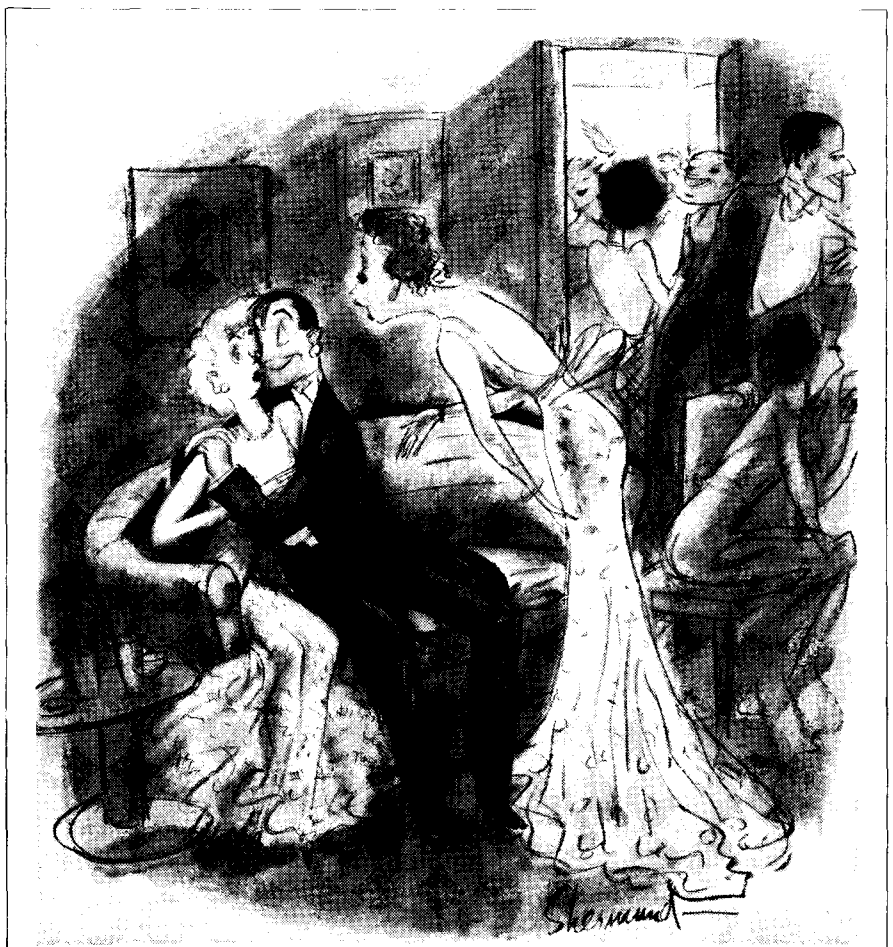
There is one thing that it could do without question, and that is the passage of a statute taking away from all inferior federal courts the right to pass on questions of constitutionality, and directing them to certify all such cases to the Supreme Court of the United States, where it would be mandatory to put them on a preferred docket for the earliest possible decision. And there is still another arrow in the Congressional quiver. If the coming session witnesses the adoption of a housing bill, or a bill providing for maximum hours and minimum wages, or a bill relating to sweatshops and child labor, or the new Guffey coal bill, each of these acts could have a rider attached *charging* the Supreme Court to bear in mind that the law was enacted pursuant to the Constitutional provision vesting *all* legislative power in the Congress, and explicitly authorizing it "to provide for the general welfare of the United States."

The Other Way

If this proves ineffective, Congress can *enlarge the Supreme Court*, increasing the number of justices from nine to twelve or fifteen. This power is beyond cavil, for three changes have been made in the number of justices. We started out with six and have had as many as ten.

Regardless of the clash and its outcome, the President will continue to suggest and urge those laws that seem demanded by the needs of the day and commanded by public opinion. The cry of "dictatorship" leaves him unmoved save a passing contempt for its silliness. Just as the Constitution vests "all legislative power" in Congress and "the judicial power" in one Supreme Court, so does it vest "executive power" in the President, and in the enumeration of his functions and authorities there is the specific mandate that "he shall from time to time give to the Congress information of the State of the Union, and *recommend to their consideration such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient.*"

At best, the Congress is made up of men concerned chiefly with their own constituency, their own local interests. The fathers recognized this, and put upon the President the solemn duty of speaking for the nation. Franklin D. Roosevelt will not be swerved from the discharge of that duty, and let no one doubt that his recommendations will proceed from the deep conviction that progress must be given a clear road, and not be forced to crawl around in search of a knothole to creep through.



"Now, please, Mrs. Tooney, if he starts making a nuisance of himself, just let me know" B. SHERMUND

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Most tooth decay can be prevented

CLEAN, strong, healthy teeth! What a priceless possession they are to any boy, to any girl; how important a part they play in future health and happiness!

And today the truth is that most tooth decay can be prevented; that much of the pain, the expense, the ill health that begin with infected teeth can be avoided.

The Squibb Plan for the prevention of tooth decay is printed on this page. We suggest that you read it thoroughly, that you follow it yourself and urge others to do so. Through this means, one of the most prevalent diseases of mankind may be checked—a disease that is too often accepted as a necessary evil—and neglected until too late to prevent its consequences.

As a part of this plan, we recommend the use of a scientific dentifrice, one that cleans correctly but does not contain soap or harsh abrasives, one that does contain an ingredient that will penetrate into many crevices where the toothbrush fails to reach and will neutralize bacterial acids that cause decay wherever it comes in contact with them.

Squibb Dental Cream and Squibb Tooth Powder were produced by the Squibb Laboratories in cooperation with members of the dental and medical professions, to provide the best possible daily home aid in the program of dental and oral health.

Both Squibb Dental Cream and Squibb Tooth Powder can be purchased everywhere at small cost.

THE SQUIBB PLAN *by which most tooth decay can be prevented*

1. Go to your dentist and follow his advice. This will include the kind of toothbrush to use, and how to use it; what kind of dentifrice to use, and what kind not to use; and whether you should supplement your own home treatment with the use of dental floss and oral perborate.

2. Check your diet with your physician or dentist—to be sure your system is getting the elements essential to the health and strength of your teeth.

3. Brush your teeth thoroughly, at least twice a day, and be sure you use a dentifrice scientifically prepared to clean teeth effectively, and safely.

START TODAY *on the Squibb Plan for the care of the teeth and gums. It costs little and may prevent pain, ill health and expense later in life.*

E. R. SQUIBB & SONS, NEW YORK

Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical and Dental Professions Since 1858

THE PRICELESS INGREDIENT OF EVERY PRODUCT IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Holiday Greetings
The Club Cocktails
HEUBLEIN
THE CLUB DRY MARTINI COCKTAILS
G. F. Heublein & Bro.
HARTFORD, CONN.
MAKERS OF QUALITY PRODUCTS SINCE 1875
DIRECTIONS FOR SERVING
For your own entertaining, or to give as CHRISTMAS presents sure to be welcomed, choose from these eight kinds — at all state operated and other liquor stores —
Martini Medium Sweet (60 proof)
Dry Martini (71 proof)
Extra Dry Martini (70 proof)
Bronx (60 proof)
Manhattan (65 proof)
Side Car (60 proof)
Old Fashioned (80 proof)
Sloe Gin Cocktail (49 proof)

Give them cocktails ready-mixed by experts

HEUBLEIN'S FAMOUS, SUPERB

CLUB COCKTAILS

You'll look far before you find a more appropriate gift this Christmas than Heublein's ready-mixed, bottled *Club Cocktails!* They're in the spirit of holiday festivities — the smoothest mixtures that ever delighted thirsty throats! You couldn't give your friends finer cocktails if you had them specially mixed to your order by the head bartender of a great hotel. But *Club Cocktails* cost you less than half what you would have to pay!

Club Cocktails, all ready to be chilled and served, are a unique gift. Your choice of eight varieties.

Serve Club Cocktails yourself . . . so convenient for your parties!

Millions of these famous, new-day cocktails are being enjoyed this month. No fuss of mixing, no waste in serving — for what you don't use from a bottle keeps indefinitely. Your guarantee of highest quality is Heublein's 60-years-old name.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO. HARTFORD, CONN.

HEUBLEIN'S

THE CLUB COCKTAILS

8 kinds prepared and bottled by

HEUBLEIN OF HARTFORD

No Props

Continued from page 20

star was supposed to open a door and was slow in going about it. Sheila dashed over and opened it for him, spoiling whatever lines went with that action.

"Too ambitious," said the National Theater people; "too ambitious."

So she decided to come to New York. She had all the usual experiences, walked the streets, sat in casting offices, buttonholed managers.

When she couldn't get anything else, she went down on Twenty-eighth Street to play for Butler Davenport, who operated a theatrical company in a private house and charged no admission. The company acted his plays, which were melodramas, and Sheila always played a widow in a long black veil.

Then she heard that the Greenwich Village Follies were going into rehearsal and she decided she wanted to get into the chorus. She went up and waited in front of Al Wood's office until his brother, Martin Herman, came out.

"He was with a very beautiful actress," says Miss Barrett, "but I was desperate, so I followed them up Broadway from 42nd Street to 59th Street, where Mr. Herman was saying goodby to the dame. When he was through I edged up and started talking fast to him and he began to laugh. Told me later he was fascinated by me. I must have been a fascinating sight at that. Anyhow he said, 'Come on down to the office,' and next day I was there, waiting three hours to see him, and he gave me a note to J. J. Shubert and I went up there and waited five hours more. When I got in, Shubert said, 'What do you want to be a show girl for; you're too smart for that; come around to the stage tonight at midnight and do us some of those imitations you were telling Martin about."

When she got there at midnight the place was cluttered up with trapeze artists, ballet dancers, chorus girls, magicians, ingénues, toe dancers, hoofers . . .

"And agents," adds Miss Barrett. "Everybody but me had an agent."

She waited around from midnight till four in the morning. When her turn finally came everybody was worn out but she did her imitation of Eddie Cantor and of Gallagher and Shean, and the Shuberts hired her.

So she was in the chorus and understudied for Lola Raine, who did character bits. After that show had run its course she was hired by Harry J. Conley, who was doing his vaudeville sketch, Slick as Ever.

The Cast That Ruined Vaudeville

After that she went into a sketch with William Gaxton, which broke all records by playing the Palace in New York for twelve weeks.

"Kate Smith, Lou Holtz, Lyda Roberti and Gaxton on that one bill," says Sheila. "It just about ruined vaudeville. It started to collapse right after that."

Then she went into a vaudeville act with Verree Teasdale and Walter Wolff, in which she and Milton Le Roy (now known as Philip Reed and playing with Tallulah Bankhead in Reflected Glory) did a total of six lines.

After that came her chance as a single in vaudeville doing her imitations. By this time her repertory included scenes as they might have been done by Ed Wynn, Greta Garbo, Fannie Brice and Bert Lahr. From that came her first night-club work at the Ha Ha Club, with Dan Healey and Jack White. Her first appearance was made at five in the morning, and she was petrified. The floor was lined with gentlemen and ladies of more notoriety than conventionality, and the idea of being thrown out to that mob with only space enough for her elbows was almost too much for her. She was saved by the chorus girls, a line of eight damsels who wore G strings and smiles and were not afraid of anything.

"Now, listen, kid," they said. "Just go on out there and murder 'em. If anybody gets fresh, we'll be along later."

Her success at the Ha Ha Club brought other engagements and she apjeared at the 225 Club and the Chez Paree in Chicago; and later the Rainbow Room, El Morocco and Stork Club in New York; the Hangar in Miami and the Clover Club in Hollywood.

Sheila and Society Stars

Miss Barrett was doing something last year about the society matrons who suddenly deign to associate with the common folk and reveal their love by appearing as entertainers. The clubs broke out with a rash of them . . . Sally Blanfields and Trixie Vandergolds, who were *such* marvelous singers, and were doing it only for a lark.

"You know the kind," says Miss Barrett. "They had one at a club where I was playing. She came in early accompanied by a florist. Then she was introduced and began to sing . . . Oh, you know; what would she sing . . . *Parlez Moi D'Amour.* They all sing it. Like this [she becomes languorous, willowy, hanging over the microphone with raised patrician eyebrows]. And then when it's over the waiters start running up with the flowers she's bought for herself. 'For me!' she cries, startled to death. 'Oh-h-h, isn't that dee-vine . . . oh, but perfectly dee-vine!'"

When Sheila got round to that burlesque she also did *Parlez Moi D'Amour* and ended with a bus boy rushing up with three bedraggled carnations which she had worn for the better part of three days on her coat.

At the present she is doing a version of the song Goody, Goody; a very bitter number entitled We're Not Casting Today (the experience of an actress desperately trying to get a job); versions of Hamlet as done by Lynn Fontanne and Bert Lahr; and, newest of all, People You Meet at Night Club Tables. This last is a daring experiment because it directly satirizes her own audiences.

Her most famous sketch is Speakeasy Girl, which she began in Chicago several years ago, and which makes mock of the whole tawdry atmosphere of smart cafés and night clubs.

She also has Mae West doing Juliet, and W. C. Fields doing Othello; a version of Old Black Joe as done respectively by Noel Coward, George Arliss and Ernst Lubitsch; and a world champion achievement with Fannie Brice as Barbara Frietchie.

Miss Barrett lives in New York, keeps her mother and various other dependents and worries about the future.

"You think I'm kidding the audience, but really it's myself I'm razzing. It's that inferiority complex of mine. What I'd like to do is a show, even a small bit in a show. That would be like taking licorice from the brat. Put Katharine Cornell out there before that crowd without a stage setting; put Sarah Bernhardt out there, not that you could; then you'll see what a strain it is. Sure, I know . . . I could do recitals like Ruth Draper . . . and nobody there but the ushers."

This will give you an idea of the joy of being a New York success.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Shining Day

(Continued from page 13)

she knew. Bobby Leonard and Estelle de Rann and some of that debutante crowd. Bobby waved at her and came over to speak to her. He had been drinking a lot, she saw, but he wasn't intoxicated. He looked sullen and reckless and unhappy, his dark handsome face looking down at her.

"Paula—returned from the dead," he said. "Greetings!" He nodded to Dean. "I'm so glad to see you, Paula. I'll send over champagne."

"It's our due," Dean began, and Paula saw that he was about to announce their engagement. She kicked him under the table with her foot. He stared back at her and let the moment pass.

"What the devil?" he demanded when the other man had returned to his table. "Are you ashamed to let people know?"

"It's only that I can't *celebrate* tonight," she said miserably. "I want them all to know when we can have a real party and I don't have to leave early."

HE STARED at her. This was a lovely beginning!

"I know," she said. "I shouldn't have come tonight when I knew I had to work."

He let that pass. It was obvious that he thought as she did about that. She said, to make conversation, staring at the unhappy face of Bobby Leonard, "I thought he had married or something, at college. Is the girl at the table?"

"No. His family broke that up. He's under age and they got the girl to divorce him. A nice mess if they hadn't got him out of it."

"In what way? Was she awful?"

"Naturally. Somebody out of his class. Telephone operator or something like that. Got her hooks in him. He's lucky."

"I saw them together once. I think she was crazy about him."

He gave her a cynical glance. In his world, telephone operators did not fall in love with the heir to a fortune. They didn't get beyond the fortune. Well, why should they?

Why indeed, thought Paula? She looked around. "I have to go," she said. She didn't belong in this place, she thought. But she would when she got used to herself again. "It's just that I have no Park Avenue self to slip into," she thought, "when I'm still at St. Martha's." St. Martha's did things to you. It paralyzed all the normal instincts.

She thought she would never get away from Dean when they pulled up before the hospital door. She held herself rigid in his arms, wishing she could be all to him that he wanted but unable to respond.

"You don't collaborate very well, do you?" he said as he finally released her.

Paula smiled at him, kissed him lightly, and let herself into the door of the Nurses' Home. Here she was back. She looked around her room as she slipped out of evening things and into her more familiar uniform. Then she went through the connecting doors into the hospital.

"Nothing important anywhere," Miss Libby said. "The private patient in Room 15 is restless. Nothing wrong, however. And Mrs. Derring is in the delivery room. The baby ought to be along any minute."

"Is her husband here?"

Yes. He's taking it very calmly."

Paula walked down the Private Patient corridor. A man was sitting quietly in the sunroom at the end. "Mr. Derring," she thought, "who is taking it calmly."

She went up and spoke to him. "Everything is going well," she said. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

He smiled back at her. He had a nice smile, with little life in it. "Nothing, thank you."

She went back to Mrs. Derring's room. The special nurse was waiting. "She's having a bad time," said the nurse. "They don't know if they can save the baby."

Paula stared at her. "But Libby told me she was doing well! I just told Mr. Derring."

The other girl shrugged. "It won't matter much to him. People like that ought not to be allowed to have babies." She put hot blankets in the bed. "Imagine her only waiting for the baby to come to go to Reno!"

"Is that how things are?"

"So she told me. They're funny, patients. They tell you everything. Seems they quarreled about his secretary and so she's stepping out of the picture."

Paula went out softly. She knocked and opened the door of 15. It was a very old woman who lay there, and they all knew she was near the end. Paula expected to be met with querulousness but instead out of deep sockets kind bright eyes looked up at her happily.

She moved to the bed. "I am Miss Trainer," she said. "I am taking the place of the night supervisor. Just for Christmas. I hear you aren't sleeping well. Is there anything I can do?"

The old lady moved her head. "What a lovely-looking person you are!" gazing back at Paula. "You have done a great deal for me, my dear, simply by coming in. What a great blessing, to be given a face that is medicine in itself!"

Paula smiled down. "There are medicines and medicines," she remarked. "I might be arsenic, you know."

THE room smelled of Christmas. Paula looked around. It was decorated with evergreen and a small tree stood in the corner. The old lady's eye caught hers and she smiled again. "It seems incredible," she said simply, "that so much should have been given to me. That I should be here for another Christmas. Listen," she cried suddenly, "what do you hear?"

Paula listened and looked down. The old face was so gentle and happy. The sound was the chimes of a near-by church. The old lady looked at her with shining eyes. "Twelve o'clock. It is Christmas day." She held out a fragile old hand to her, like a blessing. "He is born," she said. Nobody had ever said "Merry Christmas" to Paula in just that way. It did something to her. It caught at her throat. So there were people left who remembered what Christmas was? Who thought of it like that? For some extraordinary reason she found herself, all at once, winking back tears.

"He is born," she said to the little old lady. And, on an impulse, she leaned over swiftly and kissed the wrinkled cheek.

"Thank you, my dear," said the old lady. "That is one of the nicest things that has happened to me on any Christmas."

Paula said, "Now will you try to go to sleep?"

"Yes. I was just waiting for Christmas. And in the morning, I want to hear the carols. Will someone be sure to leave my door open so that I can hear them?"

"I'll come in before I go off duty," said Paula. "And now good night."

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Although there are hundreds of games played in the gambling rooms of the world, the famous casino in Monte Carlo offers its international clientele a choice of only three—roulette, baccarat and *trente et quarante*, or "thirty and forty."

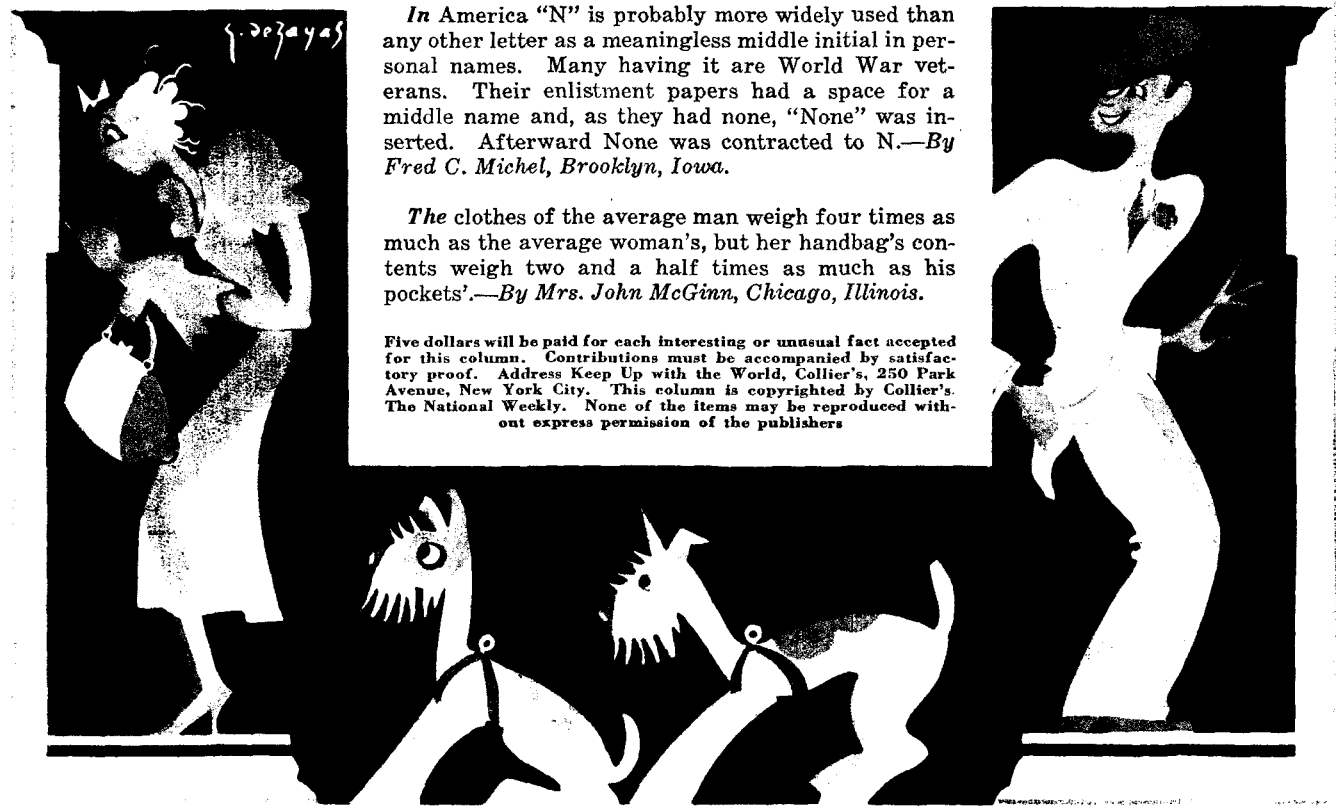
Centuries ago countless books, manuscripts and personal letters, owing to irregular spelling, almost required an expert to decipher them. Sometimes a single word would be spelled differently several times on a single page. Even families could not agree on their names. From recorded documents, it has been found that the members of one famous family spelled theirs, Mainwaring, in 131 different ways.—*By Mrs. A. W. Pjerrou, Omaha, Nebraska.*

The bass drum in a large orchestra is usually kept covered during the playing of a piece in which it is not required, in order to keep it absolutely silent. If left uncovered it has a strong tendency to rumble in sympathy with the other instruments.

The San Francisco earthquake in 1906 was the most disastrous catastrophe of its kind in the history of North America, and its total damage to real and personal property was impossible to estimate. Yet it killed only 500 of the city's 400,000 inhabitants, a small number compared with the toll of other great earthquakes which have destroyed from 50,000 to 300,000 persons.—*By Nathan Bickman, New York City*

Shortly before the Civil War a Massachusetts Supreme Court reversed a conviction because its eminent justices claimed the prosecution had not made the date of the crime complete and understandable. The record merely read "on the 15th day of July, 1855." It did not state whether the year was 1855 A. D. or 1855 B. C.

A recently completed study of the seasonal variation in daylight shows that in midsummer mornings are eight times brighter, noons five times brighter, and afternoons ten times brighter than in midwinter.



In America "N" is probably more widely used than any other letter as a meaningless middle initial in personal names. Many having it are World War veterans. Their enlistment papers had a space for a middle name and, as they had none, "None" was inserted. Afterward None was contracted to N.—*By Fred C. Michel, Brooklyn, Iowa.*

The clothes of the average man weigh four times as much as the average woman's, but her handbag's contents weigh two and a half times as much as his pockets'.—*By Mrs. John McGinn, Chicago, Illinois.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. **This column is copyrighted by Collier's The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publishers**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She turned off the light and let herself out the door. She felt, and this was extraordinary, a different person than the one who had gone in. Now how could that be? How could anyone be so impressionable? But she had no time to think of that, for in the corridor she met the interne and she saw by his face that something was wrong. "Mr. Derring," he said, "know where he is?"

"Is it the baby?" she asked. "Mr. Derring is in the sunroom."

"The mother's bad too," he said, hurrying off on his long legs.

Paula looked after him, thinking about him but also about the Derrings. Why could they not have been happy while they had each other? They must have been happy once—when they were about to be married, at least. Suddenly quarrels and distrust and lack of love seemed to her, this Christmas morning, so small and so beneath humanity while death was so vast and so final and so all-inclusive.

Something ached in her as she went back toward her own ward. She was leaving the Derrings, with a pain not for what they had lost but for what, apparently, they had altogether missed; and she was going toward Mary Smith, who had, it seemed, not had much of anything to lose. Nothing; but, perhaps, somewhere in the distant past, a chance of happiness, and what had she done with that?

Suddenly, there in the corridor, with the bright white lights flooding her, she stopped still and caught her breath. For all at once Mary Smith's identity leaped usefully, or uselessly perhaps, from a neglected corner of her mind. Always, from the beginning, that red-haired lovely creature had seemed familiar to her, but she had told herself that was because all the unmarried mothers looked alike. That haunted expression made them one in appearance.

But now she knew her. "Mary Smith" was the telephone operator who had married Bobby Leonard! She had been bothered all the time she was talking to Bob there at the Penguin Club by some tugging at her subconscious and this was what it had been. She had seen them once together but only casually, but she remembered the girl's face, now.

Slowly she walked on toward the ward. So that was what had happened to the girl when the Leonards had swooped down. Intuitively Paula seemed to know all the story. The girl had loved Bobby and she had been made to think he wanted to be rid of her, or else he had thought so himself—all that somehow Paula's mind would not at this second work out. But what she knew was that this girl, this Mary, was finer than any of them. She had not told them that she was to have a baby. Pride? Perhaps. But some kind of integrity, some defiance of fate.

She opened the ward door. She was thinking of Bob Leonard. Was he unhappy? Yes, she had seen that earlier in the evening, so this was not just her imagination at work. . . .

SHE walked slowly down the ward to Mary Smith's bed—to Caroline Leonard's bed. For this was no unmarried mother as they had all assumed. She stood there quietly for a long time. The Junior on duty in the ward watched her and, when she had turned away, approached her as they stood by the desk.

"Isn't there something we can do for her?" she wanted to know. "I'm so happy myself—I can't bear to see some other girl so unhappy."

Paula looked at her questioningly. What, she wondered, had a hard-working Junior to be so happy about? The Junior read that thought in her face. "I'm leaving," she said, and her face shone. "Miss Trainer, I'm going to be married and it seems as if I'm cracked so wide open with happiness I'm falling apart. I keep looking at that girl and thinking that she ought to be as happy as I am. I know it's crazy—or sounds crazy—but what I believe is, she's so pretty and so sweet that any man who ever loved her must still love her. It just isn't possible that he's stopped. Couldn't we find him and bring them together again? If he saw her—and the baby—"

PAULA thought, "I could call Bob up—" Then sanity restrained her.

"There's nothing we can do," she said sharply. "You must not let your feelings run away with you, Miss Braddock. There's all the difference in the world between being decent to people, taking care of them as nurses—and trying to shape their lives for them."

"Hey, Davis, what do we do about gold dust?" GREGORY D'ALESSIO

The Junior wilted. All her bright happiness seemed to run from her. And Paula hated herself for being so reasonable and right.

She busied herself for the rest of that night, through the long, dark hours. She would not think of the patients as individuals. If you looked too long at that side of things, you were no longer a good nurse.

The interne found her again, in the corridor.

"Mrs. Derring has come through," he said. "I've left orders with her nurse. Let me know if I'm needed."

"Yes. Go along. You need sleep." There was nothing particular about him tonight, nothing but just weariness and his work. It was a great relief.

Morning came. Bright sunlight and snow outside, a Christmas-card morning. The hospital wakened; the early-morning work was done; and then, through the weariness and the wondering if the day nurses would ever appear, they came and then came the sound of the Christmas carols. And today they were real. They were more real than anything else on earth. Paula listened for a moment and remembered the old lady. She flew down the Private Corridor and opened the door. The old lady was awake and was listening. Her face shone at Paula, but she did not speak. There was a remote look, combined of pain and joy, on her face and her eyes were on the tree.

All over the hospital they were listening. It was as if the whole institution thawed. Life flowed warmly through halls, upstairs, into corridors: *"Noël, Noël . . ."*

Heard so through the cold white morning the effect was magic, transporting. The interne came along the corridor. He did not look tired. He looked the most attractive person Paula had ever seen. He saw her and the old lady and, without speech, he stopped, leaning against the door, and looking at them. Looking first just for a flicker of good morning at the old lady and then, because he could not take his eyes from her, at Paula.

And then Paula, listening, straining under the music, knew that there was no one in the world but the interne. She knew many things. She was no longer practical. All she knew was that love is unassailable. That nothing else had any meaning or reality. That that was why the Child was born—to teach love to the world, and that was why He was reborn every year, to remind a world that wished to forget.

SHE said nothing to either of them but slipped past the interne with just a whisper, "Wait here, I'll be back." She flew down the hall to the Nurses' Home and to the telephone. She got Bob Leonard on the wire. She could not bother to think what she would say to him. All she needed to do was to get him here. "It is desperately important," she told him. "Yes, I know I sound crazy. But, Bobby, this is something you can do for me. Will you come?"

She heard him grumble that he had only just got to bed. What was the idea in ringing him up in the middle of the night? She said she was sorry but she had to turn to *someone*—would he come? He said yes, and she flew back to the Maternity Ward.

"Mary Smith," she said, "is to be transferred at once to the Private Floor. Room 30," she said, remembering it was vacant. She was back in the old lady's room. There were roses on a table. "I need these," she said, "for a little while." She smiled at the old lady and vanished to decorate Room 30.

The interne grinned at the patient. "A bit high-handed, what?" he wanted to know. But somehow he knew it was all right. So did the old lady. "She can have anything I have," she said. "I like that girl."

"Some such thought had crossed my own mind," said the interne.

Along the corridors all the doors were open and the music went on, the lovely childish voices rising to tell them that all men are brothers. All barriers were down. In Mrs. Derring's room Jackson Derring was kneeling by his wife's bed, not speaking, but holding one of his wife's hands, not kissing it, but pressing it against his eyelids, his forehead, his cheeks. They heard a stretcher going by into a room a few doors up the corridor, but they paid no attention to it. Why should they? They had never heard of Mary Smith. They had room for nothing but what was between them—this knowledge they had. For Edith Derring knew now that you don't lose love no matter how a man behaves. And he had found it. He had not known before, but now he knew. And in that music, in the simplicity of that awakening of the hospital, they were no longer afraid to show their hearts.

PRESENTLY Paula came past the door and saw them and, if she had begun to have qualms, somehow, the sight of those Derrings helped. She stopped in front of Room 30.

"Bobby," she said, "there is someone in here who loves you terribly. That's the only thing that counts. Go in and—"

He stared at her and whitened but she pushed him through and closed the door. She stood there for a second but the door did not open again. She heard a little cry on the other side and then silence.

And then she turned and went back. She was going back to the room of the old lady who dared to remember other Christmases and to love this one because of them. Who dared accept another Christmas. But she stopped a while and listened to the voices. Yesterday was gone. Suddenly she understood the Guild. Somehow, they were right—they had seen beauty in the wards, and romance. They had been right and she was wrong.

Without at any definite moment having reached a decision—she was going back where the interne was. Not because she was making a choice but because she had arrived at a necessity. She walked back along the logically simple corridors where everything was so sane, so fresh, so *happy*. This little village of illness was beautiful; it held human hearts and kindness, and the sounds of children's voices like clear light made audible. They all shared a past together, these patients and the nurses and the internes, even if it was only the past of one night. But it comprised everything.

"And where are my roses?" asked the old lady, and you could see that she did not care where they were. She looked at Paula and her face was suddenly charming with amusement.

Paula held up a bud. She had saved out the smallest one. Shamelessly she fastened it into the lapel of the interne's coat and more shamelessly still she pulled his head down and kissed him.

Somehow they didn't seem to mind the old lady. The interne gave her one of his droll looks and, still holding Paula, thrust his foot back behind him and neatly closed the door.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Market Tip --

Buy Consumers Pfd.

THE DIAMOND MARKET pays bigger dividends

. . . CONSUMERS PFD IS REACHING NEW HIGHS HOURLY - ANNOUNCEMENT HAS JUST BEEN MADE THAT A SEVEN BILLION DOLLAR MELON IS TO BE CUT AND SMART ADVERTISERS ARE SEEKING BIG BLOCKS WITH ORDERS POURING IN FROM ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY. . . .

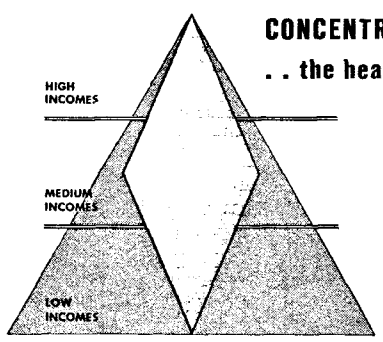
CLICKED over the ticker machines of the country, such a message would startle the nation. Yet the actual facts about "Consumers Pfd" . . . the Diamond Market . . . are no less striking.

Out of America's income triangle has stepped a group of preferred customers . . . better-than-average buyers . . . people who have a keen sense of responsibility . . . a flair for sound management. They buy freely, yet buying never gets out of hand. They have a well-developed habit of paying their bills promptly, so their credit is tops.* And, during the next twelve months, they will have *seven billion dollars of new money to spend.*

The American Magazine, with its broad outlook, its stimulating articles, and true-to-life fiction appeals to these "preferred" consumers. More than 2,100,000 of them eagerly await its arrival each month.

Here is a market that any advertiser can cultivate with profit. For the Diamond Market . . . America's consumers preferred . . . not only has the money, but the credit, to buy what it wants. It is a big market . . . and by its very nature, it is the kind of market that *repeats.*

*(*Retail Credit Bureaus in 31 key cities report: 8 out of 10 American Magazine subscribers with charge accounts enjoy the highest credit rating. A copy of this study will be sent on request.*)



CONCENTRATE ON THE DIAMOND MARKET . . the heavy buyers of Branded Merchandise!

The American Magazine audience is like a diamond in shape and value. Extending from top to bottom of the national income triangle, it is wide in the middle where sales are greatest; tapers at the top where there are fewer people; tapers at the bottom where selectivity is all-important because there is a decreasing market for most nationally advertised products. It is a profitable market throughout—a concentrated market of consumers who buy *freely*, pay *promptly*.

THE American Magazine

Largest 25¢ General Magazine in the World • Average Circulation More Than 2,100,000

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY, 250 Park Ave., New York. Publishers of: COLLIER'S . . WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION . . THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE . . THE COUNTRY HOME

Copyright 1936, The Crowell Publishing Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Daredevil

Continued from page 17

a freshman groping for conversation at his first dance.

"All except watching you," she said.

He winced. Stupid—that was the wrong thing to say. Probably it was only an effort to change the subject that made him propose going to the little café down the street. Soon they were at a table, sipping their seidels of beer and watching the couples rotate stiffly and endlessly to the Vienna waltzes of the small but muscular orchestra.

He introduced himself. She had been right, of course; he was from home. Probably, if they tried, they could find lots of people that they both knew. Only it didn't seem a bit important.

She had never met anybody before who felt the way she did about mountains. She didn't mean to talk about the climbs she had done in Chamonix and Grindelwald. It was only to keep on safe ground, to keep from talking about him or from letting him know what she had heard about him.

But presently he was talking too, and she, with her elbows on the table, was watching his face. The strained, self-conscious look had left it now; it was like that of a musician absorbed in his theme. He said not a word about anything that he himself had done. The mountains were the important thing, not the little people who climbed them.

Marta was one of those people who would rather cut a knot than pick at it.

"Look," she said, "I'm sorry I was rude to you up on the mountain this morning."

"Why?" A wary, defensive look had come into his eyes.

"I didn't realize why you—"

"And what do you realize now?"

She had gone too far to retreat.

"I think," she said, "that you were trying to prove something to yourself."

His voice shook a little in spite of him.

"You've heard about me, then?"

"Yes, I have— Oh, please listen to me. Don't you see, you don't have to prove anything. I—everybody's been that way on a mountain. Even guides. It doesn't mean anything. Last year—"

"Wait," he cut in roughly. "I'd rather not talk about that."

After a few minutes Marta rose: "I have to go now. It's been nice. No, don't bother to come with me."

SHE hadn't meant to stay on in Zermatt. In fact, she stayed over the rising urgency of the protests that came by telegraph from her mother in Aix-les-Bains, a mother who thought that she was being very silly about this scrambling up mountains and had better come back as soon as possible to where people dressed for dinner.

But Marta wasn't doing such a lot of climbing. She began to make excuses to herself for staying in the village.

The next time she met Glenn walking in the street, striding along as he did with his eyes straight in front of him, she felt a sudden panic. He wasn't going to speak to her. He would cross over on the other side. Yes, his eyes kept away from her. He had passed.

But when she had gone on a little way she heard footsteps hurrying behind her.

"Hello," he said, "how about walking up to the Triftbach and watching the water come down under the bridge?"

That time and the next time and the next they recovered something of the mood they had shared the first evening. But Glenn wasn't in the village much of the time. Where he was, what he was climbing, Marta could only guess from what Otto told her:

"Joseph Perren has seen *Herr* Phillips. On the cornice of Lyskamm. Alone."

When she knew that he was up on the mountains she spent her days wandering around the village.

She lay awake most of the nights.

One afternoon they walked out and sat in the meadows above the village. The distant, piled-up snows of the Breithorn were a rosy pink in the slanting rays of the sun. All of the peaks were aglow—all except the Matterhorn. It rose up black and threatening and the only clouds in the sky it had gathered around its summit.

It was the north face to which their eyes kept coming back.

They talked of the two Bavarians who, not long ago, had amazed the mountaineering world by climbing it. They had clung for two days and a night to those cliffs, dodging the rock avalanches that came down, finding nowhere any secure resting place.

"It frightens me," said Marta.

"You wouldn't try it, would you, Glenn?"

He looked at her, then turned away.

"I'm not good enough for it."

But she knew that that wasn't an answer.

She was desperate now. She'd have to say it quickly—it was her last chance:

"Glenn, will you do something for me?"

"Of course."

"Will you take me with you on your next climb?"

A frightened look came into his face.

"I can't do that. I can't."

A sudden anger shook her.

"You're not good enough. Not good enough to help me when I ask you. Only to go off doing the sort of thing I've seen you do while I wait down here and go crazy. Well—I'm through. I'm leaving tomorrow."

"Marta—"

He put his hands on her shoulders and made her look at him. His eyes searched hers intently.

"What do you mean?" he said.

"Nothing. Oh, nothing at all. Only, I love you."

His arms went around her but she drew away, looking at him questioningly.

"You won't climb alone any more?"

She watched the joy fade from his face and the hurt, stubborn look return. He dropped his arms.

"You don't understand," he said. "I thought you did."

In silence they walked slowly back to the village.

AFTER dinner she went to her room and tried to pack. But the room seemed close and oppressive. She left her things spread over the bed and went downstairs. She asked the concierge whether *Herr* Phillips had left the hotel.

Yes, the *Herr* had gone away two hours ago. His rucksack seemed heavier, more bulky than usual.

A heavy rucksack—that must mean an overnight bivouac. And the North Face was one of the few climbs for which one must bivouac. There was no hut. But perhaps he had gone in another direction, over one of the passes, to spend the night in Zinal or Saas Fe.

She started walking out toward the meadows—anywhere—only to walk fast. On the way she met Otto.

"Have you seen *Herr* Phillips?"

"*Ja*, I have seen him."

"Which direction did he take?"

"He goes toward the Matterhorn."

MARTA hurried back to the hotel. In her room she changed quickly to her climbing clothes. She calculated the time. If she started now and walked through the night she might reach him before he was gone.

And what then? Then she'd— But beyond that point her mind wouldn't work.

"Our radio hasn't been working. . . ." JAY IRVING

When she left the inn the lights along the main street were blinking out for the night. Soon she was past the upper chalets, trudging up the long path that led to the Matterhorn. She had brought her climbing lantern but at first the moon gave light enough to walk by.

Two hours from Zermatt she passed the last chalets, the tiny hamlet of Staffel-alp, asleep on the hillside. Now there was no path, the way led up the steepening slope through a waste of great boulders. The moonlight was gone. Her lantern was a pinprick of light and her shadow danced grotesquely along beside her. The only sound was the clink of her ice ax on the pebbles underfoot.

She lost track of time. . . .

The glacier must be near at hand. Patches of snow appeared and it grew quickly colder.

Her heart gave a jump. There ahead was a flicker of light. She called out in a choked voice and hurried on. The fire had burned down to the last embers.

The little tent stood empty.

On the glacier ahead was a maze of crevasses and he might have lost so much time unraveling the route that she could come up with him. She hurried on.

There was no need of the lantern now. A dirty gray had crept up in the east and the mountainside was visible in a dim half-light. Only a little of it though. The clouds had won their fight and everything more than a hundred feet away was smothered in a wet mist.

Sometimes her steps sounded hollow over emptiness below. It was as if she were crossing an opaque glass roof over a great underground cathedral.

The mighty upsoaring of the face was very near now. She could hear the stonefalls that rattled down its crags.

Beyond the crevasse maze a snow slope tilted up in front of her at the angle of a steep roof. She remembered what lay beyond. One last crevasse, the biggest of all, the *bergschrund*, cut across the slope. A little way above it the rocks began. She must hurry.

Upward—step after step. With her eyes on Glenn's footsteps she was almost on the *bergschrund* before she saw it.

She drew back. The chasm was thirty feet across, extending as far as she could see in either direction. Its upper lip overhung. An icicle hanging from it broke off and fell. Marta could hear no sound come back from the depths.

She followed the footsteps skirting the lower edge. At last there was a fragile bridge of snow arching up across the gulf. She hurried over it before she should lose her courage.

From the upper lip the snow tilted up steeper than before. Glenn had cut steps here, they slanted up diagonally across the slope until they were lost in the mist. Every step was terrifying. Below her the slope fell away and curled over the edge. She set her feet carefully in the steps and, thrusting her ax deep into the snow, clung to it.

Suddenly the mist thinned and broke away. She looked up. There—not fifty yards above.

"Glenn!" her voice sounded thin and piping. "Glenn!"

In the shock of the surprise she missed a footstep. She jerked back frantically and somehow lost hold of her ax. She saw it slip down the snow like a snake, glide over the edge and disappear. There was the agonizing moment when she fought to recover balance. She felt herself going.

Her hand, thrown out as she fell, caught at the step above. It held her weight and she was spread-eagled on the slope, a few feet above the brink. At once her fingers began to grow numb.

"Glenn!"

He stood poised for a moment. Then he threw himself down the slope feet first like a runner sliding for base.

He would come faster and faster—he would crash into her and they would both disappear over the edge.

Then she saw him use his ax. As he slid he turned over on his face and, holding the pick with both hands, forced it down into the hard surface. A shower of ice particles sprang up from the point as it plowed its furrow. As the brake operated his speed lessened and he came to rest within two feet of her.

With his ax anchored deep and his arm around her it was easy to bring her back into the steps—back across the snow bridge.

THEY sat there in the snow for a long time, ever so much longer than Marta really needed to recover. His arm was still around her. She'd have to look up at him sooner or later. What should she say? What could she say?

"Well?" he snapped in a schoolmaster tone.

But he was laughing, she could tell that even before she looked at him.

"Do you know what you've done?" he said.

Her eyes opened wide.

"You gave me my chance."

She understood.

"And, Glenn, you don't have to prove it to yourself any more? You won't ever go climbing alone again?"

Now his other arm was around her too.

"I'm never going to do anything alone any more," he said.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Canada Kicks Off

Continued from page 15

downs to try running or passing plays in an effort to make that ten yards. We can't be satisfied with three- or four-yard line plunges. We go after eight- or ten-yard gains every time we snap the ball. That's why you see a lot of laterals nd forwards in our game."

Earl Selkirk, punting halfback, is back now, the ball is snapped, and he kicks it—a beautiful fifty-five-yard spiral. It goes to stocky Lauri Mathieu. The whole Argonaut team seems to be tearing down the field. No one is touching those ends. Then we remember no blocking is allowed beyond that scrimmage line. Mathieu will be smothered, but, no, he takes the ball on the run and, although two Argo players are right there, he gets past them easily. They don't even appear to be trying to catch him. Yet it was a nice runback almost to midfield. But we grumble a bit. Those two men who were down there almost as Mathieu caught the ball should have nabbed him.

"That is not allowed," our press-box expert reminds us. "If you'll look up Rule 10, section six, you'll discover that there is a five-yard zone placed around a player who is receiving a punt. No one may come within five yards of the punt receiver until he has actually caught the ball. As soon as the ball is caught and the receiver is set, then he may be tackled. Does that seem silly? How often have you seen American players tackled just as they received the ball and how often have you seen them lie there unable to get up? When players come down the field under the punt they come fast. If they hit that punt receiver before he has a chance to get himself set the impact is terrific and injury very likely. Notice, please, how few injuries you are seeing today, yet this is a bitterly fought game."

A Premium on Spot Kicking

During the remainder of the game we see several other differences between our game and theirs but they are minor differences. Fundamentally both games are the same. Scoring is a bit different and at first a bit confusing. The rule book says, "A goal from a drop or place kick shall count three points. A try shall score five points; a safety touch shall score two, and a rouge, one. A team which has scored a try may add one more point as follows: by kicking a goal from the field; by carrying the ball across opponent's goal line; completing a forward pass in the opponent's goal area."

Now wait a minute. That isn't nearly as confusing as it seems. We can understand the three points for a successful drop or placement kick, but what's that about a "try" scoring five points? Well, a "try" is a touchdown and the only difference is that it counts five instead of six points. The extra point may be added in the same way that American rules provide that it be added.

What's that about a "safety touch" counting two points and a "rouge" one? A "safety touch" is just about the same as the safety in American play. That is, if a man whose team is in possession of the ball is tackled behind his own goal line it counts two points for the opposing team.

A "rouge" occurs when the same thing takes place except that the original momentum given the ball must come from the attacking side. For instance, if team A punts from midfield and a player on team B catches the punt behind his own goal line and is (after his five yards' advantage) tackled while he is still behind the goal line, that counts as a "rouge" and not as a safety, and maybe they call it a rouge because when it happens the offending player's face gets very red indeed.

One more scoring possibility comes when a punt goes over the goal line, hits the ground and rolls out of bounds. Or when it goes out of bounds while in the air. This places a fine premium on spot kicking. A man like Frank Carideo, who played for Notre Dame just a few years back, could under this system count a point for his team any time he got within forty yards of the goal line.

Dartmouth vs. McGill

After the game we find a familiar figure in the dressing room, Johnny Ferraro, who played for Cornell three years ago. He was a great line-smashing back, one of the greatest, and now, after playing two seasons for Hamilton, he is coaching the Montreal team. Suppose we ask him how he compares the two games.

"I hope that eventually we'll get around to playing under American college rules," Ferraro says. "In the Canadian game a back has to do too much work himself. We try to shake him loose and then it's up to him. I think our kicking and our lateral passing is as good if not better than in America but in other departments of the game American colleges are still in front."

Oke Olsen was once captain of the South Dakota team. He played for the Regina Roughriders until this year, when he came to Montreal, and he says frankly that he likes the Canadian game better.

"The more open game is more fun to play," he says. "Of course the backs on the Canadian teams take bad beatings but on the other hand they don't have to block as much. It's true that when a back receives a punt he isn't apt to get smacked down as hard as an American back because of that five yards of grace he's allowed. However, once he has that ball tucked safely away he finds the whole opposing team waiting for him."

At present the best Canadian teams would prove no match for the better American teams. Let us hurry to state that this is the opinion of Montreal football writers and of such Canadian coaches as Ferraro and Lew Hayman of Argonaut. Several years ago a good Syracuse team went to Montreal to play McGill. The first half was played under Canadian rules and the second half under United States rules. Syracuse won 13 to 0, scoring both of its touchdowns in the last half.

McGill had two shifty backs then, Flin Flanagan and Boo Anderson, and on the wings of the lateral pass they ran all over Syracuse in the first half. Syracuse had never seen the lateral pass before. Right after this, American football coaches became interested and the lateral soon became an integral part of every college offense, although as yet it isn't developed to the point it has reached in Canadian football.

Major D. Stuart Forbes, director of athletics at McGill, says, "It may come to pass some day when the rules are made uniform and when we are satisfied that our Canadian teams can compete on equal terms with the American college teams that we shall play them. We engage American universities now at hockey and we have had" (the major's eyes twinkled) "some success against them. The games have promoted a fine feeling of friendship between McGill and the American universities we play. Perhaps some day football will bring us even closer."

HENNESSY Cognac Brandy has graced Yuletide boards for two centuries . . . the world over. As your after-dinner liqueur, enjoy its wonderful flavour, bouquet and "clean taste." Mark it on your gift list, and also don't neglect having your own supply in time for kitchen use in the mince pie and the plum pudding.

★ ★ ★

HENNESSY

COGNAC BRANDY

SOLE UNITED STATES AGENTS: Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY · IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Heart Has Wings

Continued from page 24

.t know either. Men are pretty ab. Sometimes I wonder if Gerry mself knows. He flits around, poor dear, and pretends to get himself in jams, and there are always women hanging about. He plays them up, a lot. Sort of—defense mechanism, isn't it? But I guessed when I was about twelve. The way he looks at her. The things he doesn't say. He thinks she's pure platinum. And so she is . . . I feel terribly sorry for Gerry, sometimes."

"I didn't realize," stammered Gail. She thought, Is that why Hildreth is willing to let Peter go? Gerry Downing? It isn't possible!

Dolly said, "She doesn't give a rap for him of course outside of friendship. She's blind to everyone but Speed. You see, she married him when she was so young and in such romantic circumstances, she's acquired a sort of—of immunity I guess. Of course she and Speed don't see eye to eye on everything. It used to be hard on me. I seemed to be able to understand them both sympathize with both points of view. I still do, although I think hers is the right one. Still, it hasn't made any real difference. They're really awfully happy."

Oh, Dolly, Dolly, stop! thought Gail wretchedly. The return of George from the bank was a welcome diversion.

After luncheon Dolly went to lie down and George and Gail were alone. He said, pacing about the small pleasant living room:

"I'm glad you came, Gail. I wished for someone like you. Someone impartial. I've a problem on my hands."

SHE said, smiling, "Don't worry, George. Dolly's going to be all right."

"I didn't mean that. She doesn't look all right though," he said anxiously, "but the doctor keeps telling me I'm crazy." He smiled sheepishly, "It's no fun to be a prospective father," he added, "no matter how much people laugh at you. I've felt worse than Dolly at times. She's such a kid. No, that's not it. I've had an offer to go to China."

"For Heaven's sake!" said Gail helplessly.

"Manager of a branch bank in Shanghai," he explained. "Lots more money, a very nice house, and from all I can hear, a pretty darned pleasant life. But I don't know what to do. They're giving me till June to make up my mind. The other fellow's coming home then . . . family trouble, illness . . . I haven't even mentioned it to Dolly. I don't feel I have the right to take her so far away, especially from her mother. You know Mrs. Harris," he went on frowning, "she'll never hear of it, she'll be wild. And then—the baby. It's a pretty big undertaking, with a new baby . . ." He looked at Gail anxiously, "Climate and all," he ended. "Dammit, Gail, I don't know what to do!"

Gail was appalled. Dolly, and the baby, in China. She thought of how it might react on her own life. When Hildreth knew. . . . Or would she be glad to be free that she might follow Dolly across the Pacific? Gail shook her head. She said, "It's a problem all right. But only two people can decide it, George. You and Dolly. No one else has the vestige of a right. You're on your own now."

"I know." He was very grave a moment, staring out of the windows. Then he said, smiling, "Cheer up, old thing. I didn't mean to burden you. When Dolly's well again . . . it will be up to her," he said firmly. "If she wants to stay, then we'll stay . . ."

"You'd like to go?" asked Gail curiously.

His face was a sudden, startling betrayal.

"I'd give my right arm," he said simply.

She stared at him, bewildered. She had never known this George. She had always thought of him as a little dull, a good soul, a plodder, not brilliant, and never in the least degree adventurous. She murmured, "Banker into romantic," and he heard her and laughed. He said, apologetically, "I've always been nuts about the Orient. But of course . . . if Dolly says she won't go—"

"Dolly," prophesied Gail, "will be guided by you."

'Don't let her fool you," warned George. "She has a mind of her own. I wish you knew her better. She's so darned game. Such a good sport. And more fun," commented her husband, "than a cage full of monkeys. Never a dull moment when she's around."

He left shortly afterward, tiptoeing in to take a look at Dolly and coming out with the report that she was sound asleep. He said, "Tell her I'll be home to dinner. . . ."

Gail read during the afternoon, or just sat in a comfortable chair and smoked and tried to adjust her mind to this George, whose existence she had never remotely suspected, tried to think of Dolly in China, tried to think of Hildreth. . . .

She'd never let her go, she thought. . . . But, she argued with herself, she wouldn't have any say in the matter. Then what? Would she be more than ever eager to free herself, so that she might go with her child, or would she turn to Peter in her loneliness . . . ?

DOLLY woke and came out from her room about three o'clock. At four the telephone rang. It was George. He wouldn't, he said, get home to dinner after all. One of the bank's big clients had come in, wanted to talk to him—on business. "I won't be late," he promised.

"It all sounds very strange," complained Dolly, hanging up.

Gail vaguely suspected China, but said nothing.

Gail and Dolly dined alone, served by a young, deft little maid of all work. Just before dessert was reached, Dolly faltered, and dropped her fork. Her face was perfectly white. Gail looked at her and exclaimed sharply, "What's the matter?" she asked.

Dolly was ghastly. She tried to smile, and drove her teeth into her lower lip. She said, faintly, "I don't know. I feel —awful. . . ." She looked at Gail, agonized. . . . She said, "Pain . . . Gail . . . I'm afraid. . . ."

Gail and the frightened maid got her to the bedroom. "What's your doctor's name and telephone number?" Gail demanded.

Dolly indicated an address book on the night table . . . "Parsons—it's there in the book," she said.

GAIL called the doctor. He was not in. She left a message for him.

She sat beside Dolly, waiting, holding her hand. Dolly asked, "You wouldn't leave me?" and Gail said. "No, of course I wouldn't." And then Dolly said . . . "George . . .?"

But they hadn't the least idea where to reach him.

The doctor telephoned in about fifteen minutes. He was at a patient's, and had just called his house. He would be there within half an hour, he said. He asked Gail sharp, impersonal questions and she answered them, and hung up. She reported, "He's coming as soon as he can, Dolly."

"That's all right," Dolly told her. There were little beads of sweat dampening and darkening the fair hair on her forehead. "I do wish George were here."

But the doctor came first. Gail would have left the room while he made his examination but Dolly clung to her pitifully. After a while he said cheerfully, "You're going to be fine. And we're taking you to the hospital."

Outside in the living room he spoke briefly to Gail.

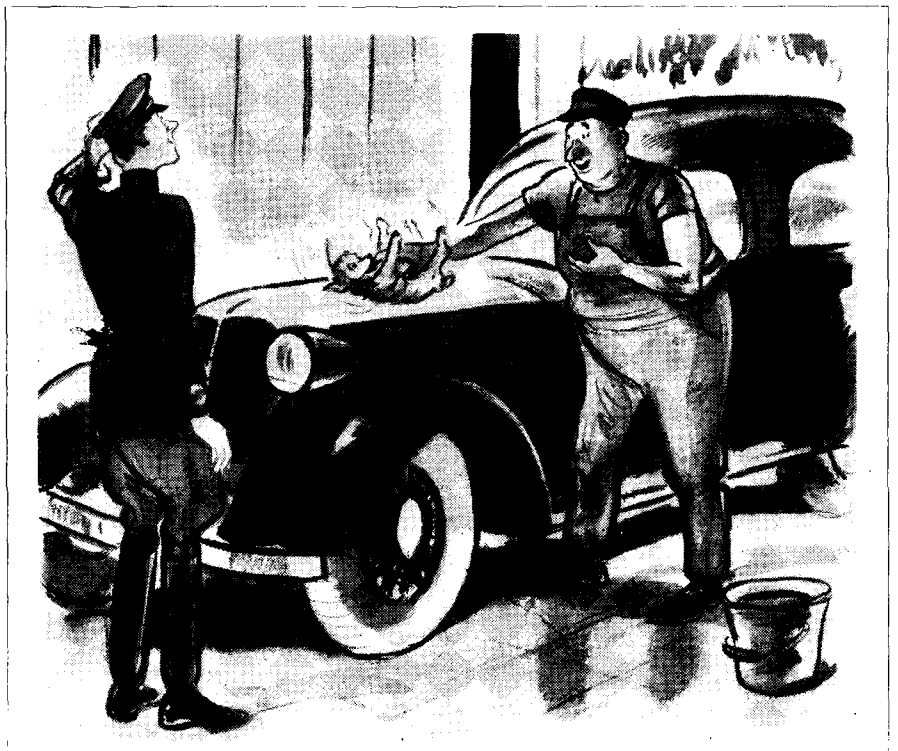
Not a false alarm, of course. Has she been overdoing? Fallen? Had a shock of any kind?

"None that I know of," replied Gail.

"Well, we'll get her into the hospital," said Dr. Parsons. "How about George? He ought to be told at once."

"He went out with a client, for dinner. He didn't give us his name. We expected he'd be in early."

"Leave word for him, a note or something," said the doctor and went to the telephone.



"Madame's little 'Ooky Pooky' makes a swell polish rag!" PAUL WEBB

Gail rode with Dolly in the private ambulance. In the little flat the sympathetic and frightened little maid waited for George, Gail's note clutched in her hand.

Dolly's room at the hospital was big and cheerful. Her nurse wasn't big but she was cheerful too. It was nine o'clock. It was ten o'clock. No word from George. Gail kept in touch with the apartment. by phone.

At eleven he arrived, hatless, terrified, bursting into the room like a demented man. . . . "What happened?" he demanded. "Where is she?"

"They've taken her upstairs," Gail replied, rising from the low chair by the empty, waiting bed. "She'll be all right. I'll send word you're here, the doctor wanted to see you—"

"Gail, for God's sake what happened?"

Gail said soberly, "She had a fall, this morning. She was alone in the apartment. The maid was out marketing, you had gone to the bank. She didn't want to tell you, she thought you'd worry and she felt all right. She told me, in the ambulance . . ."

Parsons came in presently rubbing his hands. He said, "Hey, calm yourself," to George whom he had known for the better part of that young man's life. "Dolly's fine. She's just going to have her baby sooner than we expected, that's all."

George said huskily, "You're *sure* she's all right . . . ? May I see her?"

"Both of you may," said the doctor, "and it will be some time yet." Then, as George glared at him he said, "Hold your horses. Waiting will be hard on you. But harder on her."

George shuddered; and Gail put her arm through his own. "I'll wait with you," she promised. "Come along, old man."

THEY went up to see Dolly in the severe room to which she had been taken. She was not in bed. She was walking around the room. A nurse walked with her, talking to her, trying to make her smile. She did smile when she saw George. She said, her childish eyes distended, "Don't look so gloomy. It's almost over." Under her breath she added, "I hope." Then she said, "You wouldn't think me an awful idiot if I asked for Mother and Speed, would you, George? You see, it all happened so suddenly. I mean . . . it scares you, happening when you don't expect it. . . ."

Later, out in the corridor, George said, "I'll phone them, of course."

"You can't reach . . . Peter," said Gail. "He's in Canada. In the woods somewhere . . . no phone, nothing. . . ."

"Dolly didn't know he was in Canada," said George, staring at her, momentarily distracted.

Gail flushed a little. She said, unconvincingly, "I forgot until just now. . . ."

She thought, Why didn't I tell her, why didn't I say, "Oh, by the way, I suppose you know your parent's taken to the woods" . . . it didn't demand any explanation . . . I didn't have to say, I just happen to know because I ran into him on the street, or something.

George said, "I'll put in a call for Mrs. Harris now."

Gail waited outside the booth. When he finally came out he was wiping his forehead. His face streamed with sweat although it was a cool night.

"She's coming," he said.

Gail said, "She can't get a train till tomorrow."

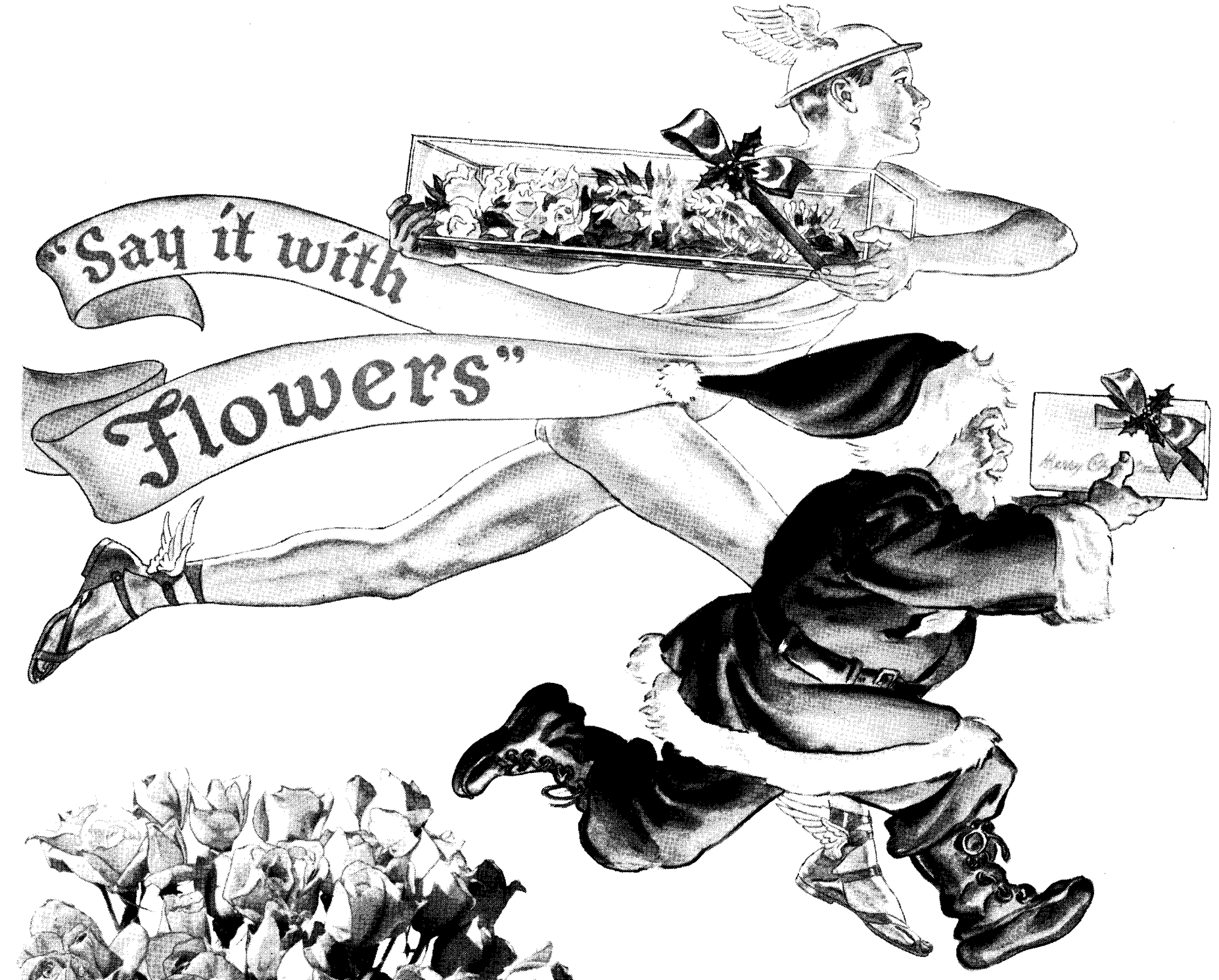
George shook his head. He said, "She's flying. She told me she'd get in touch with Gerry Downing at once. . . . I don't know about the plane schedules, if there's one she can catch tonight . . . I said something about it and she told me she'd charter one if necessary."

"Hildreth . . . ? Flying . . . ?"

(To be continued next week)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FLOWERS BY WIRE ANYWHERE - ANY TIME



Bonded *Member*

Look for the Emblem . . . and BE SURE!

Ten thousand florists display this famed emblem. They *guarantee* satisfactory delivery of fresh flowers, styled to meet the occasion . . . anywhere, any time.

Your gift *and* flowers . . . together they make a perfect Christmas. Flowers tell so beautifully the story of Love and Joy . . . in words you cannot write. Let flowers convey the Christmas message of your gift.

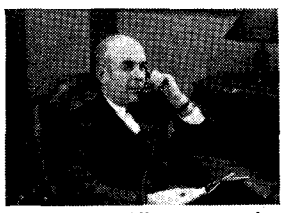
Call or visit your nearest F. T. D. florist. He is experienced in the art of making flowers say the things you want your gift to say. He has helped make many a Christmas more joyous. Any time, anywhere, a florist displaying the Winged Mercury Emblem is waiting to serve you.

Make someone's Christmas happier with this intimate, tender way of sending the Season's Greetings . . . *"Say it with Flowers!"*

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY ASSOCIATION

INTERNATIONAL . . . . . 484 E. GRAND BLVD., DETROIT, MICHIGAN

HOW TO ORDER FLOWERS BY WIRE



. . . . 1 – All you need to do is telephone any local F. T. D. florist, or

. . . . 2 – Go to a florist's shop displaying the Winged Mercury Emblem

. . 3 – Place your order and delivery instructions with the F. T. D. florist member

. . . 4 – Association teamwork, bonded to give you satisfaction, does the rest

. . . 5 – Your order speeds to an equally prominent F. T. D. florist member and

. . . . . 6 – Fresh, fragrant flowers are promptly delivered as directed by you.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Who's Afraid?"

"WHO'S afraid of the high cost of food, clothing, and just about everything? Certainly not I! You have shown me the way to earn a dollar, or two, or five without a day's business experience. Five dollars and fifty cents earned in less than an hour convinced me that I was foolish to worry and be afraid."

That's what our club is for—to assist girls and women readers of this great magazine to earn extra dollars.

A Californian writes: "I want to thank you for the most acceptable check received this month. And the silverware is such a pretty pattern."

"What Could I Do?"

THAT'S the question which almost every girl and woman asks when she requests me to tell her how to make money. Our plan is so easy, so pleasant and is something that can be done at home. To find out how to start, just send a letter or card to

Margaret Clarke

Secretary, Pin Money Club
Collier's, The National Weekly
Department 9
250 Park Avenue New York City

Dark Tropic Sea

Continued from page 25

wake up full of water, and I'm swimming in the sea. I swim around a long time—I cannot find the ship, nor the beach."

Out along the ragged coral the big barracuda were lying—the most dangerous wolves of the sea, more savage than any shark can ever be. And by the inlets the big red-eyed crocs waited, often taking to the salt water of the bay. Hard to see how any man, with the smell of blood upon him, could have been dropped dazed into that bay, and still live to make his way to the beach. Yet, because I had as good as seen him come out of the water, I had to accept that this was what Huali had done.

"You rest here a while," I decided, and stood up. For a long time I stood looking out at the black hulk of the Mindoro Maid, uneasy speculations in my mind.

TONAI, following me, came up to us now; I drew her away, a little distance along the beach, out of earshot of Huali.

"That man," I told her, "has been slugged and dropped overboard off the Mindoro Maid."

"I thought," Tonai said, "I heard him say that he fell overboard and hit his head on the gig."

"That's nonsense."

"Then," Tonai said somberly, "then—"

"I think we know where Neal Merriam is. At this very moment, he must be aboard the Mindoro Maid. This will make it easier, Tonai."

"Easier?"

"There can hardly be any escape, or any further hiding, if he's aboard the Mindoro Maid—and Tonai, I believe he most certainly is."

"Easier!" she repeated. "I wish I could have died, before this thing ever came!"

"We'll have to get Captain Norse. It's going to be over very soon, now, I think."

Tonai Merriam began to cry a little, softly. "John, it's so pitiful a thing, to think of him hunting refuge, when there can't ever be any refuge for him, ever in the world. . . ."

We began to walk along the beach.

That night the wind was still, for the first time since our last *baguio;* it was a quiet night, relatively, insofar as nights upon Malangai can ever be still. I could not help but listen, with every nerve I had; and a man is doing himself no good when he sets out to listen to a Malangai night.

As we approached the house I had rebuilt from the old fort, I drew Tonai into the edge of those shadows, and we approached slowly, watching the house.

I could see the tops of the stone walls, and the square corners of the heavy bastions, but I couldn't see any light.

Impatient with myself, I now stepped directly out of the shadows, and led Tonai Merriam across open starlight toward the pale, solid stone which showed above the black vegetation of my garden.

We walked briskly up to the black mouth of the portal; and Tonai, stepping a little ahead of me, literally had her hand upon the latch as I caught her arm.

My tired eyes, bewildered tonight by a thousand shadows, once more had reported to me that a shadow had moved where it should not; and this time I knew that I was not wrong.

Holding Tonai Merriam's arm, I drew her closer into the protection of the arch. I whispered to her, my lips close against her ear. "Stand where you are; don't move as I open and shut the door."

I shuffled my feet upon the stone footing, and for a moment opened the small door that was set into one half of the portal's great doors; and I shut it again, roughly, though we were still outside. Once more I whispered close to Tonai's ear.

"If you hear a shot or any other disturbance, go in at once. Help Captain Norse to know what has happened; but leave everything to him."

As silently as I could, I took off my shoes, sliding off my rolled-down socks with them, like a Moro; I was going into this thing barefoot—whatever it was. Close to me I felt Tonai stiffen against the wall. That was a quick girl. No need to tell her, in detailed explanation, that the thing we feared was not aboard the Mindoro Maid, as we had thought, but here, very close to us now.

She whispered tensely, "Please don't take any chances. . . ."

I pressed my lips against her neck, under her ear. How was I to know whether I would ever see her again? Then I pulled my gun from its leather, and went into the shadows. If there is one circumstance to which I owe my life, it is the fact that upon a tropic island a white man always, legitimately, carries a gun —for snakes.

I ducked through the turn of the hibiscus, and flattened myself hard into the shadow as I slid around the nearest buttress.

I stooped low as I passed the first window of my *oficina,* and worked even more carefully toward that second, last window, which was next to the desk where Captain Norse now sat. The storm shutter was open, casting a bar of golden light into the dark; and I stopped, not daring, or needing, to go beyond that line.

Suva Jim Cooper was shouting at his interrogator; he was laying down the law, in that tremendously violent, vital way he had.

"You're all right when it comes to going into the jungle and burning down some little nipa village, full of unarmed people—"

Suddenly I no longer heard what Suva Jim was saying.

The buttress just beyond the window was growing now; it was bulging slowly, almost as if the stone were drawing in its breath, rebelling against the implacable pressure of the dark.

My hand automatically checked the gun it held—verifying that the safety was off.

The figure behind the buttress moved out, so definitely now that I could not understand why the man I was watching could not see me. Then it joined itself to the shadows again, and flattened itself in the angle of the buttress, as I was flattened.

WE COULD not have been more than eight feet apart. Between us was the lighted window. I knew that in the next moment I would have to fight. The fight would be no exhibition contest, either—it might well be the end of one or the other. In that moment my ears were full of the tones of Tonai Merriam's voice, and my eyes were full of that one girl's face. Strange how much dearer one thing may be than anything else in a man's life.

And now the other shadow moved. Into the bar of light from the window of my *oficina* a hand crept up, and though the hand was dimly seen, what it held was not. The gun it raised was pointed upward, and for the moment seemed to hesitate.

All waiting was past. I stepped forward, and caught the gun in my left hand, locking my fingers over the hammer; and I jammed my own gun into my opponent's ribs. There was a brief instant of intense doubt.

Then, close to my own, I saw this man's face; and in the shock of that I all but loosed my grip.

The man was Lon Llewellyn.

He could have killed me then, if he was ever going to. In that moment my gun muzzle dropped, and I stood there like a sucker; and I could not have pulled the trigger, no matter how much I might have wanted to.

But that man could not kill me. He could not kill me any more than I could kill him. We faced each other for a moment, and then Lon Llewellyn took my arm and spun me out of that bar of light. And we walked together out into the dark.

Behind, from my *oficina,* still came Suva Jim Cooper's great bellowing voice:

"What do you think there is in these seas? What do you think there is I can't buy, with the backing I have now? I tell you, it will be a good thing for you if you listen to me when I start to tell you something. . . ." Suva Jim Cooper was raving like that, at Captain Norse.

But I—I was as dazed as a hooked shark. My pistol was still in my right hand, clutched fast against my stomach; for though I no longer thought I understood any part of the picture, I knew that I had caught what I had started out to catch.

"Put up your pistol, John," Lon Llewellyn said; "you'll never need a pistol against me." And I heard his own .45 go into his holster.

I PUT my gun up; and I wanted to talk to him but I hardly knew how, for we in the islands are swearing men, and we use the name of the Deity so often that when the time comes to speak hard we have nothing left to say.

"Lon," I said, "Lon, what is this?"

"Walk down here," Lon Llewellyn said. "I'll tell you what it is . . . if you don't already know."

We came out on the beach; and it was beside one of the rickety bamboo piers of the Samal fishermen's base.

"Sit down," said Lon Llewellyn.

I did not sit down.

"Lon," I said again, "what is this?"

Always I had thought I understood this dark, sardonic man. Even when he made others hate him, by his blunt honesty, by his contempt for tact, I had thought I understood Lon Llewellyn.

"You ought to understand what it means to a man to love a woman," Lon Llewellyn said. "You ought to understand it because I think you love her, too." He turned on me suddenly, and his teeth shone from between his lips. "Or maybe you don't?" he asked. "Maybe I had you wrong?"

"No," I said, "I don't think you have me wrong."

"Then," Lon Llewellyn said, "I guess you ought to understand the rest. You know there is no divorce in the Philippines. You know that a woman once tied to a man, is tied to that man through all her life. Even if he is worthless."

"Well?" I said. Perhaps he did not like the particular mettle of that one word, for he turned to me now and his whole attitude became pleading.

"She went with him to the Davao Gulf," Lon Llewellyn said now; "she went with him there and she stayed with him as long as she could. She even nursed him when he was down and out with fever—and God knows what other disgusting diseases, because, of course, he would have them all. She never left him; I don't think she ever left him for a minute. Can't you see her? She was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

putting cold towels on his head when he was cursing her with every name he knew. But she got him on his feet. Can you imagine a man that woman couldn't get onto his feet? And still he sent her away!"

I sat still and waited; everything that he was saying had been in mind for a long time.

"Yet finally when he calls her back again—" Lon Llewellyn turned to me and took me by both arms, and his face was a blurred mask in the starlight—"he calls her back, and still she goes to him—can you imagine any woman doing that for you? Or me? What was given to this man? Everything in the world—and he threw it away!"

Lon Llewellyn let go my arms and for a little while looked at the sea. "There isn't any divorce in the Philippines. John, of course I killed that man; but you brought him to me."

"I?"

"You brought him to me on the Mindoro Maid. He crawled up out of the bilge water, out of the one-foot space under the lowest deck we have. There was a picture—Neal Merriam climbing up out of the slime of the bilge, smelling like something no fish would eat!"

"So," I said, "he really did stow away on the Mindoro Maid?"

"Of course he did. Some other scum—notably, Henry Shane—were hanging around, snooping by habit; but the dusk had come on, and I saw the opportunity as more than an opportunity—I saw it as a plain duty."

"Henry Shane knew?" I asked.

"I never was sure. It may be that Henry Shane only suspected. I took Neal Merriam off the keelson by the scruff of his neck and I hit behind the ear with a marlinspike, and I dumped him over the side. I washed off the marlinspike with soap; and I considered it a waste of soap."

"Hard luck," I said, "for Henry Shane."

"I didn't think Shane would blab," Lon Llewellyn said; "even if he knew. I thought Shane would keep his mouth shut, to save his own hide. Then—John, I got your message when you sent it to me, by the Bilaan boy, to come to the house. I didn't know where Tonai Merriam's room was; I didn't even know that she was with you. I came with that Bilaan boy toward the house. One of the windows of the house was open—I mean, the storm shutter was open; and through that open window I saw Tonai Merriam talking to Shane, and Shane had all the look of a man who is telling something that he had better have kept to himself."

I DIDN'T want to hear any more then; but I had to hear. If I had done what I wanted to do, I would have walked down into the sea, eager to have my nose full of salt water once more. For I have always loved the sea, regardless of the crocs that come out into the shallows of the bay, regardless of the barracuda that lie by the shoals. I suppose it is in all of us to love the sea, which must have been our mother long ago. But I had to listen to Lon Llewellyn, who was my friend; and whose hands, I now knew, were covered with blood.

"What would you have done," he was asking me, "if you were watching Neal Merriam break the heart of this girl?"

Therein was the answer; and there was the whole answer. I let my hands lie idle and tried not to think.

Lon Llewellyn was looking at me squarely; it was my eyes that were evading. "There is no divorce in the Philippines," he said again. "When that punk crawled out of the bilge water of the Mindoro Maid, what would you have done? I hope you would have done what I did, John. I never meant to kill Shane. When I saw him talking to Tonai, and thought he was telling what had happened, I drew him to the window and killed him. I didn't want to do that, ever. And I never planned what happened next. That damned boy of yours, that had come for me at the bodega—Gagahan, was that his name?—I never had anything against him. But when I brought down that poor punk, Shane, there was a little squeal in the rain behind me, and Gagahan turned and tried to run. Do you think those natives can run? I played football in America. Within twenty-five yards I had him, too. John, is there anything I have told you which you ought not to have done in my place?"

I could not answer him. I was thinking of the long reaches of the cogon grass behind Kivasawan, and the *agongs* sounding from the hills, and the cobras coming up, and the wild pigs coming up, and I knew that I would have laid down anything I had to bring Tonai out of that. And it is true that those islands have no divorce.

"IF IT came again," Lon Llewellyn was saying, "I would play it the same. Neal Merriam was worthless. I would drop him over the side, as I did, happily, if it were my last act. I am sorry that I had to kill Nural Hakim. That was a good man. I had to kill him because you sent him after me, and he found Tonai's picture among my things. I caught up with him beside the house; I finished him in short order, and I put him into Mrs. Holderness' room because it was not dark yet, and I needed a little time. Now you know it all, John. I killed Shane, and I killed Gagahan, and it was I who left the boot print under the bamboo. But first of all I killed Neal Merriam; and whatever else I've done that's wrong I still know that that thing had to be done, by someone, at any cost."

There was a long silence then, while I tried to reorganize myself. Long ago I had set myself in a hard, solid brace, the brace of the white man against the jungle and the sea. I had supposed I was ready to combat anything. But I was not ready to combat Lon Llewellyn, who had been my friend. I have already told you that few liked Lon Llewellyn. Lon Llewellyn, I still think, was an honest man. Too direct, too uncompromising, ever to get by in tropic waters. I alone, out of all the rest, had liked Lon Llewellyn; liked his gray direct eyes under their black brows, liked his stubbornness, a stubbornness as insistent in loyalty as in self-defense. I can tell you yet, all the beliefs I ever had in other people went out of the world when Lon Llewellyn folded up.

"Lon," I said, "there's one thing you can't ever explain. Whatever else you did, or meant to do, you should never have pulled a gun on Norse. Norse is a man like ourselves, trying to beat these deep tropics."

Lon Llewellyn put down his head then, and he swayed back and forth; but it was not a sway like that of a cobra when he is going to attack. It was a sway like that of a dog in a corner, when he knows he can't get out.

"John," Lon Llewellyn said, "I didn't think there would ever be anything that I could not face out. But there is one thing I couldn't ever face. I would rather destroy anything on the face of the sea—you, or the fort we have built, or the trees we have planted, or anything—than ever have Tonai know what I have done."

There was a silence then, a long silence; but you should know by now what I mean by silence upon that island. The sound of insect wings pressed in from the jungle, and the sound of the water pressed in from the sea, and I was trying to think how I should ever come out of this with a whole soul.

"You've got a chance, yet," I said at last. "You'll have to go to trial, of course; but we'll fight the case with everything we have. When it comes to an actual attempt to get a conviction, the real evidence is very frail. Even the confession you have made to me would make poor evidence in court; for no man can be hung by his unsupported confession, alone. This is a bad thing, but you still have that fighting chance."

Lon shook his head. "I don't care anything about all that. If there was a trial she would have to be there, all the time. It wouldn't matter what the legal verdict was. In the end she would know—just as surely as you know now."

"You've got to stand your trial," I said again.

"Let me show you something," Lon said. "Let me show you this." From somewhere he got out a leather folder, and from it brought out a tattered slip of paper. "I've carried this for four years—as long as you have been on Malangai. Maybe it looks to you like just a newspaper clipping. But it is the reason that I can't ever go to trial."

I took the slip of paper he gave me, and I raised my head to bring the clipping into the light of the stars. I saw that it was a picture of Tonai—and that, for the time being, was all I saw.

All light suddenly went out. I would not even be able to tell you what happened then, except by figuring it out in retrospect, as you could do. There was a smash as if the world had exploded; and there was a great time of vagueness, while I kept trying to get up, and people kept forcing me back.

It was Captain Norse who was talking to me, close to my face, when I first recognized anyone who was near me.

The knockout was clean and cold, but I came out of it fast, once I started to come. By the time I could see Captain Norse's face clearly, he recognized that I was awake.

"Who was it?" he snapped at me.

I opened my mouth to babble out all the story; but I closed my mouth again, and sat rubbing my cracked jaw. It was not only that Lon Llewellyn had been my friend. It wasn't that. It was that everything he had done had been done because he loved the one girl whom I loved too.

"I don't know," I said.

THEY were all around me then. We were out on the beach where Lon had laid me cold—fool that I was!—and the fact that they were all there gave me a general idea of how long I had been out. Captain Norse had his hand under my head, and Tonai Merriam was standing close beside, with her fingers against her mouth. Justin Lowry was there, looking very much as if he were in charge, though he was not. And in the background, as I think he will always be, Charley Vaughn loomed, adenoidal and lucky, waiting for instructions. No—on second glance, he was not waiting for instructions. The lost wisp of a thing he was clutching against him with one arm was Marise Lowry.

Even Mrs. Holderness was there; and George Bates, with his mouth open. I have never been the subject of so much attention in my life—and don't want to be again.

"Who was it?" Norse demanded again; and once more I lied, and told him I didn't know.

"I already know who it was," Norse said now. "I have an eyewitness who says that it was Lon Llewellyn!"

"I don't know," I said.

"John, John," Tonai Merriam cried out, "I didn't know! I told him, John. But, I swear to you, I would never have gone against you, if I'd known. . . ."

I said, "That's all right."

Norse said to me, "You know this island. You know Malangai better than

(Continued on page 52)

Simple treatment quickly relieves stabbing aches and pains

● When rheumatic pains stab at joints and muscles, just remember to rub in "Ben-Gay." Its gentle warmth soon relieves the pain-ridden arm, back, or leg. This soothing pain-reliever is the scientific formula of Dr. Jules Bengué, of Paris. For more than 40 years it has been bringing blessed relief to sufferers all over the world. There are many imitations of this famous product. So, to avoid disappointment, be sure to ask for and get Baume "Ben-Gay."

RHEUMATIC PAINS
BACKACHE
NEURALGIA
HEADACHE
STIFF, SORE MUSCLES
COLDS

RUB PAIN AWAY WITH
BAUME "BEN-GAY"

ROUGH TRADE MARK ON RATS
THE OLD RELIABLE
DON'T DIE IN THE HOUSE

Sold at all Drug Stores — Refuse Substitutes
Used the world over for generations
E. S. WELLS, Chemist — JERSEY CITY, N. J.

"MOIST-THROAT" METHOD *relieved* Cough QUICKLY!

● "My cough was so bad," writes Marjorie Sheerin, Brooklyn, "I called a doctor. He said to take Pertussin. *Next morning my cough was gone!*"

Your throat and your bronchial tubes are lined with tiny moisture glands. When you catch cold, these glands clog—their secretion dries. Sticky mucus collects. You feel a tickling . . . you cough!

To stimulate those glands to pour out their natural moisture, use PERTUSSIN. A spoonful or two increases the flow of your throat's moisture. Sticky phlegm loosens, is easily expelled. Soon—relief! Safe even for babies. Tastes good. Get a bottle now!

30¢ Prescription FREE

PERTUSSIN

Seeck & Kade, Inc., Dept. AB-8
440 Washington Street, N. Y. C.
Please send—at once—generous trial bottle of Pertussin—*free!*

Name_____

Address_____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DO THREE THINGS FOR A COLD!

1. **CLEAR YOUR HEAD**... Luden's menthol vapor clears the nasal passages; helps you breathe.
2. **PROTECT YOUR THROAT**... Luden's 11 medicinal ingredients soothe and moisten the throat; help prevent dangerous irritation.
3. **BUILD UP YOUR ALKALINE RESERVE**... Luden's contain a natural Alkaline Factor which helps build up your alkaline reserve—just what many doctors order.

5¢ LUDEN'S MENTHOL COUGH DROPS HELP YOU DO ALL 3

OWN THIS FAMOUS LITTLE BOOK—FREE!

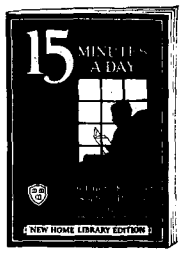
P. F. COLLIER & SON CORP.
250 Park Avenue, New York City

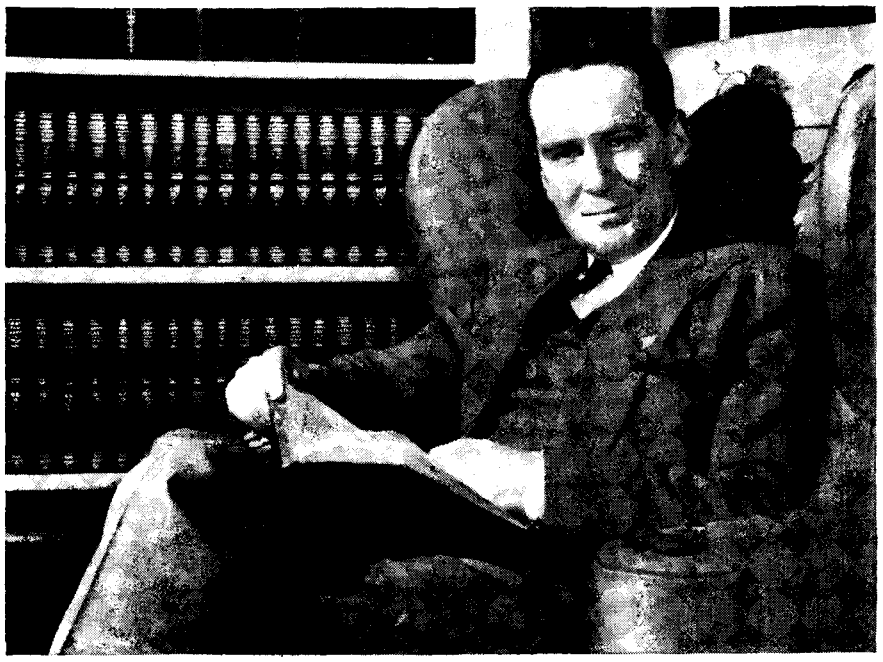
By mail, free, send me the guide book to the most famous books in the world, describing Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books (The Harvard Classics), and Dr. Eliot's own story of how he came to select the greatest library of all time.

Name Mr. Mrs. Miss } 679-HS

Address .....

Send for this Free booklet that gives Dr. Eliot's own plan of reading.





Don't Risk A Mental Rut

What is your home like? Does it contain worth-while books that give you and your family stimulating contact with great minds, or does the sum total of your resources for reading consist of current novels or the daily newspaper—interesting today but of no value as mental stimulation or information tomorrow.

The Secret of the Art of Living

We all want our homes to be real homes, warm and hearty, where the latchstring of welcome is prominently displayed, a place where our friends will want to come and return again and again. To make our homes attractive and to draw about us interesting and entertaining friends, we too, must be interesting and entertaining. You must be well read. You will be fortified with a cultural knowledge that makes you interesting and entertaining.

Dr. Eliot's Five-Foot Shelf of Books

(The Harvard Classics)

provide the means to more enjoyable living. Send for the famous book, FIFTEEN MINUTES A DAY. It will sketch for you a road to greater attainments. It is yours without obligation and without cost.

CLIP COUPON AT TOP

(Continued from page 51)

any other one man. Where did he go?"

My clearing eyes saw that the first of the moored vintas—and the first moored vinta is always the fastest vinta—was gone from the ranks. Its vacancy, in spite of the crooked shouldering of its neighbors, seemed as conspicuous as a missing tooth in the front of a man's face.

But I lied again. I said, "I don't know."

Captain Norse made a snarling sound —"Argh"— and removed his hand from behind my head, as if he would drop me in the sand. I didn't drop, though; I didn't need him any more. Instead I got to my feet, shakily, very weak in the knees. Tonai came and put an arm around me, helping me to walk straight, as I obediently followed Captain Norse.

His Filipino scouts were with him now. There was a big jabbering, and a great running up and down the beach. Twice the scouts pointed excitedly at the vintas, and Norse waved them away. Justin Lowry still thinks that it was a stupidity which prevented Norse from reading the story of the vintas at once. I think I know better. I think Norse *did* see at once that the first vinta must be missing from the crowded ranks; but only made delay, working his scouts, to make sure that there was no other possibility. For that was his methodical way.

HE TURNED on me at last, where I stood with Tonai still more than half holding me up.

"Who pilots these shoals?" he cut at us, his voice like a nine-tail cat.

"Llewellyn, sir."

"Yes, of course, and who else?"

"Nobody else, sir."

He stepped toward me then, on his high, stilting legs, and by his whole look told me that he wanted my throat. I couldn't blame him if he did. Anybody could see this man's plain, direct devotion to his duty.

"And nobody else, but you, huh?" he snarled into my face.

No use to say anything. Everybody knew I could pilot the Malangai shoals. I had wasted more time than I liked to think of, charting those shoals—before I had found Tunganan.

But now something was telling me that it would make no difference in the world whether I piloted or not. Lon, my friend, who so pitiably had resolved into the killer we all sought—I thought now he would not take the common way. The duty of Captain Norse was to hunt the killer down—regardless of how, or why. What my duty may have been, I still do not know. Perhaps to kill Lon Llewellyn, who had killed four other men? Yes, I think so. But I am glad, with all my heart, that it was not asked of me that I do that.

"I know what he'll do," Captain Norse said now. "He'll do what any other run-out would do—from Malangai, or any other island the like of it."

He turned on Bates, and took another tone. "You know this coral?"

"Why, no, sir, I only been here a short—"

"Come along, anyway! Take hold of him—" (this to the Filipino scouts)—"you punks! I guess this Bates can at least run a Diesel, or this mug wouldn't have him here!"

Way, far out over the sea, a tiny crescent moon was rising; the first we had had in many days. In the slim, slender path of that crescent point I thought I saw a tiny dot—a dot that might have been a Moro sail, but where no Moro sail should be, considering what the fishing conditions were.

"I'll pilot the Mindoro Maid for you," I said. "I'll take her where you want me to take her—as well as I can. But I won't wreck her for you, because she's my own."

"I suppose," Captain Norse said acidly, "that's the best I can do. All right, Barrett! Get your crew aboard. Start your Diesels! We're going out!"

"Six hours," I said.

"Six—say, what the hell! Do you take me for a fool? I don't know your shoals, nor your passages, but I know that this island has no more than nine inches tide!"

"That's true. Nine inches made it safe for the Mindoro Maid to come in here. If you take her out without decent water, her cost will be on the constabulary. You know that?"

Yes, he knew that. And, strangely, what I had said was so. That was why Malangai would never be a port. That was why I wanted Tunganan so much, where we could make a decent mooring. Malangai has not one row of reefs, but more than twenty-odd! And not a one of them that has not brought down at least one crack lead-line skipper. Some day, when everything else has worked out for me, I am going to go diving off those Malangai shoals, just to see whose watch charm I can bring up.

He gave in to me, as of course he had to give in to me; though he took a long whirl at trying to badger George Bates into piloting it first. Since then a better survey than my own has reported that the Mindoro Maid could never have got in there at all—or, having got in, never could have got out. Nonsense, of course. But we did have to have all the water we could get, if only for the throw of the rudder.

So we stayed. We stayed motionless, here on Malangai, for six hours more. Everyone knew, before that six hours was over, exactly what had happened here. Norse made a clean, considerate questioning out of it—there wasn't any more use trying to tell him to go to hell. Once he had found out—as he had already found out—that Lon Llewellyn had raised a gun against him, it was surprising how quickly he saw the whole picture.

For Captain Norse, he of the long stilt legs and abrupt ideas—he was in truth an understanding man. He could understand why a man like Neal Merriam, lost and defeated in the bush, should try to disappear by stowing away on a ship. And he could understand why a man who loved Tonai would wish to drop Neal Merriam into the water, once Neal Merriam was delivered into his hands. For tropic nights are long, and drink is deep, and sometimes the image of a beloved woman can do things to a man that are more important than the life of another man can ever be.

CAPTAIN NORSE pieced it together —not completely, but completely enough. He understood Neal Merriam's stowing away on the Mindoro Maid, and Lon's murder of him. He understood, too, the murder of Gagahan, who was a witness. He even accepted the astute play of Nural Hakim, who, bidding for Mecca, searched Tonai's picture out of Lon's sea chest. The one thing he could not understand was that I still seemed to be protecting Lon.

It is not true that I really protected him. At the first moment that the water was safe, I took out the Mindoro Maid, over the shoals.

Before that, because of the six hours of the tide, I had had time to say goodby to Justin Lowry. We talked it all over—we talked everything over—and it took a long time. If ever you have been in a case where you had to deal quickly with a man of finance, you know that that is a difficult thing. You will know how such a man can call for a counting of coconuts which means nothing, and want to know how some cheap hoe was worn out, and squabble forever over a bacon rind.

Among the many, many mistakes I had made was this—I had bought an an-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cient sandglass from a sunshiner upon Guahian; and the fool thing, believe it or not, read an even hour, as accurately as any clock. After I had been arguing with Justin Lowry a little while I took that thing down from its shelf against the coral walls I had wasted, and I turned it up at my right hand, hoping the running sands would bring Justin Lowry to the point.

They didn't. All the sands of the ancient hourglass told me was that Justin Lowry was very much in doubt about the ultimate disposition of that last half keg of nails!

I suppose he thought he broke me in that deadlock; for I had promised to sail in six hours, and at the five hours I threw in my hand. For wouldn't any child know that it would take a man an hour to get his crew aboard—at the very best! —and more than that to bring in the engine, and make sail.

"Ten thousand," Lowry said, almost throwing the ledger sheets in my face. "Ten thousand, and that's my first, last and only offer."

"For what?" I asked, I think reasonably.

"For what do you think? For Malangai! What do you suppose?"

"And what for the rights on Tunganan?"

"Take' em and be damned!"

"Write it!" I said, hardly able to believe my ears.

HE WROTE it so, and I signed. I couldn't believe he knew what he was doing; yet perhaps he was correctly following the way that money is made. By a man riding only as far as it is very safe to ride. By a man selling out quickly, regardless of other men, as soon as a decent profit is seen. Well, I'm glad that he did!

I sailed out of Malangai that morning a free man; and in my pocket was Tunganan. I still had my little ship, the Mindoro Maid. I had enough in drafts on San Francisco to pay the expense of seeking new capital for Tunganan.

And I had Tonai!

All through Malangai I searched for her, that little wretch, in my last hour; only to find her in my own bunk, after I had weighed the Maid's anchor, and had already made the channel into the sea!

Norse knew what to do to find Lon Llewellyn. For two days we dogged the shores of Malangai, probing every inlet, exploring by longboat every cove and lagoon. He knew Lon could not escape; that was easy. He was on Malangai—he had to be. There wasn't any place else for him to go. Even a fool would dog the creeks and coves, taking cover in the jungle; not even an idiot would take to the open sea, matching an outrigger canoe against the fast Diesel schooners Norse could commandeer.

Yet, after two days Norse knew that he had been wrong. By then his Filipinos had identified the vinta that Lon had stolen. It was nowhere on Malangai. After all, Malangai is only a pinpoint at best—what you would think of as room for a nice farm, not anything more. No trouble, for men familiar with it, to say definitely that a certain vinta was not here.

"Turn out," Captain Norse said; and gave me a course I wouldn't have believed—if I had not known Lon Llewellyn.

I went up into my chartroom, and looked over the lay.

All over my charts were the newly ruled parallels that had been drawn upon them by Captain Norse. By the course set me, I thought that Norse must have decided that Lon had taken out for Surabaya, or Sarawak at least; certainly for the open sea. My own belief was that he was right. I thought that Lon would take to open water, trying for some all but impossible port, in his last extremity.

I know now that Norse thought so, too. All day long, as I stood at the wheel, the radio was clattering abaft the chartroom, until every port in the Pacific, and two besides, must have been looking for Lon Llewellyn.

Before I grew gaunt and starved out by the repeated turns at the wheel Norse gave me on my own ship, the new *baguio* came.

It wasn't a big *baguio*, as *baguios* go. But it was big enough so that the Mindoro Maid was knocked down as if by a great *campilan*, her spars flat to the sea. There was a passage of time there where some aboard must have worried—even Captain Norse must have worried—but I did not, because I knew this boat would ride high through the crest of anything, like a duck.

The winds were roaring like all the fiends let loose, and the seas rose like ten-story buildings. What was worse, those seas curled over at the top, and when one fell on you it was as if the ocean rose up and fell. But I knew my Maid would ride, and come up again, even if she were buried ten fathoms deep.

If I worried it was for someone else; for I knew now that Lon Llewellyn had taken to the sea. No Moro vinta could stand against that *baguio*, as it rose, and rose, relentlessly, until it took the proportions almost of a full typhoon. Every kick that my wheel gave me told me what that lonely man must be fighting, in his coconut husk of a boat.

By the time Norse relieved me at the wheel, the meaning had gone out of the *baguio;* for I knew there was no longer any possibility that Lon's vinta was riding out those seas.

"He was a good man," Norse said. "I don't blame you for trying to help him. He was a good man. . . ."

I started to go below, but turned and went to the bow. Tired as I was, I couldn't help standing there a little while, looking at those tremendous seas, as the dawn came up. Somewhere within those seas, deep under, looked at by fish, Lon was rolling, less than a bearing pin in those seas—less than a raveling. . . .

Yet I know that that is what he would have wished—that silent, sardonic man, that dark, keen man, that man who killed himself with drink and came out of it again—that powerfully shouldered man who loved a woman.

SO WEARY that I was trembling in the knees, I went below; not because I wanted to, but because I could no longer stay on deck without being lashed to something. Somehow I found my way to my reeling cabin, and stripped off my sea boots, and found my bunk.

And then—Tonai Merriam was there. Tonai, to kiss my tired eyes.

"I'm afraid," she said, with that warning glint in her eye that I was learning to know, "that there's something I haven't told you about. I'm afraid that at one point I may have been just a little less than honest."

"Good Lord! Again?"

"It was I who stole the picture out of Marise's desk frame—the picture of you. You see, it made me so mad when I saw her turn it face to the wall that I couldn't bear to let her keep it any more. So I stole it."

"Tonai," I groaned, "am I ever going to catch up with you?"

"I most certainly hope not."

She settled herself in my arms; and with that night the fatigue went out of my heart, and the black weight of unseen things lifted off the face of the sea. I knew now that the tropic heat of the islands is not an oppressive thing, but instead a fitting background for a more vivid fulfillment than any one man ever deserves to know.

THE END

THAT'S a snapshot WE WANT!

And you can get it indoors at night with G-E MAZDA Photoflood lamps

Catch that look of delight when Santa comes . . . get scores of other precious pictures too! It's easy with G-E MAZDA Photoflood lamps.

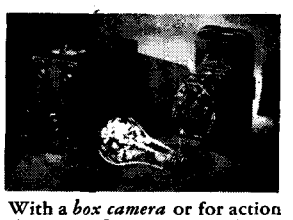
They screw into regular light bulb sockets to provide a flood of brilliant light, which helps you get snapshots indoors at night as readily as outdoors in sunlight. Good for dozens of shots.

Just load your camera with SS pan film. Direct the light on your subjects by tilting the lamp shades or by means of reflectors. (Handy cardboard reflectors come 2 for 25c.) Then click the camera shutter to get your snapshot.

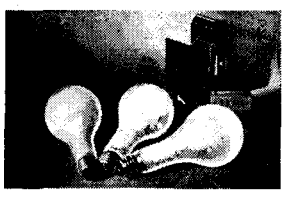
Your drug store or camera dealer can supply you.

HERE'S WHAT YOU NEED TO TAKE THEM

With *fast F/6.3 lens cameras,* use SS pan film, and G-E MAZDA Photoflood lamps No. 1. Good for dozens of shots. 25f list.



With a *box camera* or for action shots, use G-E MAZDA Photo-*flash* lamps. Each lamp gets one picture. 15f list.



With many inexpensive folding cameras, use SS pan film, and new G-E MAZDA Photoflood lamps No. 2. 50f list.

FREE FOLDER "How to take snapshots at night." Write for a copy. Dept. 166, General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

GENERAL ELECTRIC MAZDA PHOTO LAMPS

TO BE SURE OF DEPENDABLE LIGHT FOR PICTURE-TAKING, LOOK FOR THE MARK WHEN YOU BUY.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Collier's

THOMAS H. BECK, *Editorial Director* WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor* CHARLES COLEBAUGH, *Managing Editor*

Time to Think

FEW Americans quarrel with President Roosevelt's objectives, so vividly set forth in George Creel's report published in this issue of Collier's. The important opposition in the recent campaign was directed against the methods adopted by the Administration to reach goals which the majority of Americans of both major parties held to be good and desirable.

In this forecast, which Mr. Creel as a reporter and not as an advocate was enabled to prepare, Mr. Roosevelt's theory of government is clearly described. The President unquestionably has the power to put into effect the policies he has in mind. His immense majority gave him an authority almost without parallel in the history of the American presidency. Certainly there are not enough hostile votes in Congress to challenge seriously any program he may demand. The intangible yet potent force of public opinion is the only restraint which the Administration need consider.

In brief, President Roosevelt intends to continue the policies begun during his first term. After almost four years in office he is neither more nor less radical. He is evidently seeking to achieve the same purposes by very much the same procedure.

Criticism of some of the specific measures adopted by the President will challenge, first, their practicability and, second, their constitutionality. Immense majorities in Congress can override constitutional arguments. Not even immense majorities in Congress and elsewhere have the power to overcome objections based on practicability.

The taxes on corporate surpluses afford admirable illustrations of what governments can and cannot do. The federal government seems to have the constitutional right to levy taxes at any rate it pleases on corporate surpluses. Having exercised its admitted authority to impose these surplus taxes, Congress cannot, however, escape the economic consequences of its act.

One consequence of the surplus tax law is to stimulate spending by corporations. Dividends are increased. Wages are raised. Other appropriations within the limits of the law are made. The net effect is to increase expenditure and to minimize saving.

Hitherto American industry has expanded and new jobs have been created by the capital provided through corporate savings. No President and no Congress has the power to induce the dissipation of savings and at the same time to provide the funds for industrial expansion and the creation of new employment through corporate savings. We can't under any legal compulsion be prudent and prodigal at the same moment. Policies inherently contradictory are still contradictory regardless of what Congress says.

The creation of jobs for the unemployed may well seem more important as time passes than the retention of the punitive tax rates of surpluses. As the situation develops and is clarified, public opinion will decide.

Other measures close to the heart of the Administration will necessarily meet this same test of reality. Very few challenge the need and desirability of unemployment insurance and old-age insurance or benefits. Nearly everyone familiar with the subject seriously questions the wisdom of the huge reserves in United States bonds provided in the present act.

Congress has the votes to prevent any amendment of the Social Security Act but Congress has not the power to stop the social and economic consequences of that act. The accumulation of these huge reserves, unless stopped, will affect unfavorably all institutions such as insurance companies, churches, colleges and similar public-service institutions which rely upon investments for support. As soon as the shoe begins to pinch, Congress will hear the grumble of those hurt.

So, too, in other matters. Mr. Roosevelt liked the NRA because, among other things, it stopped child labor. The NRA was unpopular, however, because little businessmen believed they were injured by the trade practices established under the codes. The Supreme Court voided the NRA just as Congress was talking it to death. The NRA might be revived in a new form but no Congress could prevent small businessmen from objecting if they were injured.

Similar considerations extend into the field of the controversy over the Constitution and the Supreme Court. Nobody doubts the authority of Congress to change the number of justices. The Supreme Court might conceivably be packed with new judges just as the British House of Lords has been changed by the creation of new members.

The possession of power, however, does not compel its exercise. There are valid reasons for thinking that some of the consequences of enlarging the Supreme Court in order to change its rulings on a few sharply debated issues would be disappointing even to the advocates of a changed court.

In 1870, as Professor Robert E. Cushman of Cornell points out, the Supreme Court declared the Legal Tender Act invalid by a vote of four to three. There were two vacancies on the Court at the time. President Grant appointed two new judges. Historians disagree concerning the allegation that President Grant sought to pack the Court. At any rate, in a new decision, with the new judges participating, the Court by a vote of five to four reversed the decision. The Supreme Court lost heavily in public confidence. We can't have a Court which holds public respect because of its freedom if the judges are suspected of being bound to any organization.

Constitutional amendment, difficult and tedious though it may be at times, may seem, on further consideration, to promise more to those opposed to some of the Court's decisions than an emasculation of that Court.

Happily, increasing business activity, the growth of employment and the relief of anxiety provide the opportunity and the atmosphere for a thoughtful consideration of the vast problems of adjustment ahead of us. We have time to think. We are fortunate.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You can't RETIRE, Dave...age counts in men as well as in whiskey

Time after time Glenmore is called upon to face the loss of valued workers who wish to retire because of advancing years.

These advancing years, devoted to making whiskey *our way*, are priceless years. So we simply don't let those men get away.

The key men on Glenmore's working force have been in service *continuously* for more than thirty years. Many others for periods ranging from twelve to twenty-five years—making whiskey Glenmore's way.

This composite experience today totals more than 500 years. Every Glenmore product is the result of this long rich distilling experience—each brand the outstanding value in its price field today.

Glenmore's GLENMORE is one glowing example—Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey of moderate price—so smooth, mild and full-bodied it can be bottled at *full 100 proof strength*—the same strength as the finest, highest priced whiskies you can buy. Glenmore Distilleries Co., Inc., Louisville • Owensboro, Kentucky.

The Spirit of Old Kentucky

Glenmore

Founded on Public Confidence

DISTILLERS OF KENTUCKY TAVERN, 100 PROOF—GLENMORE, 100 PROOF—MINT SPRINGS, 90 PROOF (KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKIES); TOM HARDY, 90 PROOF (A BLEND OF KENTUCKY STRAIGHT WHISKIES)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

And I wish you
many of them . . .
They Satisfy

© 1936, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED